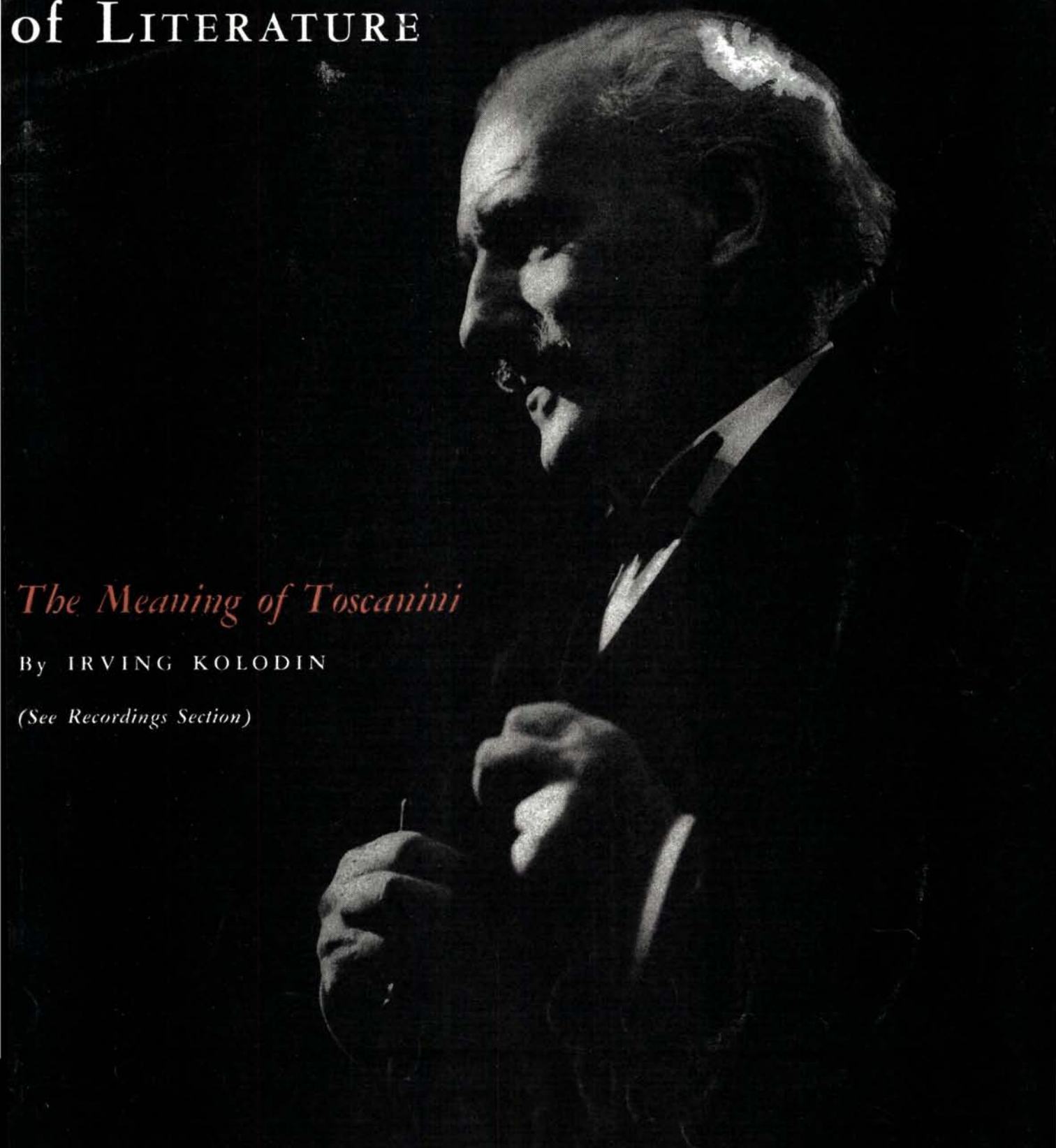
Saturday Review

of Literature



The Meaning of Toscanini

By IRVING KOLODIN

(See Recordings Section)

VOL. XXXIII No 12 MARCH 25, 1950 TWENTY CENTS

PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT LAW
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Gentle Infidel

By LAWRENCE SCHOONOVER

A vivid historical romance, culminating in the siege and fall of Constantinople in 1453 —by the author of *The Burnished Blade.* Exciting battles, barbaric Moslem pageantry, sultry Eastern passion and romantic Western love, caught at a tense moment of conflict between Christian and Infidel. $3.00

Weeping Bay

By JOY DAVIDMAN

Told with force and searing intensity, this is a novel of violence and passion in the Gaspé country. "The richness of her essentially tragic plot is enlivened with innumerable touches of beauty and tenderness and irony and even gaiety . . . In a word, here is an outstanding novel."—MARGARET HEXTER, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $3.00

Brat Farrar

By JOSEPHINE TEY

Brat Farrar looked enough like young Simon Ashby to be his twin; so the dangerous deception began. The winner will inherit Latchetts, the estate and studfarm of the wealthy Ashby's, while the loser risks death. A superb new suspense story by the author of *The Franchise Affair.* Serialized in the *Ladies Home Journal* as *Crooked Penny.* $2.50

A Spell for Old Bones

By ERIC LINKLATER

This novel of two unhappy giants and a poet has wit, humor, brilliant satire and penetrating comment on life and love. Will remind you of Gerald W. Johnson's remarks about Linklater's prose: ". . . shimmering with laughter, sparkling with tiny points of malice, glowing with the colors of sunset and dawn." For admirers of James Stephens' *The Crock of Gold.* $2.50

Time for Tea

By JOHN COATES

Ingenious plotting, a delightful love story, skillful characterization, and an ingratiating sense of humor distinguish this new mystery novel. A would-be mystery writer decides to plan a murder—omitting only the actual demise of the "victim." As might be suspected, the "victim" becomes a real corpse, and our attractive young hero is in trouble. $2.50

At all bookstores **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

March 25, 1950

Features

Page

CAME THE REVOLUTION . . .
By Bertrand Russell..... 9

SRL RECORDINGS FOR APRIL.....45

Reviews

THE CARDINAL
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman....11

GEORDIE
Reviewed by A. J. Cronin.....12

THE FEAST
Reviewed by Marjory Stoneman Douglas 13

NOTHING
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst...13

DEBBY
Reviewed by Rosemary Carr Benét.14

ILLUSTRATED ENGLISH SOCIAL HISTORY
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly....15

HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL ECONOMY OF RUSSIA TO THE 1917 REVOLUTION
Reviewed by Sidney Harcave.....16

ITALY FROM NAPOLEON TO MUSSOLINI
Reviewed by Michael T. Florinsky..16

THE THIRD KING
Reviewed by Geoffrey Bruun.....17

CORONADO
Reviewed by Frank Waters.....18

THE MEDICI
Reviewed by Thomas Caldecot Chubb 18

RACHMANINOFF
Reviewed by Nicholas Slonimsky...19

THE SPECTER OF ALEXANDER WOLF
Reviewed by Ernest J. Simmons...28

THE EASTER FLEET
Reviewed by Robert Halsband.....30

ONE IS A LONESOME NUMBER
Reviewed by Pat Frank.....30

LAUREL
Reviewed by Evelyn Eaton.....31

PHANTOM FORTRESS
Reviewed by Richard B. Morris....32

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

LITERARY I.Q.....14

EDITORIAL 20

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....22

NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....24

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....26

LITERARY CRYPT.....29

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....36

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL
By Horace Sutton.....38

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....41

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 835.....44

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIII, No. 12, March 25, 1950. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1950 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

A stirring novel of love and epic adventure on the tumultuous Oregon frontier

Each Bright River

by

MILDRED MASTERSON McNEILLY

author of
PRAISE AT MORNING, *etc.*

The American battle cry was "54-40 or fight!" when Kitty Gatewood arrived in the Oregon country in 1845, extravagantly out of place with her trunks full of finery. This is the story of Kitty and the two men who loved her — both built on the giant scale of the Far West. *$3.00 at all bookstores*

Superbly written — with all the high excitement that thrilled readers of such Canning successes as PANTHERS' MOON *and* THE GOLDEN SALAMANDER

A Forest of Eyes

by VICTOR CANNING

Tense action and subtle character delineation are skillfully blended in this story of an Englishman drawn into underground activities in a quiet Yugoslavian village. *Mill.* *$3.00 at all bookstores.*

MORROW

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

THE ENTIRE book world has agreed for a long time that too much trash is published every year. The annual output of 9,000-odd (sometimes very odd) volumes includes 4,000 at a conservative estimate that never should have seen the light of day. Not only are these horrendous tomes doomed to almost certain failure before they are sent to the printer but their existence hurts the chances of more worthy entries by occupying the time and ingenuity of the publishers' staffs, cluttering up the counters of the booksellers, and confusing reviewers, who all too often already incline to the foggy side without them.

Sterling North, the eminent New Jersey critic, radio m.c., and bird spotter, and I recently put our heads together (a sight that sent dozens of unnerved patrons of the Berkshire "500" Club rushing into the streets) in an attempt to find a solution to this unfortunate impasse. We agreed that publishers would never cease spawning hogwash of their own volition. We agreed that many publishers, in fact, wouldn't recognize hogwash if a whole mess of it were shoved right under their noses. Obviously, therefore, some outside agency was required. Sterling and I think we've found one.

We propose that every year a panel of six eminent judges be chosen by majority vote of the deans of all colleges in America to sit in judgment on the 9,000 books published during their tenure of office. Two of the judges will be critics, two librarians, and two distinguished members of the public at large. Each judge will receive a stipend of $75,000, first to encourage him to accept the appointment and, second, to rebuild his shattered health when he staggers out of office. And here's how the board of judges— hereinafter referred to as the Hatchet Squad—will operate. No attempt will be made by them to grade or classify books even vaguely deemed worthy of publication. The Hatchet Squad will concern itself exclusively with the 4,000 undisputed disgraces—the out-and-out trash that is fouling the works.

Then come the fines! For every book judged a disgrace, the publishers thereof will be required to forfeit $5,000 in cash, with an extra $1,000 fine if the Squad decides the publisher erred deliberately and not through habitual ignorance. On December 31, furthermore, the Hatchet Squad will announce the All-Conquering Number-One Stinker of the Year and make its publisher pay an additional fine of $50,000 immediately. Five runners-up will nick the perpetrators another $10,000 each. The ceremony will be covered by every radio network, television channel, and newspaper to insure nationwide publicity. We calculate that humiliation of the publisher involved — not to mention bankruptcy—will make this proposed ceremony obsolete after about three years and eliminate utter trash, once and for all—or at least until another generation reels into power.

Analyzing this proposal in detail, you will observe readily that after all expenses are defrayed, including the generous salaries to Hatchet Squad personnel, there will be left approximately twenty million dollars, which will be donated, of course, to under-subsidized libraries for the purchase of really good books, and underpaid clerks, librarians, and teachers to help teach the public to recognize a really good book when it sees one.

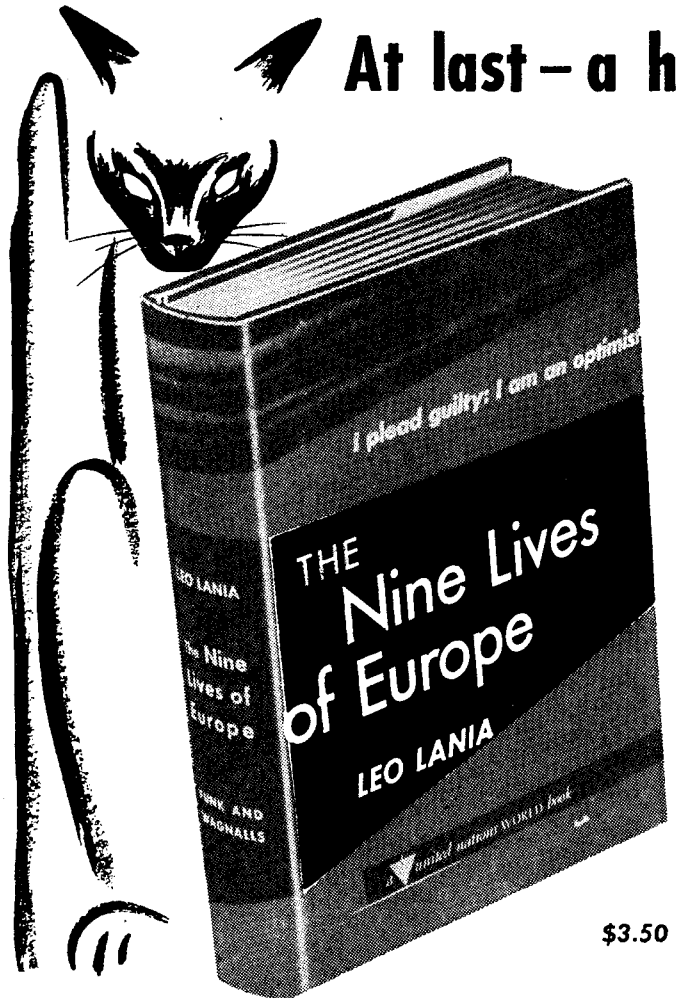
If this fantasy of Sterling North's and mine works in the publishing field, there's no reason at all why it cannot be extended to the theatre, motion pictures, and allied arts. Even if it doesn't, it has served a purpose already. Sterling made a column of it for the *World-Telegram and The Sun*. I used it in the special anniversary issue of *Variety*. And here it suffices again to fill space while I am cavorting about California and Texas. As James Gordon Bennett used to tell his reporters, "If you know a good story, tell it every now and so often."...

THERE EXIST several schools of thought on just what kind of book really hits the low-water mark in publishing today. One entry for which strong support could be found is the garbage exhumed by some fly-by-night newcomers in the 25¢ and 15¢ paper-book field, with lurid, sexy new titles substituted for the original ones and shameless jackets holding out promises that are rarely fulfilled by the semi-literate, abysmal dull wordage within.... Another glaring species of sucker-bait is the so-called autobiographies by down-at-heel political hacks and not-too-fastidious stars of the stage and screen, all palpably ghosted—often by the same tired ghosts!—and careful to avoid any semblance of the frequently shady truth. I encountered one celebrity on a radio program who not only hadn't written a widely advertised volume that bore his name but had never even bothered to read it! "One incident to which you devoted pages," I remember saying, "seemed in very bad taste to me." "Which one was that?" he answered belligerently. I recounted the episode

"The werewolf grasped Reginald by the throat, and, while the blood and gore congealed, the odor overcame Ben as Lucy slipped quietly beneath the water."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At last – a hopeful book about Europe



$3.50

"LEO LANIA'S *Nine Lives of Europe* is to me the most acute of the many studies of that continent made by American reporters since World War II. This is due to the fact that the author knows so thoroughly what he is talking about . . . A short book, easy to read, impressionistic and disturbing. . . . thoughtful and provocative."—*Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Saturday Review*

"A book about both sides of the Iron Curtain, which, in my opinion, is far superior both as reporting and interpretation to any I have recently read . . . Mr. Lania knows that it is not dollars but ideas that move the world . . . And he is a first-class reporter."
—*Dorothy Thompson*

"It is most refreshing to find in Leo Lania a trained observer of the international scene . . . Lania's descriptions are vivid, and colorful. He makes us see the post-war European of France, Italy, Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Germany, Austria, and the British Isles so realistically that we seem transported among them." —*Louis Lochner, United Nations World*

"The clearest available analysis of problems every American should understand."—*James P. Warburg.*

The Nine Lives of Europe

by LEO LANIA

A bold new plan to buy prosperity and peace by investing in people*

"Mr. Javits—attorney, business man and author—has done a masterful job of making his bold plan for peace seem highly practical. He has confined his study of the problem to hard economic facts, and has made convincing argument as to why a philosophy which has worked economic wonders in the United States would work equal wonders in the world."
—New York Times Book Review

*For FREE reprint of article "The Biggest Deal on Earth" by Benjamin Javits (UN World, March) which contains highlights of the Javits plan, write to Funk & Wagnalls Company.

PEACE by Investment

By Benjamin A. Javits

At all bookstores, $3.50

UNITED NATIONS WORLD BOOKS

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., 153 East 24th St., New York 10

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A portrait of the author by Claudette Colbert

JUST PUBLISHED

LEONORA HORNBLOW'S
witty and perceptive novel about love in Hollywood

Memory AND Desire

➡ A novel of life in the highest echelons of Hollywood and the more sophisticated circles of New York. Written with biting humor and rueful understanding, this is the story of a man who took his love wherever he could find it—and of the one woman he didn't love, but couldn't leave.

At all bookstores, $2.75

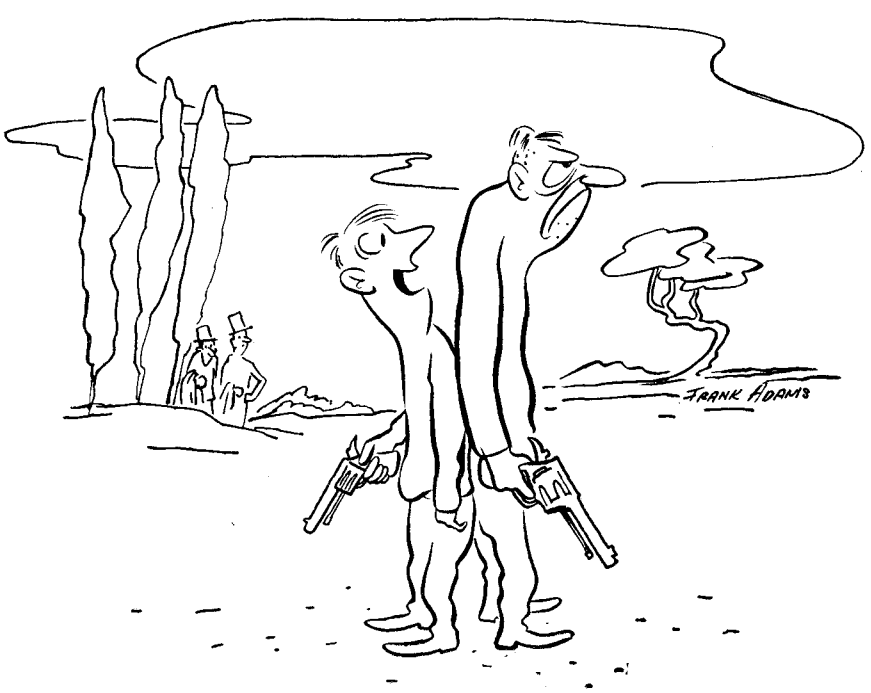
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

in detail but he looked more and more puzzled as I progressed and mumbled finally, "What was that again, chum?" Obviously, he was hearing the story for the first time. . . .

ROOTS—H. V. Kaltenborn was once managing editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. On his desk he kept a sign which read, "Always remember that a dogfight in Brooklyn is more important than a revolution in China." . . . In his salad days Stanley Walker did an interview with a stand-offish New York Republican, titled it "As the Prig Is Bent." The *Tribune*'s editors huffily changed it to "Man of Destiny." . . . Long before thoughts of Hollywood ever entered his mind Humphrey Bogart made pocket money playing twenty games of chess at one time in a Broadway shooting gallery while the regular player was out to lunch. . . . William Lyon Phelps's first literary sale was an eight-word quip: "Fish and visitors spoil after the third day." . . . I think I know the first time Composer Richard Rodgers's Heart Stood Still. He was a kid of eight, living with his folks at their summer cottage in Long Beach. His older brother, Morty—now one of the country's leading obstetricians—, and I were sharing a bedroom adjoining his. A terrific lightning and thunder storm woke all of us in the middle of the night. Between blinding flashes a white-faced Richard suddenly appeared in our doorway. "What do *you* want?" barked Morty, who even then rejoiced in the nickname of "Sunshine." Dick quavered, "I j-j-just wanted to see if you f-f-fellows were all right!" . . . Long ago in San Francisco, if Gordon Gammack of the *Des Moines Register* has his facts straight, a reporter sought to coin a word for a gang of thugs. The leader of the gang was named Muldoon so the reporter reversed the name, making it "Noodlum." There were no typewriters in those days and the reporter's handwriting was terrible. The typesetter thought it was "hoodlum." The word caught on and has stuck ever since. . . . When "Mussy" Musselman, author of "I Married a Redhead," went to Oak Park High School in 1916, discloses the *Shield* of Theta Delta Chi, he was the member of a mythical Shotgun Club. Chicago papers carried glowing stories of the club's conquests, but it existed only in the vivid imaginations of Musselman and a fellow student named Ernest Hemingway. . . . Other Theta Delts who achieved literary fame include Alec Woollcott, Oliver H. P. Garrett, and Robert Frost. . . .

THIS MONTH will mark the thirty-eighth anniversary of Philosopher George Santayana's last lecture at Harvard. He had come into a sizable legacy and was able to relinquish his post on the faculty. The classroom was packed for his final appearance and Santayana did himself proud. As Cleveland Amory tells it, he was about to conclude his remarks when he caught sight of a forsythia uncurling in a patch of muddy snow outside the window. He stopped abruptly, picked up his hat, gloves, and walking stick, and made for the door. There he turned. "Gentlemen," he said softly, "I shall not be able to finish that sentence. I have just discovered that I have an appointment with April."

—BENNETT CERF.



"Still mad?"

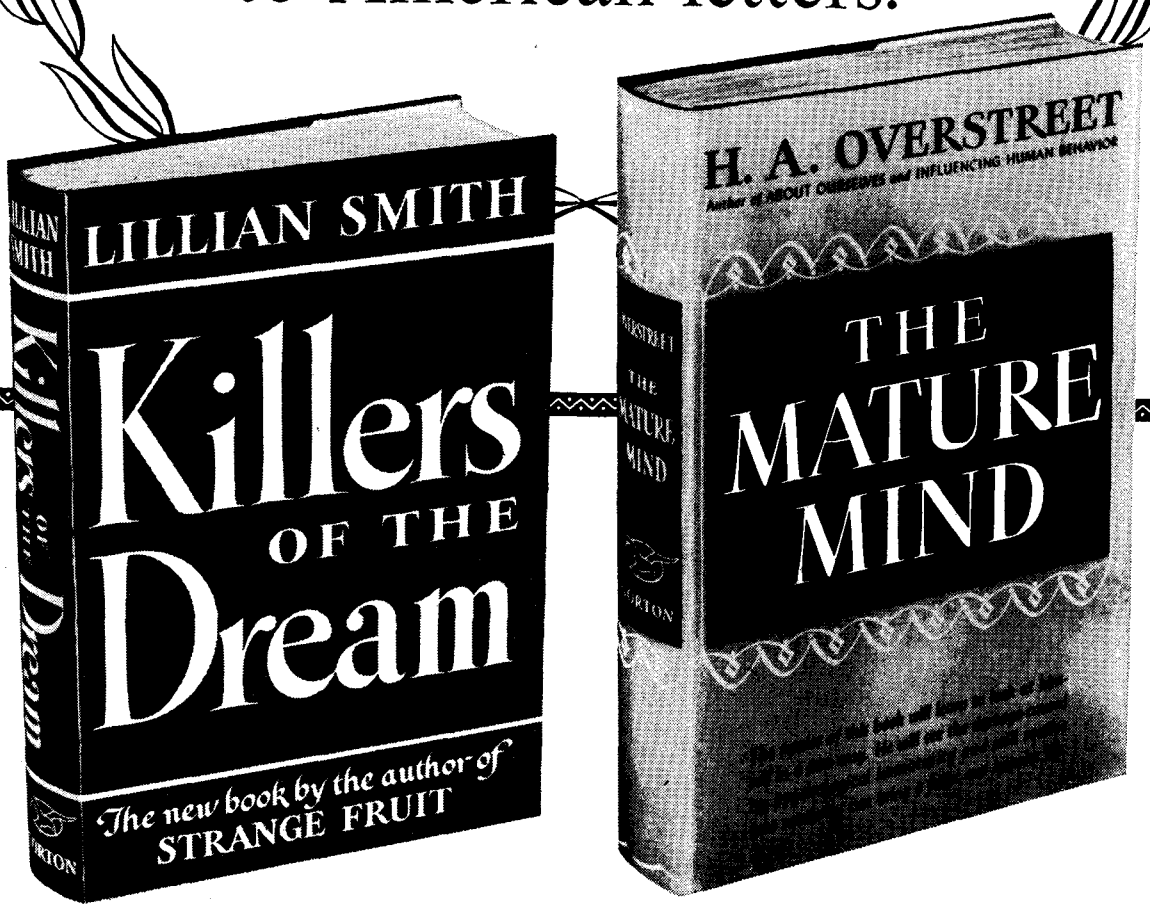
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPECIAL CITATION

BY THE NON-FICTION COMMITTEE OF THE

National Book Award

"for distinguished contribution to American letters."



By LILLIAN SMITH

Author of **STRANGE FRUIT**

"Keen and clean as a polished sword. Every word speaks because it reveals . . . This is the most telling book that has yet been written on the frightful handicap of race prejudice . . . Against the silence and the subterfuge of all who will not speak, Lillian Smith stands up to bear testimony."

— PEARL BUCK, *N. Y. Post.* $3.00

By H. A. OVERSTREET

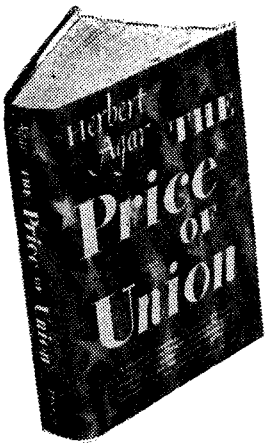
"Dr. Overstreet knows how to translate the basic wisdom of the race and the particular insights of modern psychology into clear, witty and remember-able sentences . . . This is a book for every American citizen who wishes to move toward wholeness of life. Many books entertain. Some instruct. This one, we think, really helps."

— CLIFTON FADIMAN. $2.95

At all bookstores

W. W. NORTON & CO. *"Books that Live"* **NEW YORK 3**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A sampling of the early reviews gives the measure of Herbert Agar's study of the American experiment in party government.

"A tremendous achievement, with qualities of judgment and wisdom and even Olympian perspective. He gives a record, and (so far as I know) an unprecedented one, of the temper of the American people and the influences of that temper on the course of history. Reading this work was for me a profoundly emotional experience because all of it was involved in some way or other with the history that I had seen made with my own eyes or had been given opportunity to study when it was still warm with life." *Robert Sherwood*

"Covering our record from the days of Washington and Adams to those of Truman and Dewey, it is a study as keenly penetrating as it is rich in anecdote and personal portraiture . . . Mr. Agar shows that our best statesmen have almost without exception been expert party leaders; and he demonstrates in a historical survey of remarkable freshness just how they have used party machinery . . . a wise, shrewdly-informed commentary on our whole political history." *Allan Nevins*

"A superbly free-swinging parade of the cantankerous, devious and triumphant political history of these United States of America."
The New York Times

"This is a book to be read slowly, enjoyed, and long treasured as one of the wisest studies of the American political system which has yet been written." *New York Herald Tribune*

THE *Price* OF *Union*

BY HERBERT AGAR

$5.00

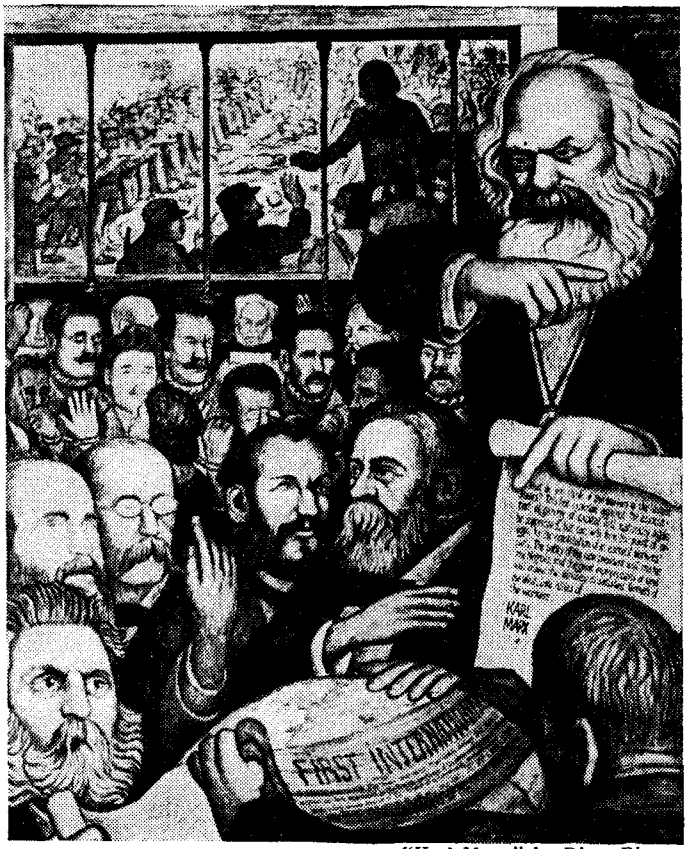
HMCo

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

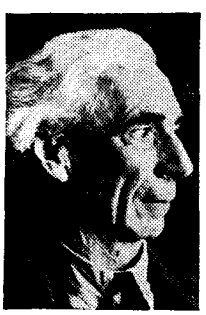
Came the Revolution...

BERTRAND RUSSELL



—"Karl Marx," by Diego Rivera.

"You cannot gather grapes of thistles."



Bertrand Russell

DURING the dark days of the First World War the Russian Revolution seemed like a sudden golden dawn in the East. The British alliance with Czarist tyranny since 1907 had oppressed the hearts of all humane and progressive people in the West; now at last it seemed that the immense weight of Russia was to be thrown in favor of the things that we desired. The blind and mendacious hatred that reactionaries displayed towards the Soviet regime made it easy to regard all criticism as mere propaganda. When I decided, in 1920, that the aims and methods of the Soviet Government were abhorrent to me almost all my friends of the Left were horrified and condemned me as a renegade. Gradually, with the years, the number of those who have recanted has increased. Six important men have given their reasons for recanting in an important and valuable recent book, "The God That Failed." * These six men—Arthur Koestler, Ignazio Silone, Richard Wright, André Gide, Louis Fischer, and Stephen Spender—all had different reasons for leaving the Communist Party, but in every case they had reasons of which it would be difficult, except for a blind dogmatist, to question the validity. And in each case the experience of disillusion was terrible in proportion as the previous faith had been profound and sustaining.

Imagine St. John the Baptist transported by miracle to the court of Pope Alexander VI, seeing his murders, watching him encourage the crimes of Cesare Borgia, while he still pretended to act in the name of Him whom St. John had proclaimed as The Deliverer. What he would then have suffered is what these men have suffered in our time. True, their hopes were not rational: neither Marx nor Lenin had a gospel that should have held out much prospect of human salvation. You cannot gather grapes of thistles, and the writings of Marx and Lenin certainly contain more thistles than vines. But sensitive men who suffer profoundly from the spectacle of the misery inflicted by the cruelty and injustice of the strong may be pardoned for a generous enthusiasm towards those who proclaim themselves the champions of the oppressed and who aver that their system will do away forever with the preventible sufferings that men inflict upon one another. As Silone says:

> The spectacle of enthusiasm of Russian youth in their first years of the creation of a new world, which we all hoped would be more humane than the old one, was utterly convincing. And what a bitter disillusion it was, as the years went by and the new regime strengthened itself . . . to see the long-promised ultimate democratization failing to come, and, instead, the dictatorship accentuating its repressive character.

But he ends by reaffirming his unalterable faith in Socialism—provided it is democratic.

IN the early years the Soviet system was criticized almost exclusively by those who were opposed to Socialism. The more interesting criticism, which has come later, is that of Socialists, who find that what is being created in Russia is not at all the sort of thing that they had been intending to advocate. Socialism from the first had aimed at certain goals: a nearer approach to equality, a greater control by wage-earners over the conditions of their work, a diminution of irresponsible power, and, as result and incentive, an ultimate immense increase in general happiness. The realization of these aims, the Socialists thought, required certain means, which were painful to the rich; fear of the means produced opposition, opposition led to bitterness and class war, and in the end there were many in whom hatred of opponents outweighed the original humanitarian motive. Marx sanctified the hatred and the strife. The gain to the wage-earner became emotionally, and even intellectually, less important than the injury to the capitalist. The present Soviet system is an externali-

*THE GOD THAT FAILED. Edited by Richard H. S. Crossman. New York: Harper & Bros. 273 pp. $3.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

zation of Marx's liverish misanthropy.

The fundamental cause of the Communist malady, to my mind, is dogmatism and a complete absence of kindly feeling. It is the combination of these two defects, one intellectual and the other moral, that appears to justify the dictatorship and the use of cruel means for enforcing its success. Given these two defects—both of which already existed in Lenin—all the subsequent evils were bound to develop in due course, unless prevented by some external cause. Nothing different from what has happened ought to have been expected by anyone with a knowledge of history, an understanding of human nature, or a philosophical realization of the fallibility of dogmatic convictions. Unfortunately, when doubt becomes unbearable and uncertainty no longer endurable, when the spectacle of existing evils becomes so painful that the emotional demand for a quick cure grows irresistible, men refuse to listen any longer to cautious reason, and accept with the alacrity of abdication whatever unfounded gospel appears to promise relief. This has been the genesis of faith in the best of the devotees of Communism.

History has known many dogmatic dictatorships, and their record is not encouraging. The first historical character to found a government composed of men chosen for their adherence to a certain creed was Pythagoras, who for a time established his authority over the city of Croton, exhorting the inhabitants to study geometry and eschew beans. But, whether from hatred of geometry or from love of beans, the citizens turned against him and he had to fly. A more important example was the medieval Church, which, though nominally founded upon a religion of love, endeavored to enforce its tenets by means of the Inquisition. Cromwell's rule of the Saints was in many ways similar to Lenin's system: beginning with advocacy of democracy and freedom, it ended by establishing a hated military tyranny. The French Revolution, starting from the Rights of Man, produced first Robespierre and then Napoleon, neither of whom had any very noticeable respect for human rights. In all these cases the trouble came from dogmatic belief in a panacea—a belief so dogmatic, and a panacea so splendid, that any cruelty was thought permissible in bringing about the desired end.

In all these cases, as in Soviet Russia, there was an error in psychology. Power is sweet; it is a drug, the desire for which increases with habit. Those who have seized power, even for the noblest of motives, soon persuade themselves that there are good reasons for not relinquishing it. This is particularly likely to happen if they believe themselves to represent some immensely important cause. They will feel that their opponents are ignorant and perverse; before long they will come to hate them. What right have these wretches to oppose the coming of the millennium? If they have to be persecuted, no doubt that is regrettable, but, after all, you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs. Meanwhile the pioneers, having established an oligarchy, are succeeded in their privileged position by men of more ordinary clay, who like the privileges but are not much interested in the millennium. For these new men the important thing is to keep their power, not to use it as a means to an eventual paradise. And so what were means become ends, and the original ends are forgotten except on Sundays. It is an old story, and should be a familiar one, and yet Lenin and his admirers failed to draw the moral.

—Boris Artzybasheff.

Two defects "already existed in Lenin."

There was also what may be called a philosophical error. In the long catalogue of human folly an endless series of propositions which afterwards turned out to be false have been thought so indubitable as to justify persecution of skeptics. Witchcraft, sorcery, black magic, though wicked, were firmly believed to be practised; innumerable victims died in agony because they were supposed guilty of these sins. A Spanish lady was tortured on the rack because she put on clean underclothes on Saturday and said that pork gave her indigestion, which caused the Inquisition to suspect her of being a Jewess. Quakers were persecuted for believing in the New Testament, and free thinkers for not believing in it. All these cruel absurdities diminished in the eighteenth century and practically disappeared in the nineteenth. Our age has revived them. The theology of dialectical materialism is as subtle as that of Constantinople in the sixth century. (The reader will remember that the Emperor Justinian, in the opinion of his surviving orthodox contemporaries, went to hell for being an Aphthartodocetic.) And the penalty for heresy is as severe in modern Russia as in any former age of persecution. And this—O crowning absurdity—is done in the name of "scientific Socialism"!

IT is sometimes said: since we must act on our beliefs, how can we act if all our beliefs are doubtful? The answer is twofold. In the first place, there are degrees of doubtfulness; in some cases the doubt is almost nil. In the second place, some actions do little harm even if the belief that inspires them is false, while others do great harm unless the belief concerned is exactly true. If you are liquidated or burnt at the stake for disagreeing with the authorities about some abstruse theological point, only harm is done unless the authorities are exactly right not only in their opinion but in their belief that error on the point is disastrous. But if you take your umbrella, believing it will rain, and then it is fine, no great harm results. The Communist theory of the dictatorship assumes that ultimate success in achieving the goal is certain—so certain as to justify a generation at least of poverty, slavery, hatred, spying, forced labor, extinction of independent thought, and refusal to cooperate in any way with nations that have heretical governments. Is there any proposition in the whole realm of human speculation that has this degree of certainty? I do not think so. And if there is, it is not the Stalinist credo.

From these fundamental mistakes, in history, in psychology, and in philosophy, everything that is repellent in Communism has followed by inevitable logic. In 1918 the Constituent Assembly had an anti-Bolshevik majority; therefore the Bolsheviks, being certain that they were in the right, dismissed the Assembly, and were compelled to govern by naked force. Having no legal basis for their power, they had to forbid all other political parties. When a minority holds power by force, it has to depend upon the police: the situation creates police tyranny through fear of plots, the tyranny produces disaffection, and disaffection increases the fear of plots. This vicious spiral continually narrows the circle of those who have power and increases the share of power belonging to those who control the police. Sooner or later the police, to

(*Continued on page* 36)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. *The most significant book reviewed this week is Henry Morton Robinson's absorbing fictional account of the rise of the son of a Boston street-car motorman from humble parish priest to cardinal. It is a masterly and dramatic novel in which the author and the reader are equally at home in the Vatican, the palaces of Rome, and the growing Catholic communities of New England. It is said to have the largest first printing of any novel of recent times. Henry Green, who has a penchant for one-word titles, calls his latest book "Nothing"; it is a novel about easy love affairs shrouded in a London fog. The reader is advised not to miss Margaret Kennedy's "The Feast," a suspense story of the Cornish coast, or Alice Fellows's "Laurel," in which conflict, unhappiness, and frustration rage in a Southern mansion. Then there is the Harper Prize novel "Debby," by Max Steele, an unusually perceptive and compelling story about an appealing little woman whose intelligence quotient is sub-marginal.*

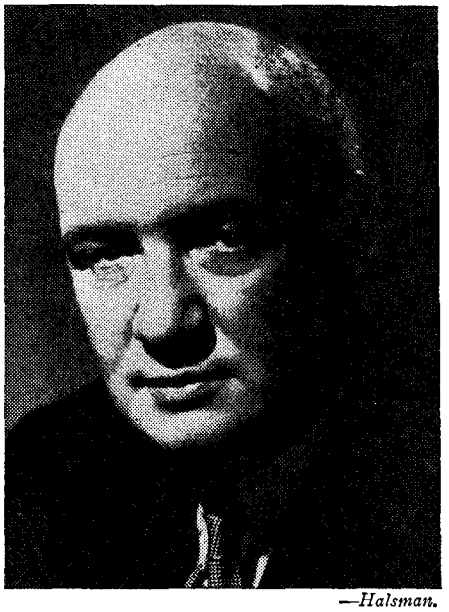
Career in the Church

THE CARDINAL. By Henry Morton Robinson. New York: Simon & Schuster. Clothbound, 580 pp. $3.50. Paperbound, 520 pp. $1.

By Ben Ray Redman

THIS is the story of how Stephen Fermoyle, son of Dennis and Celia Fermoyle, of Medford, Massachusetts, rose step by step, through the successive grades of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, to become a Prince of the Church, a favorite "son" of Pope Pius XI, and one of the chief hopes of an old faith in the New World. It is a story to challenge the powers of any novelist, for it requires its author to portray convincingly many varieties of priestly character as found on all levels of eminence; to write with authority of Catholic doctrine, practice, ritual, and pageantry, and to prove himself at home in scenes as diverse as a poverty-stricken New England parish, the palaces of Roman *Neri* society, and the most inaccessible rooms of the Vatican. A further challenge is presented by the mingling of fictional characters with such real personages as Achille Rati (Pius XI), Eugenio Pacelli (Pius XII), Merry del Val, Cardinal Hayes, and Governor Alfred E. Smith. A mixture of this sort is, of course, in the best tradition of the historical novel—and what novel is not historical?—but it always requires a sure hand. The author runs still a third risk by making his hero's rise so rapid, thereby putting his reader's belief to a hard test: in 1915 Stephen, aged twenty-six, has just finished his special training at the North American College in Rome; twelve years later he is consecrated Bishop of Hartfield, and in March 1939 he takes his place in the conclave of Cardinals whose privilege and obligation it is to name the 262nd successor of St. Peter. It is pleasant to report that Mr. Robinson has met these challenges and tests with notable success, that he has written with what appears to be all necessary knowledge, and that he has given us a novel in which the elements of serious and popular fiction are skilfully combined. Some of us may deplore one or two Lanny Buddish touches towards the close of Stephen's recorded career, but they are probably well calculated to extend the circle of Stephen's fame.

His history starts with a flourish aboard the luxury liner *Vesuvio*—commanded by Captain Gaetana Orselli, flamboyant Florentine—bound from Naples to Boston, with Father Fermoyle among its passengers. The reader's interest is instantly awakened as Orselli begins to add his bit to the young priest's education, and thereafter it never dozes; for Mr. Robinson is a gifted deviser of homely and dramatic incidents, the latter sometimes verging on melodrama; he is deft at gathering once-distant plot-threads into neat, effective strands; and, best of all, most important of all, he is able to create characters that we can accept without question as thoroughly believable, understandable men and women. Dennis and Celia Fermoyle are but two products of this ability—Dennis with his twenty-five years of service as motorman when we first meet him, Celia, the untiring backbone of a large, demanding family, and the pair of them together, inseparable, perfect in simple piety, capable of storming heaven with their ceaseless prayers when a daughter lies dying.



—*Halsman.*

Henry Morton Robinson—"deft at gathering once-distant plot-threads into neat, effective strands."

When we move from domestic to ecclesiastical circles the characters come crowding. Alfeo Quarenghi, affectionate teacher, controlled mystic, polished diplomatist; Dollar Bill Monaghan, "true shepherd of his flock, a master in the niceties of official conduct, a veteran calculator of probabilities, and the unrelenting collector of the coin of parish tribute"; Father Halley, too saintly for this rough world but a potent inspiration to men more fitted for the task of living; Cardinal Glennon, of Boston, expert administrator with dangerously high blood pressure, embattled defender of the rights of twenty million American Catholics, friend of Merry del Val, but no friend of Cardinal Giacobbi, papal Secretary of State; Giacobbi himself, keen of mind, strong as a bull in action, and contemptuous of weaker opponents; Merry del Val, lover of Horace, brilliant, courtly, handsome, incredibly attractive; Pius XI, who could dig his red slippers into a Vatican carpet as firmly as if he were still clinging to the side of one of his beloved mountains; Dom Arcibal, Benedictine monk, wise in the ways of earthquakes and men's souls; Pius XII, Eugenio Pacelli, destined to bear "the burdens of the loneliest, loftiest, most exacting office in the world" during some of the most dreadful years the Church and the world have known—all these characters and others are clearly drawn, fully realized as representatives of Rome's multitudinous and multifarious priesthood.

It is Stephen's own character, of course, that is at the heart of the novel; it is his personal drama, internal and external, that commands our steady attention. Stephen could not remember when he had not wished to be a priest, but his piety was neith-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

er excessive nor mystical. He had never known doubt, his faith had always been one with his very being, but there were elements in his nature that sometimes jeopardized his ability to live in strict accordance with his faith. He was not thoroughly insulated against the attractions of women. He was not incapable of earthly love when he met the incarnation of earthly loveliness in the person of the Contessa Ghislana Falerni. Nor was he wholly free from the sin of pride, deep buried in his consciousness though it was. But his strength was equal and superior to all the trials and burdens he encountered, superior to professional rebuffs, family tragedy, physical violence, spiritual crises, administrative and diplomatic problems, illness that brought him close to death. His story records the triumph of character, informed and sustained by faith. Yet he is pictured as no bundle of incredible virtues but as a good man who sometimes has to strive for goodness, as a believer in every fiber who can still know the most profound despair, as a good priest who never forgets that the essential and pure priestly function is that of mediator between God and man.

To have made such a character come alive convincingly and impressively within the pages of a novel is an uncommon achievement and one that heavily outweighs minor faults. Because of it one forgives the questionable touches noted earlier. One is not too disturbed when, having reached the Great Depression, the novelist steps aside in favor of the author of "Fantastic Interlude," who discourses briefly on the failure of individualism, a planless society, and Mr. Hoover. One tries not to wince when Mr. Robinson's style betrays him—or he betrays his style—by telling us that Mona Fermoyle "floated around the room petaling with laughter" or when he writes: "Autumn's sepia scarf went down the wind; winter covered earth's nakedness with an ermine stole." For one has read "The Cardinal" with much pleasure and a large measure of respect, and one knows that this experience will soon be shared by readers in the tens of thousands.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 834)

W. V. T. CLARK:
THE TRACK OF THE CAT

The ravine ahead showed only as a great milky blue shadow, except when a cold breath from the mountain above whirled the snow...and let the rocks and pines and clumps of brush on the far wall show dark and clear for a minute or two.

Scottish Samson

GEORDIE. By David Walker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 209 pp. $2.50.

BY A. J. CRONIN

THE SOUND of the "doric" is music to Scottish ears abroad—for this reason strong, silent men from Aberdeen will travel fifty miles through the jungles of Malaya to attend a Burns Dinner. Thus I fell upon "Geordie" with the hunger of one who for fourteen years has not put foot upon his native heath. And at once I was back in the tackety boots of my childhood, scrambling up a Highland burn with homemade fishing rod, starting at the whirr of a grouse as it broke the purple silence of the moor.

Against this charmed background Mr. Walker unfolds an idyll so artless and sincere as to be completely disarming. It is the story of a small boy, son of a Highland gamekeeper, loving companion of a sweet child named Jean—even in his first "Hello, Jean" there is the premonition of matrimony—who, shamed by his diminutive stature, desiring passionately to be "big," takes a correspondence course in physical culture with such determination—trust a Scot to get his money's worth!—that he becomes a perfect behemoth, a Highland Hercules. Thanks to the convenient coaching of an ex-champion in the person of the local minister, he is chosen to "put-the-shot" for Britain in the Olympic Games, and, indeed, leaves the clachan for America. At Boston, clad in his father's kilt, amidst the bated hush of thousands, he wins the trophy with his last put, shakes hands, to the roar of the multitude, with the President of the United States, and despite the blandishments of Helga, a mammoth blonde, champion female shot putter of Sweden, returns faithfully to the fastness of his native glen—and Jean.

All genre novels—especially those dealing with Scottish rural life, referred to with mistaken contempt as the "kailyard school"—are of their very nature ingenuous. But in the great genre literature—the stories of Ian Maclaren, Dr. John Brown, and that forgotten master J. J. Bell—this disability is overcome by a direct and certain appeal to the heart, by the power of the written word to play havoc with the human emotions, to evoke uproarious laughter or unbidden tender tears. It is this quality which, for example, makes "Rab and His Friends" a great classic—which lifts the simple story of a shepherd's dog to sublime heights of drama and tragedy, revealing the beauty, pain,

David Walker — "an idyll artless and sincere."

and devotion of humble lives, establishing man's identity with the earth, out of which he is born, and to which one day he must return.

It must be recorded that, except for a few infrequent flashes, as when Geordie's dying father reminds him to clean his gun, this quality does not as yet distinguish Mr. Walker's work. His characters, moreover, lack the facets of reality: they are all too "nice," as though they had just stepped out from the Drumfechan Sunday School. And Geordie, despite his elephantine bulk, is a one-dimensional chap, braw and smiling, no doubt, like a colored advertisement for Porridge Oats, but "a wee bit" of a prig, who sometimes puts his number fifteens across the thin divide between the sublime and the ridiculous. If Helga, the she-shot-putting Delilah and, for my money, quite an attractive number, had really clipped this Scottish Samson's sandy locks—it might have humanized him. What a triumph of muscle would have been their Olympian, hammer-lock embrace! And, after all, didn't General Foch once remark that the kilt was "*bon pour l'amour.*"

Yet I will speak and hear no evil of this fresh and unpretentious little tale. Its sweetness and simplicity turn back the sharpest, the most sophisticated barbs. And I will confess I read it through till midnight, in one long, breathless gasp. Recently Scotland has been exploited with much success on the American stage and screen. I predict that in its own field "Geordie" will carry on this profitable work.

Dr. A. J. Cronin is author of "Hatter's Castle," "The Keys of the Kingdom," and other novels of Scotch life.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doomed Hotel

THE FEAST. By Margaret Kennedy. New York: Rinehart & Co. 308 pp. $3.

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

HERE is a charming, readable, and unusual book, written by Margaret Kennedy, who well knows how to write, with fine and whimsical humor, excellent character work, and a growing, sustained, and almost grim sense of suspense. Yes, and the descriptive backgrounds are beautifully done; the strange, run-down old manor made into a hotel on the Cornish seacoast, under the vast loom of cliffs that seem always about to crash down upon it. More strange is the medley of people gathered in the hotel, bad and good—in fact, very, very bad and quite charmingly good, almost too much so. Except that as you get on with it you realize that Margaret Kennedy is doing a story here with not so much a realistic as a fairy-tale quality, in which doom descends upon —well, upon whom? Which ones would you rather be crushed?

The cliff does fall. Some people escape. You know that from the beginning. But until the end you don't know which ones. So that the story becomes rather the story of the people who survived in spite of the people who died. It gathers a good deal of wishful thinking from the beguiled reader. It is satisfying as a fairy story is satisfying because here is no silly impartiality, as there is in life. Here is the good, old strict justice of our childhood, where all the bad people get their comeuppance.

It would be very easy to make this tale so narrowly superficial, so stickily sentimental that you practically could not stand it. On the contrary, Margaret Kennedy has brought to her summer story a lightness, a whimsicality, an acidity where acidity is necessary which make it unique.

All her people are unique. There is Mrs. Siddal, who converts her old home into a hotel under the already condemned cliff, her useless but astute husband, the boys, particularly the unloved Gerry, who does so much hard work. There is Nancibel, the really nice Cornish maid, and Miss Ellis, the really nasty housekeeper. There are thé guests, sweet Sir Henry Paley and his selfish wife, and that raffish Anna LeChene, up to no good with her young chauffeur, Bruce, and poor Miss Evangeline Wraxton, the daughter of the terrible Canon.

But the really delightful people of the book are the children, the two groups of children whom Miss Kennedy presents with a free, rich, and masterly hand. Somehow you know the doom will not bother them so you are free to enjoy them as subtle, amusing, and lovely characters. Lady Gifford's adopted daughter, Hebe, the born leader, heads one of the grimmest childhood organizations in literature, the Junior Spartans with their motto "Everything Nice Is Bad" and their grimmer tests of endurance, courage, and disdain. The Junior Spartans almost engulf the dear twittering little Coves, daughters of that truly sinister woman, Mrs. Cove. But the little Coves, in their shadowy selflessness, make the book a feast, with their party on the cliffs, which of course saves the right people. And gives the complete whimsical finish to the story because people drinking flat champagne and eating lobster salad cannot be too aghast at destiny when they meet it dressed as Edward Lear characters: The Pobble Who Had No Toes, the Wongy-Bongy-Bo, Uncle Arly, Aunt Jobiska, and Mrs. Discobbolos.

This is not the novel that "The Constant Nymph" was, or "The Ladies of Lyndon," but it has its own light, unusual, faintly strange charm.

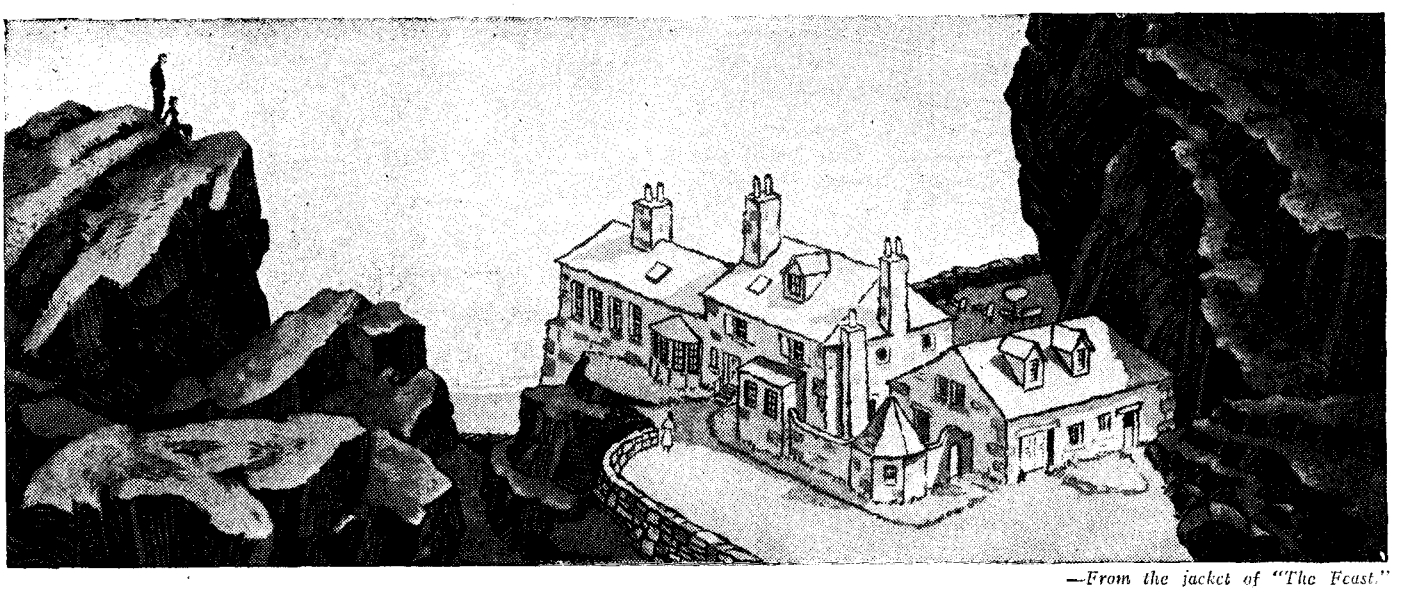
Intrigues

NOTHING. By Henry Green. New York: The Viking Press. 250 pp. $3.

By Walter Havighurst

OUTSIDE, it is always the same—the dripping rain or the gray flannel London fog—but inside, in the hotel dining room looking onto the wet foliage of Hyde Park or in the half-lit pub off Knightsbridge or in the quiet dining room of the Club or in a Mayfair flat with a coal fire guttering in the grate, it is nearly always different. The difference is in the fitful intrigues that involve a slowly fading widow, a faintly restless widower, their marriageable children, a young career woman, and a hearty, slow-witted man-about-town. These six are enfolded in a web that tangles and untangles and tangles again. But the differences really do not matter; one affair is not unlike another. There is always the same divided attention, part for the savoring of an old liaison and part for the forwarding of a new. And so it is always the same indoors as well as out.

All this novel takes place within walls. It is a series of scenes, deft, adroit, unfailingly amusing, in which a man and a woman eat together (in the hotel or the flat) or drink together (in the flat or the public house) and burrow away like moles in the ground toward another intimacy. Outside is postwar England, with the forbidding weather, but the outer world remains beyond the curtained windows. Just once a person comes in wet—that is a brief and breathless scene in Brighton. Otherwise we are in London, sheltered from the city, and the world intrudes only in the reminder that "now the only jobs one can land, or the only ones within reach, are state jobs," and the circumstance of being without money—



—From the jacket of "The Feast."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

". . . One has to be sorry for parents. They had such a lot of money once and we've never seen what that was."

Otherwise this curtained world is charmed, in its odd and unrewarding way, untouched by any but its own complications. Mr. Green cunningly, and without apparent effort, brings his people together, two at a time and a place, and explains through their dialogue the old love affairs and the new ones. His attitude toward these people comes out not in what he says about them (he says very little) but in what they say about themselves. They are people to whom nothing can happen—not even weather. Nothing can happen because their new relationships are no different from the old. All is changed between the first Sunday luncheon in the hotel dining room and the final one. But nothing is different.

The substance of Mr. Green's novel is next to nothing. These people have no existence except in their "affairs," and a reader feels that they drop out of existence between the scenes to which their author summons them. But when the spotlight finds them they come instantly to life, talking. Talking a wonderfully brisk, bright, pointed language about each other. Dialogue is almost the entire narrative. No one in this novel is ever shown alone.

Mr. Green's style, when he permits himself a page or even a paragraph, is mandarin prose of a sensuous sophistication. It is dense, deliberate, full of sudden turns and disclosures, at once precise and wilful: ". . . here then time stood still for Jane, even in wine bottles over to one side holding the single movement, and that unseen, of bubbles rising just as the air, similarly trapped even if conditioned, watched unseen across itself in a superb but not indifferent pause of mirrors." The style has a fascination which the material does not warrant, or which it would not warrant if the style were not already there.

"Nothing" is a novel like a dry and sparkling wine, a wine with no body at all. The wonder is that without body it can maintain all that animation.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

A NOSE IS A NOSE IS A NOSE

Dorothy Elliott and Ethel Elliott Holdorf, of Denver, submit twenty quotations in which noses are mentioned. Allowing five points each for identifying either the quotation or its author, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 42.

1. Another tumble! That's his precious nose!
2. And eagerly was her slender nose
   Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.
3. With a ring in the end of his nose.
4. He bears, projecting from his spreading ruff,
   A nose —— ah, what a nose it is, my lords!
5. My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
   As plump and gray as onie grozet.
6. His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.
7. Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
   What made you so awfully clever?
8. What a moment, what a doubt!
   All my nose is inside out!
9. The cold wind burns my face, and blows
   Its frosty pepper up my nose.
10. But 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.
11. He must be somewhere. I'll ask Aunt Rose:
    Have *you* seen a mouse with a woffelly nose?
12. He took one look at Sister Brown
    And meekly scratched his nose.
13. His eyes were dark and rather small,
    His nose was aquiline.
14. Mouth like a fireplace, chimney for a nose,
    And realio, trulio, daggers on his toes.
15. Her nose was straight; her eyes were gray as glass.
16. And why does thy nose look so blue?
17. And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
18. But now his nose is thin
    And it rests upon his chin
    Like a staff.
19. So I ventured again: "Wear *your crimson brocade*" ——
    (Second turn-up of nose) —— "That's too dark by a shade."
20. The Nose of a Healthy Dog Always is Cold.

Sort of Backward

DEBBY. By Max Steele. New York: Harper & Bros. 304 pp. $3.

By Rosemary Carr Benét

IT IS HARD to portray genius. The precocious child is apt to sound like a prig. It is almost impossible ever to make a prodigy seem credible or recognizable. "He was a brilliant, witty conversationalist," we read and then the words get down on the page and he is nothing of the kind. It is just as difficult to do the retarded mind, the not-quite-bright human being, without making the figure ridiculous: too odd and strange to rouse our recognition and sympathy. That difficult task is exactly what Mr. Steele succeeds in doing in this book. He wakes our compassion, our protective feelings for poor Debby—"Mrs. Deborah Hall." Trying and difficult as she is, making extraordinary complications in normal lives, Debby comes alive and is an appealing figure. "Don't be mean to Debby" is our inevitable reaction. Yet who would want her in the home?

We not only get to know Debby, we see all the Merrill family through her eyes. This is an interesting feat for it shows normal, intelligent people in a curiously relentless light, a light much more devastating than that of pure reason. Mr. and Mrs. Merrill have their peculiarities, their quirks of nature—as who has not?—and so have their children. Debby does not attempt to understand *why* they are that way or their reasons for doing things. She reduces everything to a basic simplicity and an instinctive wisdom and the result is more illuminating than a more complicated, intellectual approach to character analysis. She knows more about how to keep a husband happy than young Rebecca Merrill and she has a deeper knowledge of how to raise children than Mrs. Merrill, for instance; even though it is Mrs. Merrill who has to tell her what to eat, and when she fails to do so Debby nearly starves.

When people talk over the telephone to Debby, they say, "Mumble fleas." (I like that; as a matter of fact, they say that to me, too.) She has her own vocabulary, which includes words like irrigably, scroot, and whelps for welts. She has, on the credit side, an uncomfortably uninhibited sense of humor and a hound-keen sense of smell. She can't tell time and she seldom knows the day of the month, which rouses scorn in her young friends who have just acquired these skills. When her favorite child, Glenn, turns on her and tries

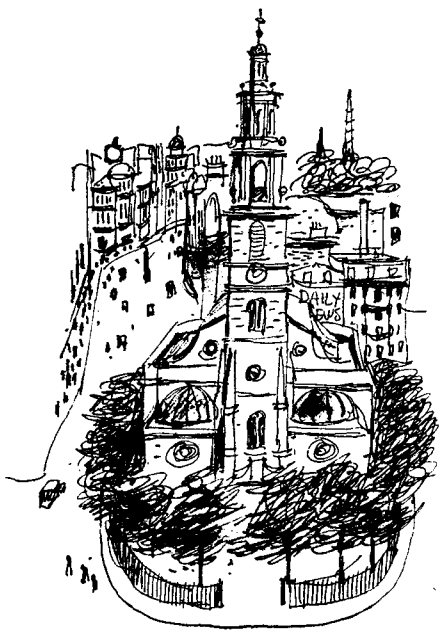
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to show her up as ignorant by asking questions like, can she spell *window*?, she says logically, "I don't need to know how to spell it. . . . Anybody knows it's a window." She has her own special prides and pleasures. One is to own a chair and to be able to say politely, "Won't you have a seat?"

The degrees of intelligence have been carefully charted and defined: imbecile, idiot, moron. Debby is none of these. She is just "sort of backward." The fact that someone called her that when she was a little girl rankled for years and hurt her pride. At that, if Thomas Hall, Debby's husband, had been "spared," she would have been all right. She was a docile, affectionate wife, raising her two boys and letting her man run everything. It was only when she was presented with complicated, adult problems, requiring decisions, that she faltered. When God took away her husband, when she had to fend for herself, she failed. Her children were sent away, she was forced to go to a Home, and she was as bewildered and lost as a child, with all the web of her life undone.

It is to the author's credit that he does not over-sentimentalize Debby. It will alienate the sympathy of many feminine readers that Debby does not really care particularly for her own children once she has been away from them. She prefers Glenn Merrill to her own son Allan, loves him more and shows it. And why not, since the ties of memory have loosened? She looks at the two boys with complete detachment; exactly the way an intelligent dog or cat regards the half-grown kittens and puppies that once had such tender maternal care and later appear to the same eyes as strangers. Life is full of the unex-

(*Continued on page 28*)



History. *Why read history? In the course of a review on page 18 Thomas Caldecott Chubb notes several reasons: for cultural self-enrichment; for such insight into the nature of man as his story, wherever sampled, may yield; for understanding of how the world became what it is today. One more might be added: for suggestions as to how man should or should not proceed in future. All four incentives inhere in the half-dozen recent works of history reviewed below. Three of them are by men long recognized as historians of the first rank: G. M. Trevelyan, whose one-volume "English Social History" of 1942 is now being reissued, lavishly illustrated, in four volumes; Herbert E. Bolton, who crowns a notable career as a student of Spanish-American history with "Coronado: Knight of Pueblos and Plains," and Ferdinand Schevill, who writes about a prodigious peasant-to-Pope Italian family in "The Medici."*

England from Chaucer to Shakespeare

ILLUSTRATED ENGLISH SOCIAL HISTORY: Vol. I. By G. M. Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 175 pp. $3.75.

By Garrett Mattingly

ALTHOUGH it was first published less than eight years ago, and for much of the time since was out of print in Great Britain on account of wartime shortages, Trevelyan's modest survey of English social history seems already far on its way to acceptance as a small classic. Into it Trevelyan distilled all the richness of a lifetime of scholarly experience, all his skill in the documentation of social history from vivid, varied, and unexpected sources, all the warmth and quiet charm of his style, and all the depth of his affection, the more moving by its understatement, for that small green island which never seemed dearer to men's hearts or more precious to the world than in the days when these pages were first coming from the press. Since that time hundreds of thousands of readers have sought out this essay, and it seems likely that hundreds of thousands more will do so, and that what must first have been thought of as perhaps a school text will end by being a household book in every land of the English tongue.

Certainly it was high time for an illustrated edition. Nothing cries out so much for illustration as social history, both because only pictures can convey, vividly and completely, the details of dress and architecture and daily life with which the social historian is concerned, and because pictures are, in this kind of study, primary documents of the very first importance, which, unlike most kinds of documentation, the general reader can grasp and appreciate as well as the trained historian. At the same time finding the right illustrations for a social history is a tricky business, full of pitfalls for the unwary. Sometimes even contemporary pictures may be sadly misleading, often they can be dull or obscure or irrelevant or have no more than mere quaintness to recommend them, and then, exasperatingly, exactly the right picture may turn out to be almost impossible to reproduce. Miss Ruth Wright, the illustrations editor, and the publisher's technical staff have solved these problems triumphantly. They have given us five handsome color plates and about 180 gravures (photographs of buildings, portraits, and many, many illustrations from books and manuscripts) all interesting, many charming, and all reproduced with considerable success.

Just by themselves these illustrations make a fascinating picture book of the English scene from Chaucer's day to Shakespeare's. But what is more, they really do illustrate the text, and they have been chosen with as much scholarship as taste, and identified in notes which are models of what notes on the sources of illustrations ought to be. At first thought, four volumes for the illustrated edition of a not very long book seems a little exaggerated, but the format chosen permits a great wealth of illustration in a volume that lies pleasantly in the hand, and seems so much more convenient than the bulky Oxford series or the tall old volumes of Traill's "Social History" that the extra number of bindings for a set of four seems justified. If the next three volumes are up to the standard of the first, this is the edition of Trevelyan's "Social History" which people from now on will want to own.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—From "Art of Russia."

Pre-Bolshevik Ways of Life

HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL ECONOMY OF RUSSIA TO THE 1917 REVOLUTION. By Peter I. Lyashchenko. New York: The Macmillan Co. 880 pp. $13.

By Sidney Harcave

WHEN the publishers of Lyashchenko's "History of the National Economy of Russia" introduce it as "the first work in any language that covers the economic history of Russia from the earliest times to the Revolution of 1917," they underscore one of the book's major attractions. Before its publication in the original Russian in 1939 those interested in the subject were compelled to turn to many sources for a complete survey. Mavor's standard "Economic History of Russia" stops at 1907, and other historians of the Russian economy before 1917—for example, Kulischer, Struve, Tugan-Baranovsky, Miller, Owen, Robinson, and Pavlovsky—have dealt with only limited phases of it.

Since its publication Lyashchenko's work has been accepted by Soviet higher schools as a textbook and by scholars outside of Russia as an authoritative study. The high reputation of the "History" resulted in its selection, after a poll of American experts on Russia, as one of the twenty-five works to be translated under the Russian Translation Project of the American Council of Learned Societies. Now, after the difficult work of translation has been ably performed by L. M. Herman, this unique work is available in English both for the benefit of those whose bent is toward a study of Russian economic history and for those who seek to acquaint themselves with the subject matter of Soviet education.

Any scholarly publication of Soviet origin must arouse misgivings in the non-Soviet breast, for the Soviet scholar is compelled to perform his labors within the narrow circle marked out by the current official interpretation of the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin—those works which have become canonical and may be neither disputed nor ignored. For the Soviet economic historian the circle is drawn closer by the fact that these patron saints have all written on one phase or another of Russian economic history, and their statements must be appropriately quoted.

Although Lyashchenko fulfills the duties imposed upon him by his intellectual environment and although there is no indication that he has any distaste for those duties, he still makes it clear that, like his Western colleagues, he respects his scholarly calling.

The seventy-three-year-old author, whose reputation was well established before the Revolution of 1917, has in this book scrupulously fused his lifelong study of the raw materials of economic history with the pre- and post-revolutionary studies of other historians. The merit of his work is all the greater in view of the difficulties inherent in the subject; its study is beset by a pitiful lack of data for many periods, unreliable data for other periods, and frequent disagreement on interpretation of data.

The value of the "History" is extended by its attention to the neglected economic history of the non-Russian peoples under the rule of the Russian State as well as by its emphasis on the post-1861 period, to which more than half of the book is given. And, for added measure, the well-organized and readable text is supplemented by valuable statistical tables and maps. The non-Soviet reader will probably shy at the interpretation of the concepts of feudalism, capitalism, and imperialism which the Soviet ideology requires of the author, but he can hardly withhold his respect for the work as a whole.

Prologue to Fascism

ITALY FROM NAPOLEON TO MUSSOLINI. By René Albrecht-Carrié. New York: Columbia University Press. 314 pp. $4.25.

By Michael T. Florinsky

THE WORD Italy strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of those who are not indifferent to the heritage of Western civilization, and the destruction, sufferings, and indignities brought upon that country by the follies of the Fascist Government have been watched with alarm and sorrow by innumerable men and women throughout the world. Now that legitimate wartime emotions are subsiding it is eminently fitting that the events responsible for Italy's tragic predicament should be re-examined not from the standpoint of Nuremberg but in an objective and impartial spirit. This is the task undertaken by Dr. Albrecht-Carrié in "Italy from Napoleon to Mussolini." The author's keen, analytical mind, good sense of proportion, and familiarity with European and, particularly, Italian history combine to produce a book of unusual interest and real merit.

Dr. Carrié begins his study with a bird's-eye survey of the principal factors which molded Italian history prior to the fall of Napoleon. He deals more in detail with the period 1815-1922 and presents an illuminating analysis of the main forces which account for the unification of Italy, the imperfections of her political system, her participation in the First World War on the side of the Allies, and her disillusionment with the treaty of Versailles. In the section of the Fascist regime the most valuable chapters, perhaps, are those devoted to Italian foreign and colonial policies. The volume closes with a brief, extremely well-written epilogue, which brings the story up to 1949.

"Italy from Napoleon to Mussolini" is not a formal history but rather a selective examination of the principal elements which made possible the emergence of Fascism. Dr. Carrié skilfully unfolds his main theme against the background of the great political and intellectual movements of nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europe. Some of the facts and views he presents will be familiar to the reader conversant with Italian history but his interpretations are fresh, vigorous, and sound. "There was nothing inevitable about the advent of Fascism to power . . . ," he writes, "but in view of the background of political life as it had been conducted in Italy since she had become one,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this advent may also be called a perfectly logical consequence." Dr. Carrié believes, however, that "Fascism, like National Socialism, was born of a response to existing conditions and circumstances"; that the problems which gave rise to these conditions are universal and that it is a mistake to imagine that some of them could not be duplicated elsewhere. This being the case, "the overthrow of Fascism in Italy . . . was, in a sense, of secondary importance, and . . . the endeavor to legislate Germany into denazification is largely futile and foolish." The "economic thought" of Fascism, moreover, is still very much alive among important social groups in this country and in Europe, groups which uncompromisingly reject Fascism's political doctrines.

Dr. Carrié offers some general observations which merit the attention of historians and statesmen. The word appeasement, he observes, "has fallen into disrepute . . . by itself, however, appeasement is preferable to conflict, provided only that it is not based on false premises; appeasement, in brief, should only be directed toward the appeasable; it becomes indefensible if it merely serves to create a further appetite for demands and eventually to precipitate conflict under less favorable conditions for the appeaser." The recipe is excellent; the difficulty is how to apply it in practice.

Medieval Denmark & Valdemar IV

THE THIRD KING. By Fletcher Pratt. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 313 *pp.* $4.

By Geoffrey Bruun

IN THE past decade a new volume by Fletcher Pratt on some aspect of naval history has become an annual event. His mode of treatment is always vital and stimulating, frequently unorthodox, and sometimes exasperating. This book is one of his most provocative efforts.

To keep the reader in a state of suspense and uncertainty is a legitimate device in historical biography, but it is not a device that justifies deliberate mystification. On the dust jacket "The Third King" is described as "a history of medieval Denmark—and of a forgotten king whose sword, ships, and laws helped establish freedom in the Western world." It would have been less confusing to identify him promptly as Valdemar IV, one of the greatest of medieval Danish monarchs. When the Danes forget Valdemar the English will have forgotten William the Conqueror. Valdemar IV was father to that Margrete who united the crowns of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden in 1397 and ruled an area larger than that of any other European monarch of the age.

To offer a simple identification, however, and nail it down with dates is not Mr. Pratt's technique here. He eschews dates so rigorously that much of the time the reader is unsure whether the events described refer to Valdemar IV or to one of several predecessors repeatedly introduced by a method of flashbacks and parallel narratives. Nor is the legendlike flavor of the tale lessened by such phrases as "in prone rout" or paragraphs that begin "To make it perfectly clear why, it was that this time that the Graf assumed the title of 'Iron-hard.'"

The surprising thing is that Mr. Pratt's technique surmounts its defects and almost vindicates itself. He has built an unorthodox book on insubstantial chronicles and legends somewhat as the medieval Danes built unorthodox castles on soggy ground. Their method was to sink logs in the ooze, cover these with lattice work, pile rubble on top, and surface the whole with brick. On a foundation equally unpromising Valdemar IV refounded a kingdom and Fletcher Pratt creates a book. Like his hero, Mr. Pratt abandons his work when it is finished to see if it will endure by itself and it stands up surprisingly well.

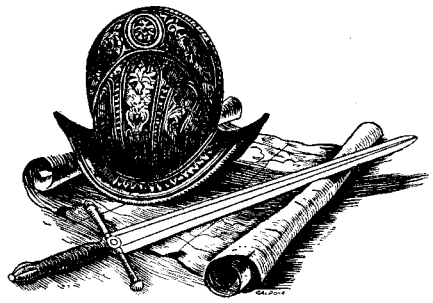
This account of an enigmatic King in a half-legendary setting is not conventional history. There are no citations to indicate what sources were used and many dubious points are resolved according to the author's intuition. Yet the confusing flood of impressionistic images coheres in retrospect. The outline of Valdemar's achievements as he frees and then forges his kingdom becomes fixed in the reader's memory. On the other hand, the argument that this ambitious and unscrupulous monarch "helped to establish freedom in the Western world" is never clarified or confirmed and must be rejected as unproved on the basis of the evidence presented. The merit of this work owes more to the author's lively and imaginative prose than to his historical researches and his judgment. But as a reconstructed tapestry of medieval pageantry and warfare it is fascinating and indelible.

Four pleasing maps by Palacios help to clarify the campaigns. One could wish for more of them and for some reproductions of fourteenth-century ships, armor, weapons, and fortifications.

Geoffrey Bruun has written several books on European history, among them "Saint-Just: Apostle of the Terror" and a biography of Clemenceau.

"...N as in neurotic, O as in Oedipus, I as in id, S as in subconscious, E as in ego . . . noise !!!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—From "Coronado."

Search for Cíbola

CORONADO, Knight of Pueblos and Plains. By Herbert E. Bolton. New York: Whittlesey House. 491 pp. $6. Coronado Historical Series edition, Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. 489 pp. $8.

By Frank Waters

IN FEBRUARY 1540 there set out northward from Mexico the most brilliant expedition of discovery and conquest assembled in America. The entourage included 225 gallants in armor riding horses whose ornate trappings hung to the ground, sixty-two foot soldiers and hundreds of Indian servants, followed by more than 1,000 horses and mules carrying baggage, and several thousand sheep. The honor of command was held by young Francisco Vázquez de Coronado, who had contributed to its expense about one million from his wife's estate.

Two years later, in April, the caravan began its straggling journey back to Mexico. Coronado had been injured by a kick in the head from a horse and was carried in a litter. Devoid of gold and jewels, without honor, he was then subjected to an official inquiry into his "failure."

Today his conquest of the seven golden cities of Cíbola in present New Mexico, the discovery of the seven Hopi pueblos and Grand Canyon in Arizona, and his subsequent march through the Texas Panhandle, Oklahoma, and Kansas, comprise one of the greatest epics of American discovery.

Herbert E. Bolton is professor emeritus of history at the University of California. For his present retelling of this classic he has retraced the 4,000-mile journey and has presented a bulk of new material. The book reflects the faults and virtues of his approach. It is pedestrian and academic, but historically sound, comprehensive, and a worthy addition to the Coronado Cuarto Centennial Publications.

What mars it most is his insistence on comparing Coronado's expedition with the later California Gold Rush. There were, of course, the precedents of Pizarro's discovery of fabulous treasures in Peru, and the incalculable wealth found by Cortés in Mexico. But the Coronado expedition was more than a wild-goose chase, a mere gold rush. Behind it lay a compulsion which is not amenable to an analysis of rational historic fact, but which is psychologically significant.

In fifteenth-century Spain there was current an ancient fable of the island Antilla somewhere in the Western Ocean. It was called "Septe Citate" according to the legend that in 714, the year when Spain was conquered by the Moors, seven fleeing Portuguese bishops and their flocks had founded on it seven cities.

Where the mysterious island was no one knew. But Ferdinand Columbus, son of Christopher, reported that it was "not more than 200 leagues due west from the Canaries and Azores." Further reports held that the sands of the island were "one-third pure gold."

When the Spaniards arrived in Mexico this fable seemed substantiated by Aztec tradition. According to the Aztecs, they and their predecessors had migrated south to Mexico in seven successive tribes. Their origin they painted as seven caves or cavern-wombs in a land to the north called Aztlan.

The reports of the Indian Tejo, of the black slave Esteban, and of Fray Marcos, seemed to confirm both the native Indian and European legends of the lost seven cities. Hence the Coronado expedition to discover the Northern Aztec province of Aztlan, "the kingdom of New Mexico," and the golden Seven Cities of Cíbola, the seven (or six) pueblos around the present pueblo of Zuni.

The real significance of the mythical seven Portuguese cities and the seven Aztec cavern-wombs is paralleled today by the traditional pueblo groupings, the seven sacred kivas within a pueblo, and the seven successive evolutions of man as held by Pueblo ceremonialism. Their meaning lies outside the realm of historical research explored by Mr. Bolton. But it still offers more psychological booty than the gold dreamed of by Coronado.

Sleight-of-Spring

By Ethel Jacobson

SPRING is a magic-show,
Spring is hocus-pocus:
Now you see a bank of snow,
Now a field of crocus.

Nothing's up her sleeve now
But the thousand paper hats
Of daffodils, and a bare bough
Turned to pussy cats!

—From the jacket of "The Medici."

Florentine Money-Men

THE MEDICI. By Ferdinand Schevill. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 240 pp. $4.

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

THIS is the story of a family whose importance, in the larger diorama of world history, may have been exaggerated, but which can hardly be neglected by anyone who wants to know Italy in its days of greatest glory. It is the story of plain people who became the instruments of something more than local destiny. It is the story of peasants from the Mugello who became tradesmen and bankers; of bankers who became political bosses and manipulators; of political bosses who became popes and dukes.

The Medici did not—as Professor Schevill points out—create either the Italian Renaissance or Florentine greatness. What they did, he says, "and what in the nature of the case was all they could do, was to make a contribution to that greatness in their time." They did not reawaken art or culture but they did support reawakened art and culture with their good taste, their interest, their influence, and their wealth. They did not really rule. They manipulated the means of ruling. They showed money how it could rule if it stayed in the background. It has been doing so quite frequently ever since—and not always to the disadvantage of the human race.

They were also a fascinating group of human beings. There was Cosimo, *Pater Patriae*, with his shrewdness, relentlessness, yet moderation; Piero, who dominated behind the scenes from his sickbed; Lorenzo, head of the bank, head of the state, art patron, but also

(*Continued on page* 40)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music. *"The mood should be rather sad than gay. The light, gay colors do not come easily to me." Thus Sergei Rachmaninoff wrote to a friend who was attempting to find suitable verses for him to set to music. A surer, more succinct bit of self-evaluation would be difficult to discover. Here was surely a gloomy composer. Even his platform manner partook of the sepulchral. Rachmaninoff's face always had a doleful cast, and when he strode onto the stage to play the piano one would have thought it an occasion almost too tragic to bear. Despite, or perhaps because of, this somber personality, Rachmaninoff enjoyed great popularity in this country. Those who once frequented his recitals and who today treasure his music will be interested in a new biography of the composer-pianist by Victor I. Seroff, which Nicolas Slonimsky reviews below.*

Chordist of the Flatted Thirteenth

RACHMANINOFF. By Victor I. Seroff. New York: Simon & Schuster. 269 pp. $3.50.

By Nicolas Slonimsky

RACHMANINOFF is a paradox of twentieth-century music. An exile from his country, he was also an exile from his time. Yet his music has a hypnotic hold on the modern world, both in the country of his birth, where even Rachmaninoff's political opposition was ignored and his music glorified, and in the country of his adopted citizenship (Rachmaninoff became an American citizen eight weeks before his death).

What manner of man was Rachmaninoff? What is the secret of the fascination that his music exercises in such different environments? This conscientious and informative biography by Victor I. Seroff, a Russian-American writer and musician who knew Rachmaninoff personally, gives an answer to the first question if not to the second. There is no analysis of Rachmaninoff's music, and no musical illustrations are given. Virgil Thomson, in a subtly ambiguous foreword, concedes that the reading of Mr. Seroff's book in manuscript made him modify his former attitude of "hostile indifference to Rachmaninoff" to an admiration for this "being of strength and weakness, timidity and courage, surrender and persistence." In the meantime, Rachmaninoff's music marches on, penetrating even the field of semi-classical music, from the "Warsaw Concerto," that thrives on harmonies borrowed from Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto, to sentimental ballads of the radio and the movies. Rachmaninoff is no more. Long live the chord of the flatted thirteenth!

Rachmaninoff insisted that he was "a most ordinary and uninteresting man." In his letters to friends he wrote about his music and about his concert tours with an air of unfeigned lassitude and near-boredom. He gave a written authorization for an earlier book about him ("Rachmaninoff's Recollections Told to Oskar von Riesemann") and then confessed that he could not get through more than three chapters of the manuscript. He was bored reading about himself!

—*Eric Schall.*

Rachmaninoff—"bored reading about himself."

Mr. Seroff was very careful to get Rachmaninoff's approval of some controversial statements in advance. When Mr. Seroff sent Rachmaninoff the proofs of a magazine article about him, which contained some uncomplimentary words about the low state of musical knowledge among American composers, Rachmaninoff wrote: "My words in reference to the American composers are the holy truth. I do not want to substitute a lie for the truth. But as the truth is unbearable, I prefer to say nothing at all. Therefore, please omit the four lines. Please do this for me."

One of the most revealing chapters in Mr. Seroff's book concerns Rachmaninoff's correspondence in 1912-17 with Marietta Shaginian, a young Russian authoress and a Rachmaninoff fan. Mr. Seroff does not imply that their relationship was anything more than a romantic friendship. These letters reveal Rachmaninoff's inherent pessimism, his preoccupation with introspective gloom. Asking her to find some suitable verses for his songs, Rachmaninoff writes: "The mood should be rather sad than gay. The light, gay colors do not come easily to me." Rachmaninoff confesses his irrational fears: "I am afraid of everything: mice, rats, beetles, bulls, burglars," he writes to Marietta Shaginian. "I am afraid of the raindrops beating against the windowpane; I am afraid of the dark."

Rachmaninoff's music reflects his pessimistic determinism. It is significant that his three symphonies and four piano concertos are all set in minor keys, as is his most celebrated composition, the Prelude in C sharp minor. A comparison with Tchaikovsky's moods naturally comes to mind, but Tchaikovsky was a tortured and unhappy soul, while Rachmaninoff possessed the full joys of life, was happily married, had children and grandchildren. Mr. Seroff explains Rachmaninoff's persistent melancholy by the unfortunate experiences of his early life—the separation of his parents, the benevolent tyranny of his old teacher, the youthful disappointments in the quality of his own music.

On the pages of Mr. Seroff's book the life of Rachmaninoff unfolds clearly, in chronological order, from the remote origins of his family in medieval Russia to his death in California. There is a detailed bibliography, a list of works, dates of composition and first performance, and an excellent pictorial section. Inevitably, there are some minor inaccuracies. The Prelude in C sharp minor could not have been written in the spring of 1893 if Rachmaninoff played it at a concert in Moscow on September 26, 1892. An obituary of Taneyev that Rachmaninoff wrote in 1915 was not "his only writing for publication," as Mr. Seroff states, for Rachmaninoff wrote an obituary of Chaliapin published in *Les Dernières Nouvelles*, Paris, in the issue of April 17, 1938. The names of the pianist Teresa Carreño and the Russian singer Nezhdanova are misspelled. More serious, and sometimes disruptive of the narrative, are the lengthy digressions which Mr. Seroff himself calls

(*Continued on page* 61)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Editor
NORMAN COUSINS

Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DEGOLYER

Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN WILLIAM ROSE BENET
HARRISON SMITH JOHN MASON BROWN

Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF JOHN T. WINTERICH
MARY GOULD DAVIS IRVING KOLODIN
JAMES THRALL SOBY

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Contents Copyrighted, 1950, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

No Time for Silence

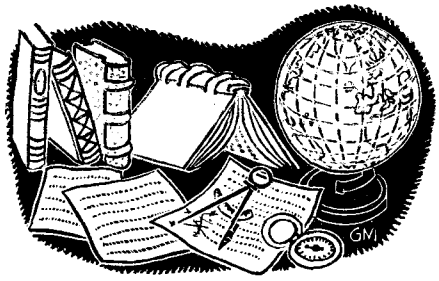
HARRISON SMITH wrote an editorial for this page last week expressing his displeasure and impatience with some of the noise and apprehension being stirred up by talk about the hydrogen bomb and national security. He found it unpleasant and disturbing to listen to so many alarming statements, which he proceeded to characterize as unfounded or exaggerated. "Quiet, please," he admonished. "It is time that the men who . . . engage in unproved and hair-raising speculations should moderate their voices or agree with each other to remain silent."

We can certainly sympathize with Mr. Smith in his desire to shut off the sound and fury of an atomic age. There is one flaw in his complaint, however. What do you do if the alarms and the dangers are real? Do you persist in looking the other way? Do you persist in worshiping tranquillity above prudence, silence above sanity, repose above reason? If your home is on fire and you happen to be in your bed at the time, do you stay there on the theory that relaxation is sovereign, notwithstanding personal and public safety? Doubtless a considerable clatter was set up by the hoofbeats of Mr. Revere's horse, but it is fortunate for us that no restraining order was issued against his mission at the time on the grounds that he was disturbing the slumbers of good citizens.

The quietest spot in the world the morning of August 6, 1945, was at the heart of the atomic bomb explosion. At that spot there was no noise, only the most profound silence and emptiness the world has known. The explosion was heard only at a distance. It was for the express purpose of avoiding silences of this type that the atomic scientists have come forward as responsible members of society to share with other citizens their special knowledge. Mr. Smith has censured these scientists by implication as scare-merchants who are wandering over the countryside with spine-chilling tales about the next war.

Scare-merchants, did you say, Mr. Smith? Have you any idea, Mr. Smith, what a hydrogen bomb is like? Have you ever observed the precise calculations about the heat that would be released by such a bomb, or the tons of radioactivity that would contaminate the atmosphere? Do you have any evidence to refute the contention of experts that radioactive carbon released by hydrogen bombs could upset the delicate balance of the atmosphere, exterminating whole populations? Have you been able to think up a defense against atomic attack? Do you have specific suggestions for relocating populations and improvising mass hospital facilities? Do you really believe that the peace of the world is now secure? Are you content with the spiraling tensions in the world? Have you satisfied yourself that America has measured up to the requirements of vital moral leadership on the world scale?

Mr. Smith says he is satisfied that this nation can remain ahead in the atomic armaments race. I have no pipeline to the Kremlin and I have no way of determining how far Russia has progressed with her own atomic



killers, but I seem to recall that only yesterday they were saying that we had nothing to worry about: Russia couldn't make an atomic bomb for ten, fifteen, perhaps twenty years—if then. We talk about Maginot Lines. One wonders if any Maginot Line in history has been as deep or as dangerous as the Maginot Line psychology which assumes that America has both a special dispensation against disaster and an atomic superiority underwritten by nature herself. Did you say quiet, Mr. Smith? If I remember correctly, there was a noise-abatement campaign being waged in this country during the Thirties, too, when Mr. Hitler seemed most anxious to have people slumber on like little gypsy sweethearts.

THE trouble, Mr. Smith, is not that there has been too much noise, but that there is too little. The trouble, Mr. Smith, is that too many people, in and out of government, are willing to coast, willing to put off making the decisions that have to be made, willing to cut the job down to their own size, willing to shut their eyes and ears to the gravest question in the history of this or any nation. Meanwhile, unfettered national sov-

Tudor Song

(For Horace Gregory)

By Howard Holtzman

SO, one by one, the dusks fade out and die.
So, one by one, small lines despoil each face.
So, one by one, the red leaves fall but lie
Together, sharing so a richer grace.

So, one by one, reeds wither, wells go dry.
So, one by one, lithe revelers take leave.
So, one by one, stout trees fail but lie
Down, down together, so where's a cause to grieve?

So, one by one, the old hawks groundward fly.
So, one by one, years have no meaning more.
So, one by one, priests leave off prayer but lie
Together, holy to the worm's soft core.

So, one by one, who sold aloof must buy.
So, one by one, queens pass unransomed still.
So, one by one, the young lambs bleed but lie
Down, down together, nor miss the far home hill.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ereignty, the enemy of man in an atomic age, has been beating a big drum inside the councils of the United Nations, drowning out the timorous sounds of world law.

This is the time for audible warning, Mr. Smith, a time to split the sky with indignation over authorized madness and the towering assault on human destiny.

—N. C.

Edgar Lee Masters

IT IS difficult to contemplate the recent death of Edgar Lee Masters at eighty-one without thinking of Theodore Dreiser, who died only four years before him. These indomitable men had a great deal in common. When John Cowper Powys wrote of Masters's "stolidity of mind, his grim pot-house humor, and massive quizzical passivity" he was also describing the impression that Dreiser gave to those who knew him in his later years. It was Masters's "Spoon River Anthology," written in blank verse, and Dreiser's earliest novels, from "Sister Carrie" to "An American Tragedy," that upset our literary apple-cart and set Sinclair Lewis and many another writer on the long road of inquiry into the character of America that has not yet ended. Edgar Lee Masters wrote nearly fifty books of poetry, fiction, and biography, yet he was haunted and finally exasperated at the continued and prodigious success of "Spoon River Anthology," forgetting perhaps that his profound simplicity and poetic clairvoyance had given us a classic. Though, like Dreiser, he was a cynic whose temper was easily aroused, occasionally long-winded and dull, his mind, to quote William Rose Benét, was informed and independent, and his speculations on life and philosophy were original. As a creative poet and a thoughtful writer we are not likely to find his equal in this year or the next.

Charles H. Studin

THE DEATH on March 5 of Charles H. Studin, New York lawyer, removed a friend of writers and artists who had delighted in his hospitality to them. The "Charley Studin cocktail party" became an institution that proved of genuine help to many through its enlargement of their associations in interest. The guests included many persons of the highest attainments. Mr. Studin was graduated from Yale in 1897, valedictorian of his class, and early in his legal career was an assistant to the famous district attorney William Travers Jerome.

The Way

By James T. Shotwell

I

HARP of the wild old ages, of the music of the spheres,
Strummed for the dance the worlds began when they circled their first careers,
O Harp of the world! What visions appear as we stoop to play
Seeking the mystic rhythms, the spirit of song for aye.
The echoes of mighty masters on the strings are vibrant still,
Homer and Dante and Milton, and those whose touch can thrill,
With the drama of human passion and the lyric's birdlike flight.
Let not the vulgar touch profane, where these have greatly wrought
The lasting harmonies of life, or, by creative thought,
Have opened the ways of the universe to follow questing light,
Or plumbed the depths of the atom beyond the range of sight.

Thine is the cosmic note that lies in all enduring song,
Whether in choral harmony, solemn and vast and strong,
Or the still, small voice, when the spirit wakes from life's enthralling dream,
To find that it and the world are one, with one enduring theme,
And that the hands of mortals can touch eternal strings
When the mind, triumphant, beats its way through all opposing things,
Measuring space and mastering time, forcing matter to yield
The mysteries of the starry way and the force in the atom congealed.

Yet, as at last with godlike power we move through matter and mind,
Darkly we grope on the ways of death for ourselves and all mankind.
Here is the greater challenge, the greatest and the last,
To bring the variant breeds of men out of their variant past,
Holding secure the heritage of the things they richly prize,
But seeing the future through the light of Justice's unbound eyes,
With war and violence banished; it can and it must be done.
For the world itself will not endure unless mankind is one.

II

The past is more than prologue to the drama of human fate,
The ice-age minds are with us still, with their iron claws of hate,
But the sword of the Lord and Gideon their forces can withstand
Until we build Jerusalem in every pleasant land.
For, rising through sorrow and suffering, the central theme grows clear,
Welding peace and justice, freedom from want and fear.
Not by wishful thinking can the task be carried through,
Nations have still to learn their part that never freedom knew;
Not by a code of rigid law, enforced by a world police,
With nations surrendering freedom in the search for lasting peace.
The key to the plot was given on a sunlit mount by a sea
The only guidance the world has yet to make men safe and free.
Not to Caesar alone we turn to meet the threat of war,
His militant scepter cannot reach where the springs of action are;
But the mind that has ranged the universe must now itself control,
For the force in the mighty atom is less than the human soul;
And simpler than any equation are the words forever true:
Do ye unto others as ye would they do by you.
This is the missing fulcrum for Archimedes's pry
To lift the weight of ancient hate, so the peoples that pass by
May reach together the shining goal which none can reach alone,
Helping each other along the way that each can make its own,
By joint consent surrendering the ancient right of war,
Alert to thwart betrayal, aware where dangers are
That lie in differing loyalties, where bickering conflicts run,
But offering charity to all, with malice toward none.
Then undismayed by the powers we wield, steady we stand and strong,
As the harp of the world keeps measure to life's triumphant song.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Bang-bang" or "Kiss-kiss"

SIR: Norman Cousins's editorial on the movies ["The Free Ride," *SRL* Jan. 21, 28, Feb. 4] reminds me of the words with which Pacific islanders describe the output of Hollywood. The point came up in the course of a meeting of the Advisory Committee on Education in Guam and the Trust Territory held recently on the University of Hawaii campus. The value of movies in adult education was being discussed. It was recalled that the natives place all American films in one of two classifications: "bang-bang" or "kiss-kiss." And *we* talk about educating *them*!

THOMAS NICKERSON.

Honolulu, Hawaii.

SIR: Not having traveled in India, Japan, or Pakistan, I would not presume to have an opinion on the effect of American motion pictures in those areas. However, having worked in Germany last year for nine months, I believe I have a right to express an opinion regarding the reception of American pictures in that country. . . . When you cite the effect of certain motion pictures on certain individuals I must agree completely. However, when you point your finger in the manner of the old Army recruiting poster at the motion-picture industry as the cause, I must disagree. "The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings" — and are certainly failing to change the German point of view.

. . . . For the greater part of my stay I lived in Berlin. I came in contact with hundreds of Germans: educators, government officials, editors, artists, musicians, and others from all walks of life. A few of them I honestly believe wanted to see a democratic Germany. I realized that if we were ever to achieve any success in that country it would be through the efforts of people like these, for they were in a position to influence public opinion. Consequently I talked with them at every opportunity to learn what progress we were making. In every discussion there was always lamentation about paucity of good American films — films which would make their job of selling our way of life a little easier—films which showed democracy at work. Offhand I could think of many pictures: "The Best Years of Our Lives," "The Yearling," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "Grapes of Wrath," "Snake Pit," "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," "Gentleman's Agreement," "Intruder in the Dust," "Home of the Brave," "Ox-Bow Incident," "Crossfire," "Pinky," and many others.

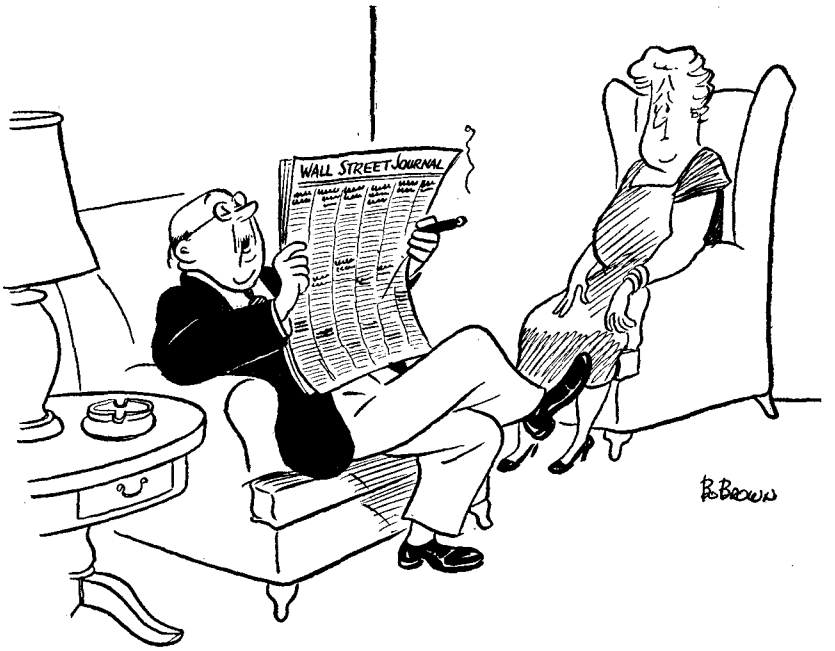
When I recited this list the answer was always the same. They had never heard of these films. What were they about? I told them. These were the pictures that should be shown. Why weren't they? I wondered, too. Certainly they could not be banned because they were inferior. These, and I think you will concede, are motion pictures of merit — not just by Hollywood standards, for they have been applauded by critics everywhere. Most of them have been honored at film festivals throughout Europe. Even the British press, which has always been most captious of Hollywood efforts, commended them. Why, then, weren't they shown in Germany? The answer, I discovered, was quite simple: because they were pictures of self-criticism. There is, somewhere within the structure of our occupation, a film board of review which will not pass any picture which the Russians might use for propaganda purposes. The fact that "Gentleman's Agreement," "Home of the Brave," "Crossfire," "Intruder in the Dust," "Lost Boundaries," and "Pinky" demonstrate that we are not completely free of racial discrimination is considered dangerous, and the contention is that if shown they would jeopardize our position in influencing the German people.

To me, this is not only fallacious reasoning but utter nonsense. After living and working with Germans I am convinced that democracy is not an exportable commodity. It is a point of view — a frame of mind — and, as you say, "ideas." Democracy will never be accepted in Germany until the Germans want it for themselves. We cannot hope to give it to them as a completely assembled, finished product. We must lay bare the component parts of democracy for their inspection and appraisal. We must enlighten them as to the usefulness and purpose of each part, and then the rest is up to them. If and when they understand and appreciate these fragments of the whole, they must assemble the parts themselves into a working machine, but we must show them *all of the parts*. . . . What if the Russians *would* seize upon, let us say, "Gentleman's Agreement," and make political capital of it? Our answer to the Germans would be a very simple but most powerful one: we are not perfect, but at least in a democracy we have the right of free speech and are permitted to make pictures showing our own weaknesses. This is something that dictatorship will not permit. I think it would bring out into the open one of the fundamental differences between the two systems and would make a profound impression. They feel that assertion of rights is Utopian and non-existent the world over — and we are doing nothing picture-wise to correct that point of view.

If you admit that the pictures I have mentioned are significant and have merit, then I think you must further admit that in Germany at least the fault is not Hollywood's. Believe me, this industry is not run by idiots without any regard for the world's future. Most of the leaders are responsible citizens who are only too anxious to make better pictures.

Recently the Screen Writers Guild held its annual awards. "All the King's Men" was voted the best dramatic picture of the year. As you know, it is the story of a dangerous and power-mad politician named Willy Stark. It is not a pleasant, deep-freeze, chromium-plated type of picture. It sounds a grim warning to beware of the Willy Starks the world over. If the Germans had been allowed to make this kind of film in the early Thirties the Nazi snowball might have been thawed. It will be interesting to see if Germans will be permitted to see it today.

It is high time someone made it clear that Hollywood is not one company which turns out three hundred pictures a year but, rather, a locality where some one hundred and twenty producing companies operate. As in any other industry, there are quite a few who place selfish interest above all else. However, there are many creators with conscience and integrity in this business, and by not separating the good product from the bad you give to the uninformed a distorted pic-



"Stop fretting, Martha! I told you thirty-five years ago that I loved you and you should know that I never go back on my word!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Memo to advertisers:
For the first time in advertising history, *Flair* offers to advertisers of the best products a single market of men and women deliberately conditioned to, and eager for, the *best* things, the *first* things, the *smart* things.

? Do you know the intimate secrets of Marcel Proust? *Celeste, Proust's housekeeper and confidante, tells them in the April Flair ... on the stands now!*

? What's the meaning of Easter, according to the leading Catholic writer of France? *See the April Flair...on the stands now!*

? Who are the girls of the moment on the Paris Left Bank? *See the April Flair... on the stands now!*

? What does Colette, the most beloved woman in France, write about the most beloved woman in her life? *See the April Flair... on the stands now!*

The April issue of the most beautiful magazine in America is dedicated wholly for one issue to the world's most glamorous city. It is the 2000th Anniversary of Paris and a never-before celebration takes place in the amazing April pages of Flair. Don't delay... visit your newsstand now! **50c**

In literature... in art... in travel... in fashion... in decor... in entertainment... in food... don't miss Flair for the *best* things... the *first* things... the *smart* things ... in a *single* magazine!
by the publishers of Look and Quick

The best way to be sure of getting your copy of every month's issue of Flair is an annual subscription in your name. Use this convenient order form:

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Flair, 488 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y. dept. 1

Please send me Flair for the next 12 months.
I enclose check ☐ money order ☐ for 5.00.

name_____

address_____

city_____ state_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture and affix the cheap and tawdry stigma on everyone in the industry.

GEORGE SEATON.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Translating the Bible

SIR: Apparently Mr. Sugrue, who reviews Ronald Knox's "The Old Testament in English" [*SRL* Feb. 18], thinks any ambitious new translation of the Bible had better wait till the time when the common people will be unable to understand the English of either the Elizabethan Age or the Rooseveltian Age "at all." That would be a pity. We are already at the time when Elizabethan English is to most people so far foreign that it is as much of a strain for the man on the street to read his Bible as for the ordinary subscriber of *SRL* to read his Chaucer.

The literary merit of the English Bible is due more to the original authors and less to the skill of the translators than is commonly supposed. Try to form an independent opinion on the merit, as English literature, of Genesis 22.20, or 1 Corinthians 16.14, or even Matthew 5.1. The chief merit of the translation is the translators' wisdom in deciding that to the best of their ability they would keep very close to the original and at the same time put it into current English. The chief fault of our new translators is their disposition to break away from the original and rewrite in their own personal style. This tends at best toward monotony, imposing a single style on authors as diverse as Luke, John, and Paul, or Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel. It also tends toward timidity, eliminating all the boldness which often characterizes the original. And it tends toward a cramped style, for after all the translator cannot use the freedom which he could have used in an absolutely original composition; neither can he reproduce the freedom which the original writers used.

As the best I can do toward showing that a translation can use twentieth-century language without being a twentieth-century man's free rewriting of the matter, I offer the following extracts from my own unpublished translation, being two of the same passages which Mr. Sugrue gave:

> At the beginning of God's creating the heavens and the earth the earth was a blank chaos, and there was darkness over the surface of the deep; and God's Spirit was hovering over the surface of the waters.
>
> Jehovah is my shepherd;
> I shall never have less than I need.
> He has me lie down in green pastures;
> he takes me to resting-places along the water.
> He puts life back into me;
> he leads me on trails that go right, for the sake of his name.

Please do not read as if I always meant to say just the same as the old version, and had merely chosen to vary the way of saying it. Consult learned commentaries as to whether the original Hebrew really says "In the beginning God created" or "still waters."

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

THERE is no exact parallel between England's present postwar troubles and those which beset her after the defeat of Napoleon, but in the years following 1815, as now, she faced difficulties that seemed insurmountable, knew tensions that appeared destined to destroy her social and political fabric; and these strains and stresses did, indeed, result in a peaceful revolution no less important than the one that the Labor Government has been carrying forward for the past five years. The first stage of this revolution culminated in the Reform Bill of 1832, after which the Second Reform Bill of 1867—the "leap in the dark"—became inevitable. In no single book that I know are the events which led to these great changes set forth more lucidly and dispassionately than in "The Liberal Awakening, 1815-1830" (Peter Smith, $6), the second volume of Elie Halévy's sound and brilliant "History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century," the first volume of which has already been highly praised in these columns. The period dealt with in this book was one not only of profound social unrest and economic dislocation; it was also a period in which politics became a tangled skein, due to split parties and divided loyalties. It was an age of more than usually violent partisan feelings, and its history has often been written by partisans. Halévy, viewing events and characters with the detachment of a foreign observer, threads his way evenly and justly amid partisan arguments and party passions. He is no more blind to Castlereagh's virtues than he is to Canning's faults, and, while fully recognizing that the Iron Duke was more fortunate in battle than in the field of statesmanship, he is as fair to Wellington as he is to Brougham. His footnotes alone, it should be added, are as valuable as many lengthy histories.

W. T. Selley's "England in the Eighteenth Century" (Macmillan, $2.75) was primarily designed as a textbook, but it is a book that will prove of good service to any reader who desires a knowledge of its subject. The foundations of the greatness which England now finds is dwindling so sadly were largely laid in the eighteenth century. During those years England underwent an agrarian as well as an industrial revolution, she lost one empire and began to create another, she became the first industrial and commercial nation of the world, she consolidated the peaceful settlement of the long struggle between Crown and Parliament, and she prepared to strike a death-blow against her old enemy France in the person of Napoleon. Mr. Selley informs his readers of all these and other events with a brevity and dispatch that do not take too much previous information for granted. He is dry, but not dull. And he is, as far as I can judge, scrupulously accurate in statement, although he is capable of maintaining a discreet patriotic silence on occasion, as when he fails to mention Stanhope's diplomatic treachery in connection with the destruction of the Spanish fleet off Cape Passaro.

Moving backward in time still another century, and into the pages of "The Diary of Samuel Pepys," we catch hold of—we participate in—history that is still warm with the breath of life. Pepys is best known, and probably most read, for the amorous passages which he phrased in an odd mixture of bastard Latin, French, and Spanish, and for other revelations which caused Charles Whibley to describe him as "the frankest man in history . . . frank even to himself."

But there is decidedly more than personal revelation in "Pepys." There is a large body of substantial and most readable history, recorded day by day, from 1659 to 1669, by an alert, intelligent Londoner and Government official who was also one of the liveliest companions to be found between book-covers. A beautiful and reasonably priced edition of the "Diary" is the Heritage Press edition (2 vols. $10), which gives us Wheatley's text, printed from the plates of the ten-volume edition, designed by Peter Beilenson and illustrated by William Sharp, originally published for members of the Limited Editions Club.

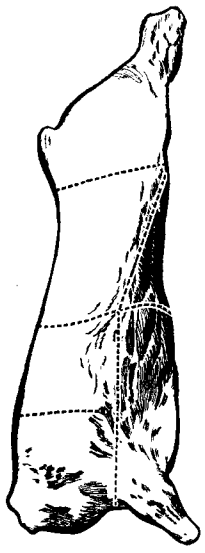
Another recent Heritage Press book is a most attractive version of Brillat-Savarin's "The Physiology of Taste" ($5), illustrated by Sylvain Sauvage, newly translated by M. F. K. Fisher, and made even more delightful by her entertaining, far-ranging glosses on the text.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEAT PRICES . . . from steer to steak

Cattle are not all beef . . . Beef is not all steak



	LBS.	PRICE	TOTAL
Porterhouse steak	40	90¢	$36.00
Sirloin steak	50	80¢	40.00
Round steak	80	75¢	60.00
Rib & rump roasts	70	65¢	45.50
Chuck roast	100	50¢	50.00
Hamburger, stew beef	160	45¢	72.00
Fats	40	15¢	6.00
	540	57¢	

1000 lbs. Steer = **600 lbs. Beef** = **540 lbs. Retail Cuts**

at 26¢ per lb. | **at 42¢ per lb.** | **(including shop fats)**

Packer pays | **Retailer pays** | **Consumer pays**

$260.00 | **$252.00*** | **$309.50**

For livestock raising to be profitable, farmer's return must cover maintenance of breeding stock, feed and labor costs, land use and the grower's time for the three years it takes to produce a good-grade steer.

*Value of by-products, such as hides, fats, hair, animal feeds, fertilizer, etc., typically offsets packers' dressing, handling and selling expenses, so that the beef from a steer normally sells at wholesale for less than the live animal cost.

Retail markup must cover such costs as rent, labor, depreciation on equipment and fixtures, etc., as well as shrinkage in weight of beef carcass when converted into retail cuts.

Based on market reports of the USDA for good-grade beef steers and good-grade carcass beef, Chicago style cutting, and on average retail prices for good-grade meat, as reported by the BLS, Chicago, during 1947. Prepared by American Meat Institute.

A good look at this chart quickly provides answers to a lot of questions people ask about meat. For example, it shows why sirloin steak from a 26¢-per-pound steer may cost 80¢ over the counter, and why a meat packer can sell beef for less than he paid for the animal "on the hoof."

Efficiency in saving by-products as well as meat—and not economic legerdemain—makes this possible. It is one of the big reasons why meat moves from farmer—to packer—to store at a lower service cost than almost any other food.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

THE CAMERA CREATIVE

THERE was a person, his name is not known, who on an undated day of the highest excitement and importance, looked upon a block of marble and suddenly realized that in that cold stone the spirit and body of a man or woman existed, if only (this was the tantalizing "if"), if only he could employ his chisel so as to set them free. In some such fashion stones long used for buildings were put to a new and unsuspected use, and sculpture began.

Of course, it may have begun earlier with man's urge to represent life, or personify his deities, first expressing itself in such a more malleable substance as clay or even in that designful whittling of wood called carving. But the marble guaranteed, or seemed to guarantee, permanence, and artists being human are not exempt from vanity. What people had lived in as homes or flocked to as temples and public edifices, they now started to inhabit in a novel and undreamed-of fashion. They were not housed in stone; they were caught in it. Denied their flesh, when so portrayed they were not what they once were. Yet their loss was a gain. They were not such men and women as they themselves had seen or as we see. They were such men and women as an artist had seen and wanted us to see. Although their motions were arrested, their bodies were alive with motion. That their hearts were of stone did not mean that they could not feel and express great emotion.

All of us had thought that by now we knew what the camera could do. All of us were certain of our familiarity with its proven wonders. All of us were aware that, due to it, within our lifetimes another new medium, thrilling in its possibilities, had raced from the crudest of infancies to incredible technical maturity. With the advent, first of radio, then of television, we had come to regard the motion pictures as almost venerable. We were conscious that in them, as in a play, a novel, a poem, a painting, or a sculpture, things could be done and said as they could be nowhere else.

Like many another, I had thought, until I saw the story of Michelangelo as told in "The Titan,"* that I knew what these things were. But this extraordinary film, the first of its kind ever to be shown in this country, has opened my eyes to a world of the camera hitherto unexplored and superb in its resources. "The Titan" is an old picture, as pictures go. Yet it is newer in its technique than the latest picture to be produced. It was made in 1938-40, chiefly in Florence and Rome, by the Swiss producer Curt Oertel. In its original form it lasted ninety-five minutes, whereas in the reassembled and re-edited American version, equipped as it is with a new script, an excellent score, and a fine running narrative finely spoken by Fredric March, it runs for only seventy minutes. During the war it is said to have been seized by the Germans, distributed proudly as a proof of Nazi culture, and was afterwards discovered in France by the American Army.

WHEN seen by Robert J. Flaherty, one of the screen's true artists, it won his immediate interest. As a director responsible for welcome innovations in such sensitive and unhackneyed films as "Nanook of the North," "Moana," "Man of Aran," and "Louis-

**THE TITAN—STORY OF MICHELANGELO, an adaptation of the Curt Oertel film. Produced by Robert Snyder. Directed and edited by Richard Lyford. Written by Norman Borisoff. Art interpretation by Michael Sonnabend. Music by Alois Melichar. Narration spoken by Fredric March. Presented by Robert J. Flaherty, Robert Snyder, and Ralph Alswang. A United Artists Release. At the Little Carnegie Theatre, New York City.*

"Medicean Madonna" and "David"—"an artist's biography in terms of his art."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CRITICS' AWARD FOR BEST MUSICAL
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN · EZIO PINZA
In A New Musical Play
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way
Evenings 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:25

"A JOYFUL HIT." Garland, Jour. Am.
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book of the Same Name
by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
PLYMOUTH THEA., 45 St. W. of B'way • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Carol Channing's Lorelei Lee is the most fabulous comic creation of the generation."
—Brooks Atkinson, Times
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
The New Musical Smash
ZIEGFELD, 54th St. & 6th Ave.
Matinees Wed. & Sat.

Your "ma and pa" deserve...
"DETECTIVE STORY"
The SIDNEY KINGSLEY Hit starring RALPH BELLAMY
Evenings $4.80 to 1.20. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday $3.60 to 1.20. Tax Included.
HUDSON THEATRE 147 West 44th St. N.Y. 18

"Perfectly Wrought Drama"—Atkinson Times
THE INNOCENTS
Based on Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw"
with BEATRICE STRAIGHT
PLAYHOUSE, 48th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

iana Story," Mr. Flaherty was quick to appreciate the innovational virtues of "The Titan." It was he who acquired its American rights. And it is he who, with Robert Snyder and Ralph Alswang, has brought together such a talented group of craftsmen as Richard Lyford, Norman Borisoff, and Alois Melichar, to direct and edit and supply the script and music for the picture as it is now shown in the United States.

The novelties, the fascinations, and the excitements of "The Titan" are many and irresistible. Although in procedure no less than in purpose it is a documentary in a stricter sense than those pictures usually so described, it is like none of the documentaries to which we are accustomed. We have had documentaries which have dramatized geography and elevated the travelogue into the realm of art. We have had documentaries which, because of the eloquent use to which they have put newsreel clips, have presented us with history in the making. We have had documentaries which in their animated maps and diagrams have demonstrated the unrivaled role they can play as swift elucidators of complicated problems. We have seen them do their stirring part as propagandists, watched them breathlessly as they have recorded battle exploits or true sagas of adventure. We have grown increasingly grateful for the sense of truth their methods have created in fictional scenarios. Until "The Titan," however, we had never sat before a documentary in which the chief concern was beauty and an artist's biography was told in terms of his art.

The screen, of course, has offered us biographies galore—some good, some bad, some tasteful, and more tasteless. But all these previous re-creations of the past have depended upon living actors; actors dressed up and bewigged; actors pretending to be Pasteur, Queen Christina, Henry VIII, Madame Curie, Woodrow Wilson, Thomas A. Edison, Zola, or George M. Cohan. "The Titan" is different; wonderfully, stirringly different. It dispenses with flesh-and-blood players as completely as if it had taken to heart Duse's famous hyperbole "To save the Theatre, the Theatre must be destroyed, the actors and actresses must all die of the plague. They poison the air, they make art impossible."

In "The Titan," although no one impersonates Michelangelo, Lorenzo, Savonarola, or Pope Julius II, each of these great Renaissance figures seems to be present. Their struggles, their hopes, their plots, their cruelties, and, above all, the works of art which they either created or commissioned are present, too. Florence, Bologna,

ALDRICH & MYERS
and Julius Fleischmann
present
"SPARKLING NEW PLAY"
—Chapman, News
MAURICE EVANS
MARSHA HUNT • VICTOR JORY
DENNIS KING
"The Devil's Disciple"
Staged by MARGARET WEBSTER
ROYALE Thea., W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
2 BERNARD SHAW Comedy Hits!
"THE TOWN'S NEWEST HIT"
—Chapman, News
CEDRIC HARDWICKE
LILLI PALMER
"Caesar and Cleopatra"
Ralph FORBES
Arthur TREACHER
John BUCKMASTER
and Francis L. SULLIVAN
NATIONAL Thea., W. 41 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

SAINT SUBBER & LEMUEL AYERS present
ALFRED DRAKE
PATRICIA MORISON
in
"KISS ME, KATE"
Music & Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
Production staged by JOHN C. WILSON
Evgs. $6., 4.80, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. Mats. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. (Including Tax)
MAIL ORDERS NOW
Century Theatre, 7th Ave. & 59th St. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"IT HAS MAGIC," —BROWN Sat. Rev. Lit.
the ETHEL WATERS
in
Member of the Wedding
with JULIE HARRIS
EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way & 40 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Best Musical Comedy of the Season!"
—Richard Watts Jr., Post
Texas, Li'l Darlin'
New Musical Hit
with KENNY DELMAR
MARK HELLINGER THEATRE
B'way & 51 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE THEATRE GUILD & JOHN C. WILSON present
ALFRED LUNT LYNN FONTANNE
I KNOW MY LOVE
A play by S. N. BEHRMAN
Adapted from "Aupres de ma Blonde"
By MARCEL ACHARD
SAM S. SHUBERT Thea., 44 Street West of Broadway
Evenings 8:30, Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Where Russian Food Is a Fine Art"

Next to Carnegie Hall

"UNDER MY SKIN"

with

JOHN GARFIELD

MICHELINE PRELLE

•

20th Century-Fox

— on stage —

CHINA DOLL REVUE

featuring

MING & LING

&

LEE MORTIMOR'S CHINA DOLLS

extra added attraction

LONG TACK SAM

ROXY 7th AVE. & 50th ST.

"LITERARY FIGURES IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN PSYCHOANALYSIS"

— SEMINAR —

Starting Wed. April 12th—8:30 PM
(5) Consecutive Wednesdays: Fee $10
At: ACAAP Headquarters
220 West 98th St., NYC 25
Write Dept. SR for reservation & program.
Auspices: Auxiliary Council to Assn. for Advancement of Psychoanalysis

CARE goes where hunger is! Send food packages overseas through

50 Broad Street
New York 4, N.Y.

and Rome in all their glory supply the settings. Portraits, prints, paintings, architectural details, and statues emerge as players. The dialogue is written not with a scenarist's pen but by Michelangelo's chisel and brush.

The tragic tenderness of his first "Pietà," the vigor of his "David," the pagan abandon of his "Bacchus," the power of his "Moses," the agony of his "Slave," the richness of the Sistine ceiling, the brooding profundity of his "Dawn" and "Night," the soaring greatness of the dome of St. Peter's, the fury of his "Last Judgment," and the final sorrow of his "Deposition"—all these speak both for themselves and for Michelangelo. Without seeing him we see what he was. With the aid of the narrative and especially due to the camera's chaperonage, we follow his life and sense the grandeur of his genius. The result is a masterpiece composed of masterpieces. In it a period writes its own history even as the art of an artist writes his biography.

All of us who have made our pilgrimages to admire Michelangelo's works may have felt that we were well acquainted with their marvels. But most of us would, I suspect, now have to confess we had never really *seen* them until we saw "The Titan." As highlighted by Klieg lights, as surveyed through the camera's eye, as approached from unexpected angles, or viewed in dramatic close-ups, they leap and lunge into a life even more amazing than that which we had prized as theirs.

One can only hope that what "The Titan" does so magnificently for the work of one magnificent artist will be done again and again with the same brilliance and integrity for other artists and their works.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Head of Moses from "The Titan"—"a masterpiece composed of masterpieces."

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 15)

pected with Debby around. On formal occasions, she is a definite menace, a problem Emily Post never had to face, providing many embarrassing moments to the Merrills. Yet I find her restful in contrast to some modern heroines with higher I.Q's, less directness, and more complexes. She has an odd, disarming wisdom, too, which has nothing to do with intelligence, and she can say with a moving discernment, "Crying was for little pains you could understand."

This 1950 Harper Prize novel interested me very much. It is original and it is honest, two qualities I like. It makes us care a great deal about a half-witted, artless, but not stupid, human creature.

Mystery and Love

THE SPECTER OF ALEXANDER WOLF. By Gaito Gazdanov. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 223 pp. $2.75.

By ERNEST J. SIMMONS

FOR many years France has mothered a considerable number of Russian emigré writers whose names and works, except for those few who had been distinguished authors in their native country, are little known in America. Some of them deserve to be better known. Gaito Gazdanov is one of these writers (though born in Russia, his parents were Ossetians) living in Paris, and "The Specter of Alexander Wolf," ably translated by Nicholas Wreden, appears to be his first attempt at fiction.

Mr. Gazdanov is hardly an example of the much-talked-of recent American influence on European fiction; his models are clearly the French nineteenth-century writers, the short-story writers, like Maupassant, rather than the novelists. In fact, his novel has much of the flavor of a Maupassant story, and it would have gained in ultimate effectiveness as a long short story, for its interesting plot is too thin to sustain a full-length novel. Length is achieved largely by the element of psychologizing but it is excessive and often static, and an existentialist involvement of the death-wish in the person of the mysterious Alexander Wolf is annoyingly alien in its modernity to the total atmosphere of the story.

The mystification of the detective-like plot is artistically handled and it would hardly be fair to other readers

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to reveal so central a feature of this novel as the step-by-step development of a plot that depends on neatly contrived suspense for its chief effects.

The central part of the novel is concerned with the love affair of the hero with Helen Armstrong. It has a curiously nineteenth-century French aroma but it is nonetheless attractive for this with its pleasant flavor of Parisian life, the odd restaurants, the characteristic street sounds, the dives of Montmartre, and Paris at night. Though the author obviously selected with care the first-person method of narration, its choice, however artistically successful in contributing to the suspense of a mystery story, can often become awkward and naive as a means of revealing the feelings of the heart. Love is so often an evasive thing and is revealed in hidden ways. The hero of this story, however, is compelled to talk in his own person at an obscene length about all the intimate details of his love for Helen Armstrong. The final effect places a strain on one's credulity. On the other hand, when he analyzes the heroine, where he is in a sense the omniscient author, we are presented with a characterization which is frequently deeply perceptive and thoroughly believable.

On the whole, this is a highly acceptable first effort. Mr. Gazdanov has a real talent for dramatic action, which is only furtively suggested in the novel, especially in the incident of the criminal Curly Pierrot. If he can combine this ability in more equal proportion with his penchant for psychologizing, and bring more of the stuff of life into his narrative, the results will make for fiction of a high order.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 353

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 353 will be found in the next issue.

LP APF HX KMGKNXL PC

NRMFKSXM-KAL MP NKSX

FGXN BZRNXM. BPACDBRDM

—HPPS PC GRMFPZT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 352

Proverbs are the sanctuary of the intuitions.

—EMERSON: NATURE.

Emily Hahn

A literary lady from the age of the ballot salutes a literary lady from the age of the blush

IT was lucky for Fanny Burney that she lived in 18th-century England, when chastity was enjoying one of its periodic revivals. "Fanny possessed the dangerous quality of wit, but Fanny was also, indeed above all, chaste." Fanny was a literary rarity—a best-selling first novelist. She published *Evelina* anonymously, and watched its success with trepidation and delight. Her heroine made as much of a hit as Amber, although she was a *much* better girl.

Evelina was Fanny's entree into the court life of the time—and to the London literary circle of Sheridan, Garrick, Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. Fanny wrote many more novels, scribbled exhaustively in her famous *Diary;* and finally met the Chevalier d'Arblay who was dashing enough to make her believe that he was the most suitable of suitors.

Emily Hahn understands her heroine through and through. She has drawn a witty, honest picture of a fascinating woman whose genius was exactly suited to a time of fluttering femininity and masculine struttings — when every nice girl had an amazingly specific idea of what she was never supposed to do.

A DEGREE OF PRUDERY

A Biography of Fanny Burney

by EMILY HAHN

author of **ENGLAND TO ME**

Just published, $3.50
At all booksellers

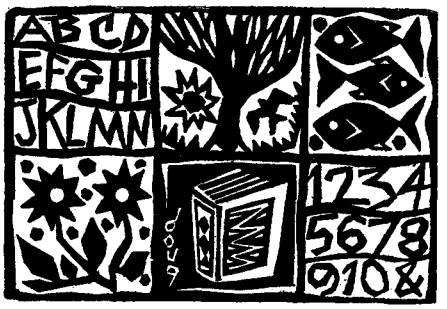
DOUBLEDAY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Religious Peasant and Her Dead

THE EASTER FLEET. By Roger Vercel. New York: Random House. 248 pp. $2.75.

By Robert Halsband



ROGER Vercel is a regional novelist who has taken Brittany for his province. With a precise, etched style he writes of its sturdy fishermen and their families on the edge of the slate-colored sea, above which shimmers, in the distance, the towers of Mont Saint-Michel. That is the setting for "The Easter Fleet." It is a story composed of two contrapuntal themes: the flowering of a woman's religious faith and the dissolution of her family. The French taste for paradox—if such a universal trait can be confined to one nation—shows itself in this contrast as well as within each theme.

The religious theme is more piquant and at the same time less convincing. Marie-Anne Goulec—Yande, as she is called—is the deeply religious peasant wife of a fisherman. When the fishing fleet sails out on Easter Sunday she witnesses the sacrilege with righteous conviction that the sinners will be punished. But their haul on that run is even richer than usual, and her faith wavers. When her father dies—he is an old, sick man—her faith is apparently demolished, and she refuses to go to church or to acknowledge her religion. She had expected justice in human terms. Soon, however, the rich harvest of the sea in that region is mysteriously destroyed. Economic calamity follows and, although it ruins her own livelihood along with the town's, she is satisfied that her God has meted out a just punishment for the Easter sacrilege, and her faith begins to revive.

How to reconcile her to the "injustice" of her father's death is a problem apart and Vercel solves it by a device which fiction-writing manuals call a "come to realize" flaw: her priest points out (what should have been obvious to her) that her father may really have been blessed when he was called to his reward sooner than she had wished. And so, although she has lost her family—her husband valiantly drowned, her daughter shamefully living in Paris with an elderly gentleman, and her son working elsewhere in a garage—she has found a grim, sustaining faith. "I have my dead," she says at the end of the story.

It is all pleasantly simple and naive. In a way it is refreshing for those very qualities. Many novels today are tortuously complex because they reflect our predominantly urban culture; their conflicts are too subtle and the texture of existence is made up of psychological and sexual nuances. To recover some of the primary materials of fiction (and of life) the novelist may flee to the past—with its robust wenching and fighting—or to a primitive back country like Africa, Sicily, or (as in this novel) Brittany. There the fundamental brutalities of existence—death, sin, starvation, physical violence—have remained valid and believable.

"The Easter Fleet" deals with such fundamentals but it somehow fails to make them convincing or moving. What the story lacks is unified and climactic movement. Several of the separate episodes are themselves tensely dramatic, but they are not cumulatively developed. The greatest success of the book is its realistic picture of a *pays* and its people at work. One sees its sandy beaches and cobbled streets and its human figures, coarse and gritty, at their work dredging the oysters out of the sea, planting them in beach beds, and cultivating them until they are fat enough for market. It is a rewarding book for this reason alone. And the fine translation by Katherine Woods helps give it a clean, sturdy rhythm.

With Death in the Wings

ONE IS A LONESOME NUMBER. By William Manners. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 256 pp. $3.

By Pat Frank

DEATH is always true to life, but this is a fact that writers often prefer to tuck away in the attic of their minds. Writers have a good, sound, financial reason for this evasion. The magazines don't pay fat prices for serials in which the hero dies happily ever after. Hollywood never kills off Cary Grant or Van Johnson.

William Manners attempts what few writers dare. He dooms his protagonist. He seizes upon the truth that the inevitable and logical end of life is death and that it happens to the young and personable as well as to the old, wornout, or evil. He picks his title, "One Is a Lonesome Number," with care, for it has about it an eerie ring and is suggestive of death. Is not our fear of death largely due to the fact that it is the one experience we must face utterly lonely and alone?

Ward Pearson is thirty-five and a minor editor in a publishing house which spews out magazines devoted to "true" crimes and confessions. He has a charming and pretty wife, Peg, and a child, Chris, who is at the cute-talking stage. He does his job and loves his wife and child and his suburban home in the most undeviating and correct manner. Until the doctors tell him he will die shortly of a cerebral hemorrhage he is as like his neighbors as his house is like every other house on the block.

Thereafter all of Ward Pearson's life is devoted to a frantic effort to insure the happiness of his family after he is gone—which may be any minute. So he sets out to write a book. It is his hope that he will complete this book, that a publisher will take it, that it will be a great success, and inevitably a book club will grab it. For one who is about to die he seems a very optimistic man. He selects a likely bachelor of fair habits and good character as Peg's next husband and introduces him to his household. All the while he keeps secret from his wife and his associates his impending demise.

Here are the ingredients of a plot in the manner of grand tragedy. I expected that the author would tell me what I wished to know—the way in which the world must change to a man about to die. Does not a place seem more beautiful when we know we must leave it forever? Does it not have charms that we ignored before? Would not the commonplace become precious? I'm afraid Mr. Manners failed to answer these questions.

The publishers say this is a very tender book. I am afraid it is too tender. The love scenes consist largely of Ward and Peg rubbing noses together like Eskimoes. Little Chris says the cutest things. It seems a shame, with all this tenderness, that when one reaches page 256 it is only as if a sparrow had fallen to earth. No doubt God will notice it and give William Manners an "A" for effort.

Pat Frank is the author of two widely read novels, "Mr. Adam" and "Affair of State."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brother vs. Sister

LAUREL. By Alice Fellows. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 309 pp. $3.

By EVELYN EATON

THIS is the story of the hatred be- a girl and her brother, in competition for the love of their mother, whom he resembles and she does not. It is a violent story, full of cruelty, pain, suspense, and tragedy, told in the first person by Elizabeth, the daughter of Lily, who has married beneath her or thinks she has, and Cyril, a brilliant lawyer, who ruins his career with drink in order to forget his inferiority.

Since the story is of the South, the old family mansion, Laurel, represents the superiority and aristocracy of the mother and the standards by which the father is judged a failure. Laurel becomes the symbol for Elizabeth of all that she wants to wrest from life; for Laurel she sacrifices love, work, friendship, and every human relationship. Laurel becomes the obsession of her frustrated life. And Laurel passes as everything else that she has wanted always has passed, easily, without effort or particular desire for it, to her brother, Parry.

A novel of the South which completely ignores the Negro, which takes for granted the desirability of a background like Laurel, and the equally obvious failure of a man whose ancestors were only farmers, might be expected to give an impression of unreality to the average reader, but Miss Fellows builds up a convincing atmosphere of hatred, gloom, unhappiness, and conflict. Her characters are well drawn and interesting, her style clear and sensitive. She won the Eugene Saxton Fellowship in order to complete the book and one can well see why. As a first novel it has unusual promise, and leads one to hope that when Miss Fellows has written more and lived more—surrendering herself to the eternal cycle of the writer gathering material—she will come to a less pessimistic point of view and will want to portray life with some contrasting lights to her shadows. Deep pessimism is a fault of generous youth and a much better sign than shallow optimism, which is usually not a fault of youth, popular opinion to the contrary. Miss Fellows has the seeing eye, the discerning hand, and the power to convey what she has felt. It is always exciting to discover a new writer of her caliber.

Evelyn Eaton has written several books, including "North Star Is Nearer," "Quietly My Captain Waits," and "In What Torn Ship."

YALE

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

interprets American thought and character since the 1880's

THE American Mind

■ This major work by the noted historian takes up where Parrington left off. A full-bodied book of staunch opinions and shrewd observations, it is marked, as DIXON WECTER said in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, "by its erudition, wit, generous enthusiasm, literary grace, and brilliant summation."

"This is not merely another scholarly 'publication': this is a book! He communicates his excitement to the reader . . . an amazing achievement . . . enchanting."—GERALD W. JOHNSON, *Front Page Review, N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* $5.00

THE MEANING OF EVOLUTION

By GEORGE GAYLORD SIMPSON. "Without question, the best general work on the meaning of evolution to appear in our time."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Illustrated. $3.75

FRIAR FELIX AT LARGE

By H. F. M. PRESCOTT, author of *Spanish Tudor*, the James Tait Black Prize winner. The lively account of a genial and observant German monk's 15th-century pilgrimage to the Holy Land . . . what he saw, whom he met, and what it was like. $3.75

A Catholic Book Club Selection

At all bookstores

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS New Haven, Conn.

Publishers of *The Yale Review*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCRIBNERS

NED CALMER'S best-selling novel of love and war, now in its third big printing!

the strange land

"Vivid and hard-hitting...this is the way war smells, sounds, tastes and is!"—*N. Y. Times*

$3.00

SCRIBNERS

A big, panoramic novel of the Thirty Years' War..."Every page loaded with suspense and entertainment!"—GEOFFREY BRUUN, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

WORLD AND PARADISE

By EDGAR MAASS

2nd printing • 405 pages • $3.50

SCRIBNERS

Adroit, sardonic, surprising... the story of a great playwright and the two totally different women who gave him

THE GIFT OF GLORY

A novel by W. CARROLL MUNRO

$3.00

SCRIBNERS

If you like your reading lean and vivid and exciting, don't miss

The HUNTER

"A hunting man's book so vivid that it crackles like a shot re-echoing against deep canyon walls."
—*Chicago Tribune*

A novel by HUGH FOSBURGH

$2.75

At all bookstores

SCRIBNERS

Francis Marion and the Partisans

PHANTOM FORTRESS. By Bruce Lancaster. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 310 pp. $3.

By RICHARD B. MORRIS

ONCE again Bruce Lancaster has brought up some of his heaviest artillery to settle the issues on the battlefields of the American Revolution. But he has traveled long and far from Trenton, Princeton, and Saratoga. Five weary years of war have taken their heavy toll. In the North military operations are still inconclusive. While in the South patriot morale is bolstered by partisan bands who raid the swamps near Georgetown and the high hills of the Santee to harass and undermine British and Tory resistance.

How Ross Pembroke, a Rhode Island cavalry captain who escapes from a Charleston prison, meets and falls in love with Dorande van Kortenaer, a refugee from a native uprising in the Dutch West Indies, forms the superficial plot around which Lancaster embroiders his crackling narrative. There is never much doubt that boy will get girl in the end, but this formula story, with pasteboard hero and heroine who might have stepped out of the pages of Mary Johnston or Paul Leicester Ford, is built upon a foundation of solid fact, of events which are more implausible than fiction, the phantom warfare of the Carolina partisans. Given this exciting theme, the competent craftsmanship of Lancaster is sufficient assurance that pace and suspense will be well sustained to the end despite stereotyped plot and often improbable dialogue.

Demonstrating that thoroughness of research which we have come to expect from the author of "Guns of Burgoyne" and "No Bugles Tonight," Bruce Lancaster now turns the spotlight upon Francis Marion, gallant leader of the Southern militia. Here is a challenging theme which military historians have largely neglected. We have no first-rate biography of Marion, and except for the contemporary account by David Ramsay and the documentary volumes of Gibbes, no thorough study of the role of partisan warfare in the Revolution. The "Swamp Fox" was not the only Revolutionary general who was adept at robbing the British of the fruits of their victories, but, to quote the tribute of General Nathanael Greene, whom Fletcher Pratt aptly calls that "Quaker Turenne," it was the peculiar talent of Marion "to fight with intrepidity under a constant impression of defeat, and inspire irregular troops to do it." Against Marion's guerilla warfare carried on in cypress swamps and in wooded uplands, the cumbersome, rigid, and traditional British tactics were of little avail.

This is Lancaster's real story, and, except for a few minor slips, he remains faithful to the known facts. Even such a dramatic detail as the account of the siege of Fort Motte, a post captured without artillery or siege tools but by the ingenious device of shooting flaming arrows onto the roof of the structure, is supported by available evidence. But in marshaling these facts Lancaster gives a somewhat distorted picture. In his novel all the villains wear the scarlet jackets of the British regulars or the green of the Tory militia, but in this bitterly contested civil war reprisals were common on both sides. Shooting of prisoners, hanging of renegades, barnburnings, and farmhouse looting were not the exclusive pastimes of the enemy. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that Lancaster has restored the traditional black-and-white balance so rudely upset by "Oliver Wiswell," a whitewash of Tories and Toryism.

As we take leave of Ross and Dorande a promise of peace looms large over the Carolinas and throughout America. Cornwallis has been lured to his fateful stand on the banks of the York. Soon, on an afternoon in October 1781, that British Army, with colors cased and drums beating "The World Turned Upside Down," would march out and lay down their arms. Greene, Marion, "Light Horse Harry" Lee, and Lancaster's other heroes had done their work well.

Love Song

By Virginia Esterly Dunbar

THE inland plain remembers
How it was once a sea
With fishes thin as needles
Flashing fleetingly.

With shells as fine as flowers
Moving on the floor,
And over these the waters
And the pale sea shore.

The inland plain remembers.
It holds the shape of tides.
And in the myth of evening
The last gull rides.

Now by its poppied borders
I am lifted on its swell
To see your face at evening
Like a white sea shell.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction Notes

I, A STRANGER, by Ruth Harnden. Whittlesey House. $2.75. Miss Harnden's child is full of woe. Beyond reach, totally lost, utterly bewildered, forever insecure, she is the terrible outcome of divorce. Born of a proper Bostonian father and a glamorous outsider mother, little Christie senses love, relies on it, and feels invulnerable because of it. But the tower topples. In the night she hears her mother turn on her father, back from the wars, and demand her freedom. The twelve-year-old girl is in the way, unwanted.

Her forlorn journey begins. The blue-blooded shelter of her grandmother's house leads to a year at boarding school and to a summer at a Western camp, from which she flees to the comfort of life with a rather questionable woman horse doctor. But, inescapably, she will be forced back to the everlasting emotional shuttle.

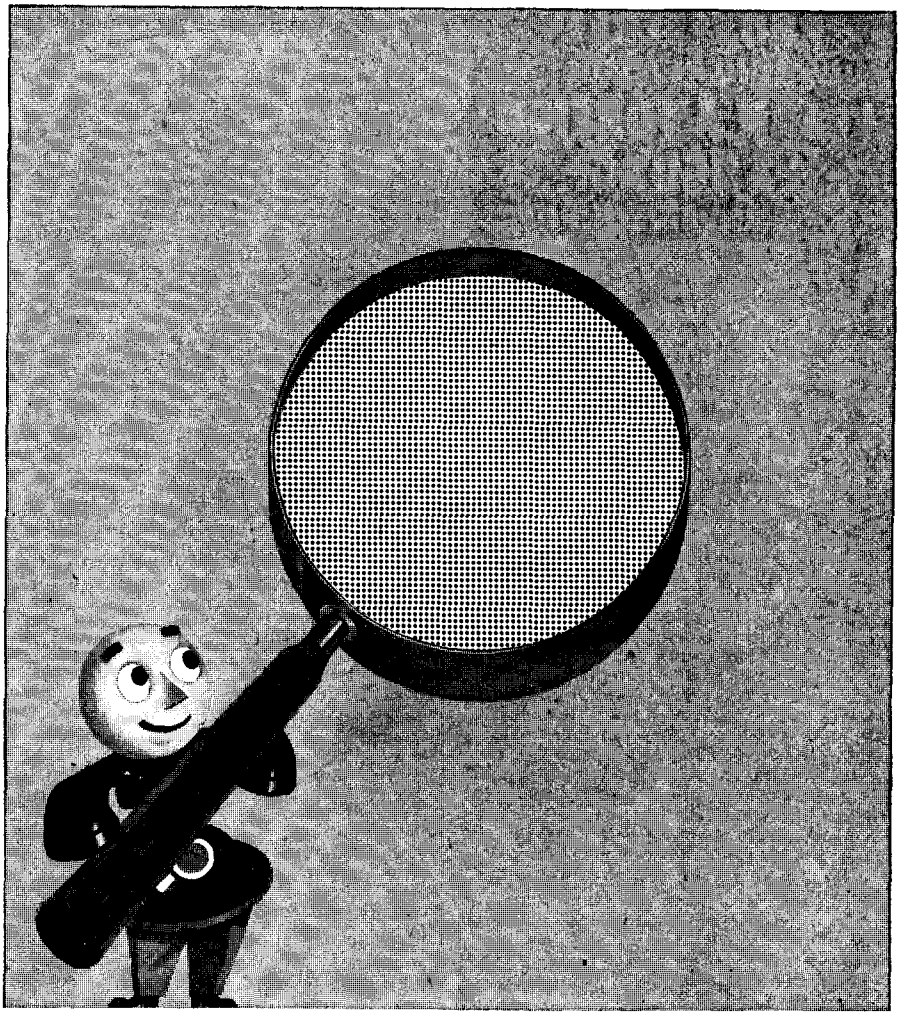
Often unbearable, consistently moving, and, unhappily, ringed with fact.

WAIT FOR THE DAWN, by Martha Albrand. Random House. $3. Inside postwar Europe where power feeds on restlessness, where fear foments flux and crisis follows dreadful crisis in a hopeless search for stability. No one stands to be counted. No one dares speak up in meeting, and trust must not be placed anywhere. That young Christine does trust proves finally and fatally disillusioning.

As a girl she lives through the German occupation, sees her mother openly fawning on the enemy in order to protect her demented husband and her threatened home, watches her falsely shot down in the market place as a collaborationist murmuring the bitter last word "liberation." In the resulting turmoil she meets one pure idealist but denies him to marry an utterly corrupt ego-maniac. How her naive blindness is pierced makes up this frightening tale.

Eventful, contemporary, tight with authentic terror.

THAT LORING WOMAN, by Edith Roberts. Doubleday. $2.75. It may take all kinds, but a certain species should not be forced upon us. Take Mr. and Mrs. Loring, creatures of Edith Roberts's lurid imagination. They live in a traditional great house and have vast wealth but there's a dirty secret imbedded in that golden oak. Along with the local doctor, we're let in on it too soon, to our enduring discomfort. The disturbed wife falls in love with the doctor, who is dying of inoperable cancer and whose own married life has been hell. Together they fill his



How many dots in this PANEL?

There are just about one-quarter million — so tiny and close they look like solid gray. But you can count 'em if you care to!

If each dot stood for one telephone, it would take *forty million* of them to represent all the telephones in the United States.*

That may give you some idea of the size and complexity of the job of connecting you — in a matter of seconds — with one particular telephone among those 40 million.

It may be 40 or 400 miles away — in a crowded city or a crossroads town. But your Long Distance operator finds it for you quickly and courteously. And you enjoy a friendly visit or settle a business deal almost as if you were face to face.

The simple fact that you can talk to any one of 40 million telephones at any time and at low cost is a measure of the value of your telephone to you.

*33 *million in the Bell System, 7 million in independent connecting companies.*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROVE FREE—
HOW QUICKLY YOU CAN LEARN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE IN YOUR OWN HOME

Faster, Easier than Ever Before! Alone—with Friends or Family

Learn to Speak
FRENCH—SPANISH
GERMAN—ITALIAN
RUSSIAN—JAPANESE
or any of 21 useful languages

Now you can examine absolutely free the sensational new language method originally developed for the Armed Forces and State Department by the non-profit American Council of Learned Societies. Already used and endorsed by 1400 schools and colleges, thousands of business organizations and individuals. The Holt Spoken Language Courses start you speaking immediately. The secret is *Guided Imitation!* You simply listen to the voices of native speakers on noise-free unbreakable phonograph records — and then repeat — building your command of the language from simple, practical phrases and sentences to fluent and natural conversations. Yes, it's that easy! You learn to speak *like* a native *with* a native. Each course consists of 24 or 25 Vinylite records (78 RPM), a guidebook and a key.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET NOW
and full details of how you may obtain the first two records of any one of 21 Spoken Language Courses for *free examination!*

HENRY HOLT & CO., Dept. SR1
257 Fourth Ave., N.Y. 10, N.Y.
Please send free booklet and full information on how I may examine two Holt Spoken Language records *absolutely free.*

Name.....
Address.....
City, Zone, State.....

About our fiction of the past

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL NOVEL

by ERNEST E. LEISY

THE FIRST, fascinating story of America's most popular form of fiction—how it grew up, its weaknesses and strength, the plots and characters of famous and little-known novels. An exciting book for everyone—and especially for those who want to find increased enjoyment in their favorite historical eras.

$3.75 at all bookstores, or
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS
NORMAN, OKLAHOMA

remaining days diligently and devotedly with research until the doomed man's young assistant takes over his amorous prerogatives. Shortly thereafter his crazed wife sets fire to the whole works as well as to herself and to each of the remaining stumbling blocks. The widow will have her day after such a holocaust.

Vulgar, tasteless, and inept.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

SON OF THE GIANT, by Stuart Engstrand. Creative Age. $3. Mr. Engstrand is well known for his novel of abnormal marriage, "The Sling and the Arrow," as well as for his story of a loveless woman, "Beyond the Forest." In his third novel he has turned to the story of a father and son who hated each other. Neither quite knew why this state of affairs had come about, although nineteen-year-old Cliff could find reasons aplenty for his hatred. In proper modern fashion it all begins when Cliff is a mere three or four and resents being locked out of his mother's room when his father brings her morning coffee to her. His resentment takes an abnormal turn when he runs at him and throws him backward down the stairs, tray and himself tumbling along. But his father, despite a broken leg, does not remain long in the hospital, so Cliff has his mother alone but briefly before she herself dies.

The boy grows up chuck-full of fears; he is afraid of his father and afraid of thunder storms. He is afraid of girls, too, and when his father brings a young woman home Cliff falls in love with her and leaves home because his father marries her. The situation grows more tense. By now Cliff is determined to kill his father. He does his best to drown him, even cutting his thumb off viciously with a blow from an oar when the older man tries to save himself by grabbing the boat. The boy thinks he is rid of the older man at last, but when he returns home there he is making love to his new wife! Cliff gets himself a job killing chickens and has some satisfaction imagining he is cutting up his father; he even half-heartedly gets himself a girl and soon she is pregnant. Cliff leaves her and goes back to his father's wife. The story comes to a climax when Cliff brings the wife's former lover into the house to fight with his father. The end of the novel is astounding, but perhaps no more astounding than every chapter of it. It is in its entirety primitive and abnormal.

—JOHN COURNOS.

GOD HAD SEVEN DAYS, by Henry Misrock. Doubleday. $3. Four hopelessly disabled soldiers at Rockwood Veterans' Hospital are restored to health by a miracle—and when Mr. Misrock, the author of this story, says "miracle," he means it. Our Lord Himself appears to Lt. Jimmy Richardson in a shaft of light and, transforming the ward into both "a cathedral and a garden," announces the miracle He is about to work on him and his friends against Jimmy's promise to live henceforth as a Christian.

Up to this scene and a little farther the story is quite interesting despite the fact that the reader feels he has met all the characters before: the Westchester resident, advertising executive, and son-in-law of a glib Congressman (Jimmy), the wise-cracking Jewish boy complete with mother fixation, the frustrated band leader, the honest, mug-faced truck driver who yearns for a pretty wife, and finally the folksy Catholic priest.

What happened when Jimmy, redeeming his promise, tries to put undiluted Gospel principles into practice, is not hard to foresee. Since the miracle makes front-page news (here the inevitable *Life* writer is brought in), Jimmy overnight becomes a national figure, and the Sermon-on-the-Mount tenets he preaches to the millions shaken out of their spiritual apathy threaten to wreck the economic and social life of the country. Of course the powers that be oppose that development. Of the satire and the fast-moving drama that follow very little is enacted. Most of it is merely reported or shown in twenty-second shots. Still, Mr. Misrock has talent.

—ROBERT PICK.

RUN, SHEEP, RUN, by Gordon Sager. Vanguard. $3. Gordon Sager's first novel often has a way of seeming deceptively complex. The people who mainly inhabit it are some bored and restless Americans ("migratory neurotics," according to one of the characters) staying for an indeterminate length of time in the village of San Pedro, on a West Indian island called Nunca-Nunca. There are a few Continental counterparts in the foreign colony, too, along with some rather benighted natives who serve them. One becomes aware of involvements between all these people and further involvements to come. And, inexorably it would seem, the author is building towards some deeper significance than what appears on the surface, some revelation of something or other. A climax does occur, one which leaves everyone presumably in a deeper muddle than ever, and yet there is a strange lack of caring about it all. There is even a murder to wind up the proceedings: an hour later one wonders who it was who was murdered and who was the murderer and what is it all supposed to signify? I did come away with one rather primi-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive message: some people are running away, from themselves, from responsibility, and that's why they behave as they do, with the atom bomb and all.

Mr. Sager does have a facility for, in a phrase or two, describing his people in a quite deadly way. Since there is a large company of vaguely unwholesome types to be accounted for, this facility comes in for some extended play, as does his knack for writing excessively sophisticated dialogue. However, one can only reach the gloomy verdict that whatever Mr. Sager's knacks and facilities they have been thoroughly wasted here, on people who are made to *seem* so trivial. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

HEAVEN IS SO HIGH, by Rosalie Lieberman. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75. This book contains thirteen short stories, all of which are written around Roman Catholic sisters or priests. Behind the Roman collar, under the demure and picturesque habit, the author wants us to know, are individualists who may interpret the Christianity which they profess in quite different ways.

Mother Josepha acquiring the patter of the movie world when a famous producer makes a documentary film of her beautiful convent, a young sister making the most of a few hours between trains in New York and losing her older companion in Macy's, a teaching sister championing love rather than stern discipline in her nursery class—the stories create an affectionate and understanding picture of some of the aspects of life behind the convent walls.

Then we have a variety of priests—the young one who, longing to leave teaching and take up parish work, finds that a miracle, either real or imagined, can be frowned upon; the priest whose literal interpretation of loving his fellow man included giving away anything which seemed useless to him and put him in his superior's black books; the older priest who was not above a little innocent plotting to secure some money to repair his church's leaking roof.

In "Murder in a Nunnery" Eric Shepherd made the perfect demonstration that it is possible to write about a convent with a light touch yet not for an instant qualify the underlying seriousness of its purpose. Miss Lieberman has been considerably less successful, too often straying into the trivial and the frivolous. While her book will probably do no harm, its effort to underline the individuality of the sisters betrays a basic lack of understanding of the fundamentals of the religious orders.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

THE FIREBRAND, by George Challis. Harper. $2.50. The Renaissance offers

ALFRED · A · KNOPF

presents

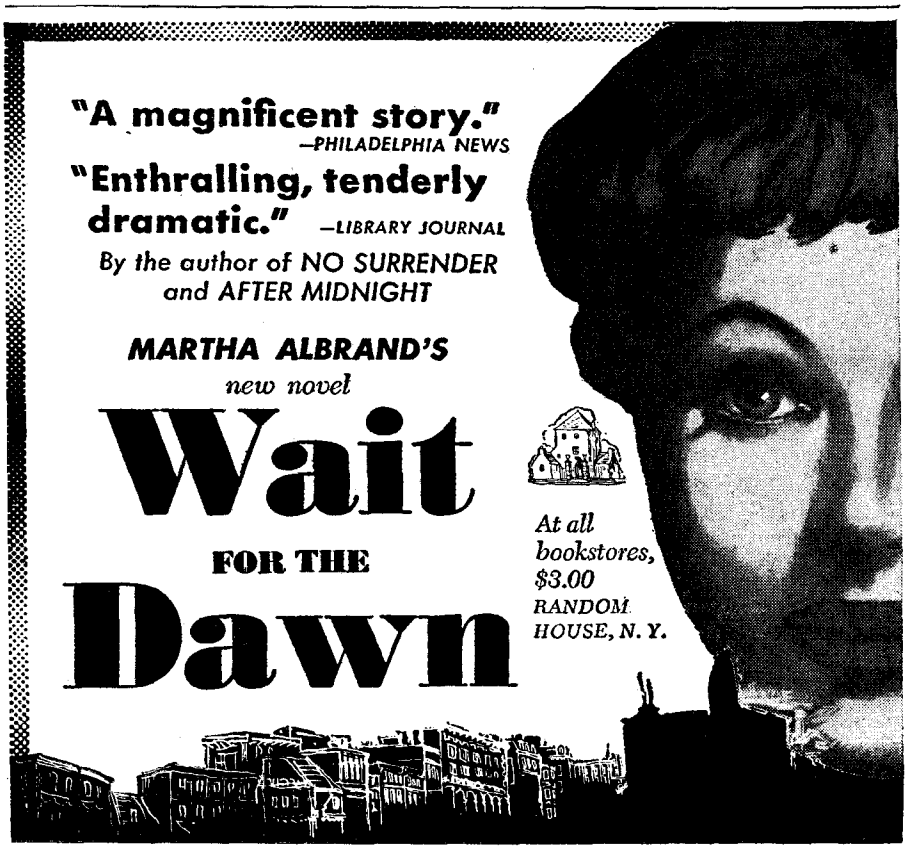
JOHN HERSEY'S

new novel

THE WALL

One of the great books of our generation

$4.00 WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD
632 PAGES



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLIAM CARLOS
WILLIAMS

winner of
The National Book Award
in poetry

POETRY
Paterson Books I and II, $1.50
Paterson Book III . . $3.00
Selected Poems $1.50

PROSE
In the American Grain, $1.50
In the Money (a novel) $2.50

DRAMA
A Dream of Love . . . $1.50
Many Loves $3.50

ON WILLIAMS
W. C. Williams
by Vivienne Koch . $2.00

NEW DIRECTIONS BOOKS

THOUSANDS

upon thousands of people are discussing and praising Oxford's great new classic

IN OUR IMAGE

◆ Endorsed by noted leaders . . . eagerly welcomed by booklovers everywhere, this masterpiece of Old Testament character portrayal breathes vivid life into the very roots of our beliefs. Guy Rowe's 32 full-color portraits illuminate Houston Harte's choice of King James text. Secure IN OUR IMAGE at your bookstore. Buckram, gold stamped, **$10.** De luxe French Morocco, **$25.**

OXFORD

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

the blood-and-thunder historical novelist innumerable opportunities, and Mr. Challis has taken Perugia and the faction fights of this hill town for his background. Coincidences abound, improbabilities are the order of the day; but the story sweeps along at such a pace that these discrepancies in verisimilitude do not at all disturb the reader. That Tizzo, the Firebrand, should be the natural son of Henry of Melrose, that the distinguished lady he rescues should turn out to be Beatrice Baglioni, and that thus, without intending to do so, he should earn the hatred of the black-hearted Mateo Marozzo, add to the excitement if not to the reality. It took but one look at Tizzo's flaming red hair and his incomparable blue eyes for the lovely Beatrice to give him his nickname. His abnormal energy and luck never fail him, whether in entering the house of plague and by his kindness and fearlessness making a lifelong friend of young Bardi, or in escaping from torture chambers and rescuing his father from a fate worse than death. As the Lady Beatrice says: "If there were ten of me, I might be enough to keep the tenth part of your thoughts for the tenth part of the year." He was forever saying in one manner or another that he "could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more" and trotting off to use his sharp sword and keen brain against odds which would be insurmountable to another. The Oddi and Della Penna and their followers, the Lady Atalanta and her son, whom she finds on the blood-stained streets when the fighting abates, and endless others are all painted into this speeded-up, luridly colored moving picture. —J. C.

THE REVOLUTION

(Continued from page 10)

keep their power, invent plots, or cause *agents provocateurs* to foment them. In the end everyone suspects everyone; children denounce their parents, wives their husbands. No one knows but what his turn may come tomorrow for the firing squad, the secret prison, or the slow death of forced labor in the Arctic. This is the reality that came of a too fervent faith that the road to an earthly paradise had been found.

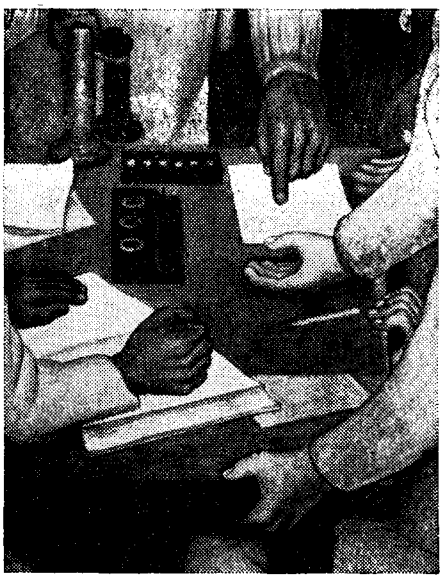
Originally the Communists, though they kept *power* in their own hands, made an attempt to secure *economic* equality, which had always been one of the professed aims of Socialism. The first generation, who had endured exile or persecution for their beliefs, continued to live austerely and simply. But all this changed, as everyone ought to have foreseen, when Communism became the obvious road to success and attracted careerists. What is the good of the power without the swag? And so economic inequality was deliberately reintroduced. Now, according to such information as is available, it is greater in Russia than in any other country. Labor unions are a department of government; a disaffected worker can be sent to a labor camp or deprived of his ration card; the genuine proletarian is more powerless than he was in England in the worst days of the Industrial Revolution. The English treatment of agricultural laborers, as set forth in the Hammonds' "Village Laborer," was appalling, but it was not in the same

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title of Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
A SILVER SPADE *Louisa Revell* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Miss Julia Tyler, lured into Latin teaching at Maine girls' camp by whispers of mystery, finds murder and helps catch killer.	Miss Tyler gets better and better. On all counts this is most engaging yarn about contestant for tops in spinster-sleuth class.	Full marks!
MIDSUMMER MADNESS *Langdon Dodge* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Nursery schoolteacher takes over summer care of motherless New England child and thwarts plot to cause one more "accidental" death.	Open-and-shut tale of two women's contest for child's life. Extra-lurid in spots but typhoon speed and violent action redeem it.	Emotional thriller
EYE WITNESS *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.50)	Kent Murdock first finds himself accused of his own murder, then suspects he is catspaw in subtle plot —which he solves.	Good plot, speedy action, customary crisp Coxe conversation, and well-concealed solution—but people, except for Murdock, are uncommonly shoddy lot.	Expert —as usual

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*Diego Rivera.*

Detail from "Taking Over the Factory."

world with the death and deportation of millions of peasants deliberately brought about by Stalin. Oliver Twist's life in the workhouse was unpleasant, but it was heaven compared to that of homeless children in the Webbs' "New Civilization."

SERVILE labor in Russia, like the nineteenth-century poor law in England, is an example of humanitarianism gone askew. The original idea was that criminals are not innately vicious but are victims of bad social conditions; give them wholesome conditions and honest work and they will reform. But Russia after the First World War was in a bad way, and if crime was not to be made attractive, the reformatory labor imposed on criminals had to be hard and unpleasant. Gradually, secrecy and despotic power produced their natural result. Labor camps were economically profitable; absence of machinery did not matter so much as with free labor; bad conditions did not matter at all—from the point of view of the authorities. And so criminals became useful, and the supply had to be kept up—by changes in the law, by purges, by deportations, especially of Poles and other conquered aliens. Some authorities estimate that 16 per cent of adult males living in the territory of the USSR are condemned to forced labor; this is probably an overestimate, but the number certainly amounts to many millions. And there is no doubt whatever that their conditions are wretched beyond imagination.

One evil in Russia, which is a condition for the survival of the others, is secrecy—black, impenetrable secrecy, not only about this or that, but about everything. Other nations publish statistics; the Russians do not, except propaganda statistics about the future. Other nations allow aliens to travel freely in their countries, except in a few military areas; Russians do not. Other governments permit their citizens to travel abroad; the Soviet Government does not, for fear they should draw unfavorable comparisons between conditions in Russia and conditions elsewhere. In Northeast Siberia, in an area as large as France and Germany put together, which is inhabited only by officials and convicts, there is a vast gold field, believed to be nearly as important as that in South Africa; but no one outside the Soviet Government knows even approximately how much it produces. When the President of the Royal Society wished to inform Vavilov that he had been elected an honorary member of the Royal Society, he could not discover where Vavilov was, or even whether he was alive or dead. What goes on behind the veil? Not, I think, the creation of an Utopia. In Czarist days there was a famous book, "Who Can Be Happy and Free in Russia?" No such book could be published in Stalin's Russia.

I have not spoken of Russia in international relations. This is a theme with which the British and American publics are familiar. Soviet imperialism, Soviet bad faith, Soviet refusal to prevent an atomic armament race—all these things are bad, but they are not so new as the internal evils. In Russia, as in a vast human laboratory, the student can see the result of allowing the power impulse unrestricted scope in a modern monolithic state. It is a terrible spectacle, and it all springs from mistakes in Lenin's thinking.

Bertrand Russell, English philosopher, mathematician, and sociologist, has more than forty books to his credit, the latest of which is "Human Knowledge: Its Scope and Limits."

MR. PINKERTON RETURNS!

Homicide House

By DAVID FROME

IT'S been twelve years since we last heard from timid Mr. Pinkerton, who always attracts trouble, and his harassed friend, Inspector Bull. Now they're back again—looking for a missing girl, chasing murder and violence throughout postwar London. Written with skill, to chill and thrill.

$2.50 at all bookstores

RINEHART & CO., New York 16

For SRL Readers in Metropolitan Area

. . . middle of the dial

. . . middle of the day

EMERY DEUTSCH

with "Music a la Mood"

WPAT 1-3 P.M.

every day

93 on your dial

A BULLET for MY LOVE

The exciting new **OCTAVUS ROY COHEN**

Las Vegas—Hollywood—a famous radio show—and murder! Cohen at his best.

$2.50 at all bookstores

MACMILLAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED for TRAVEL

TRIPS WE DOUBT WE'LL EVER TAKE

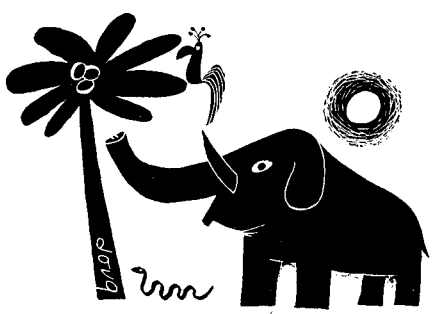
BIG-CAT HUNTING is not limited to Oklahoma but is practised extensively in India, as well. The cost comes to $65 to $80 a day, a rate which takes in food, lodging, camp equipment, transportation into the forest, native labor, bait—such as a doped-up piece of beef—and one experienced hunter, called a *Shikari,* who is on good terms with the tigers. Hunters lugging anything from a roscoe up are required to obtain an arms license from the Commissioner of Police upon entering India. Don't, whatever you do, rush to Abercrombie & Fitch and buy an expensive telescopic sight. Visibility in an Indian forest is limited to 200 yards.

Although a few stray tigers of individualistic tendencies are found in many an Indian forest, the best hunting grounds are located in Assam, West Bengal, Kumaon Territory, Mysore State, Khandva District, and Gwalior State, all of which can be located on any handy Esso map. Big-game licenses must be obtained from the deputy commissioner of the civil district where you hunt. The district forest officer will reserve your shooting block. It is cricket to reserve *two* blocks in case a tiger fails to arrive after you take up the first position.

TWA will whisk you to India in no time, and you can move comfortably over rail or highway to the edge of the hunting site. The distance to the shooting block can be covered on foot, on horseback, by elephant, or by what Cook's prefers to call *bullock car.* I presume that is Bengal for ox cart.

YOU NO LONGER have to go to the nearest zoo to take a photograph of an African rhino, an elephant, or a buffalo in perfect safety. Everything is arranged ten miles from Nyeri in East Africa. Zealous photographers dressed in rubber-soled shoes and warm, dark clothing can leave the Outspan Hotel in Nyeri any early afternoon for the trip to Tree Tops, one of the most novel resorts in the world. Tree Tops is a five-room bungalow, fitted with comfortable beds and a kitchen, located in the branches of a huge tree. The tree overlooks a forest pool and salt lick which is a favorite haunt of the animals. Photographers used to wait for the full moon before making the trip to Tree Tops. A searchlight has now been installed, however, making it possible to shoot pictures anytime, probably even while lying in bed.

ON SATURDAY August 12 fifteen people each of whom has $2,875 to spare, will meet in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. That afternoon the fifteen, joined by a tour director, will sail on the *SS President Cleveland* for Honolulu on the first leg of a trip around the world. The days of the



Grand Tour seem to have returned. The voyage, sponsored by the Brownell Travel Bureau of Birmingham, Alabama, will visit Japan, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Malaya, Ceylon, India, Arabia, Egypt, and England before returning to New York in October. Aboard the *President Cleveland* in the Pacific, the party will switch to *Caronia* in the Atlantic after sailing aboard the P. & O. Line between Hong Kong and England. The $2,875 (plus $30.75 U. S. tax) includes first-class passage on land, sea, and air all over the world; hotels and meals; tips to bellboys, porters, chauffeurs, and waiters ashore; motorcoaches in Japan, private cars in India, dinner on the diner to Port Said, and sightseeing Big Ben in London. The cost of traveling around the shrunken world these days comes to a minimum of $44.02 every twenty-four hours, including Saturday August 19, which the party will lose when they cross the International Dateline.

SHOULD YOU be kicking around Stockholm this summer with nothing on your hands but time and money, the Swedish State Railways will operate a series of land cruises to Lapland, north of the Arctic Circle. Since there are few hotels in Lapland, passengers will sleep aboard the train in single or double-room luxury compartments. The dining car will be able to accommodate everyone at one sitting, and the train will include a bar and lounge car, library, shower baths, movies, and radio. The train will probably be as interesting to the Lapps as the Lapps will be to the travelers. During the eight-day junket the cruising cars will visit the open-air mines of Kiruna, where iron ore is blasted out of the hillside, cross the mountains to the fjord landscape surrounding Narvik in Norway. Trippers can ride the rapids of the Torne River, take an excursion to the top of Mount Nuolja for a look at the midnight sun, and visit a Lapp village. I trust the Swedish Railways will advise its passengers not to commit the *gaucherie* of asking a Lapp how many reindeer

THE TRAVELER'S TOSCANINI

THERE are four Borromean islands on soft Lake Maggiore, an easy morning's drive up from Milan. Three are open to tourists, who chug across the waters from Stressa and from Pallanza in tiny skiffs covered with flat white canvas canopies. The fourth, known as San Giovanni, scarcely fifty yards offshore from the Grand Hotel Majestic, is rented by Pallanza's No. 1 sometime citizen, Arturo Toscanini.

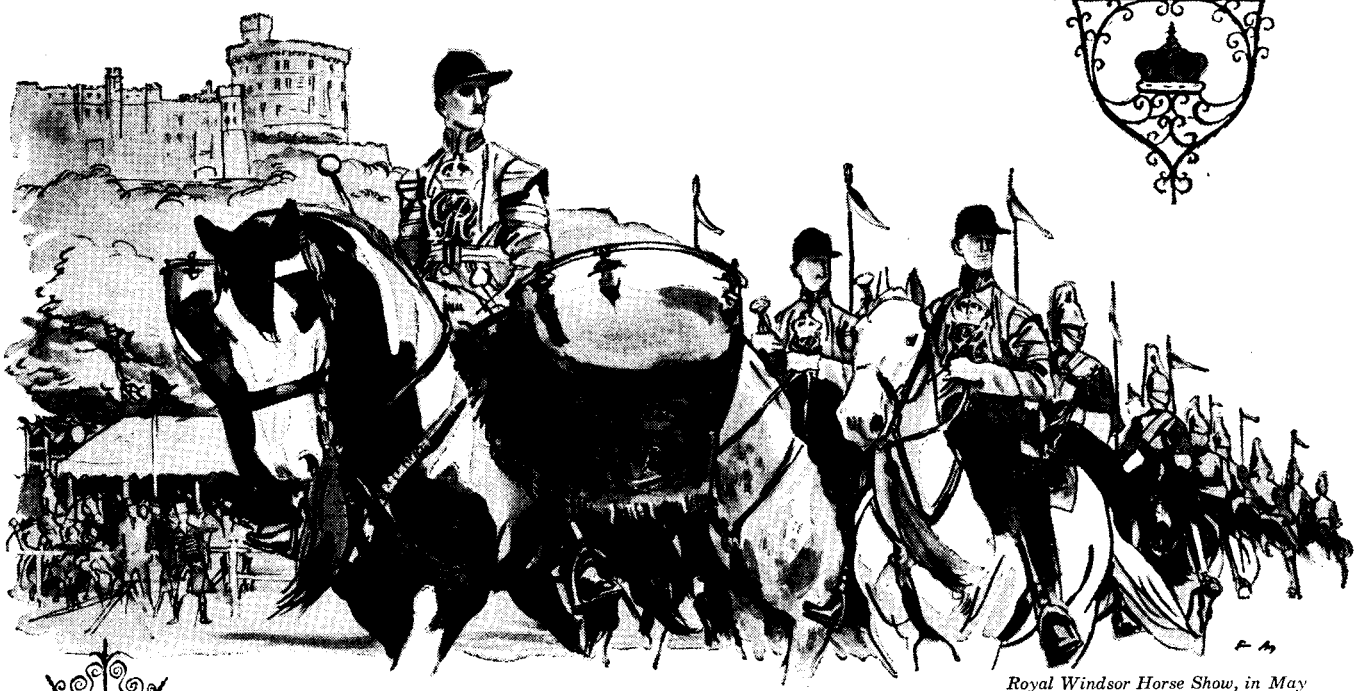
The fifty yards of water and rock separate Toscanini from the outside world of gawkers, autograph hunters, impresarios, and newspapermen. Peace permitting, he has been renting the island since 1925. Every May to September, with his chauffeur, cook, and chambermaid, he takes refuge in his fortress of twelve sleeping rooms and six baths, a plain plaster palazzo set in an unkempt garden of overgrowth and underbrush.

Once when Toscanini was besieged by a pair of journalists from Milan who were determined to get an interview, the Maestro locked himself inside his fortress. "They want to see my face," he thundered. "They will see my rear end!" At other times he has been known to be more affable, and occasionally bridges the moat that separates him from the outside world and appears for dinner in the dining salon of the hotel. Proud of his age, Toscanini at eighty-three likes to say, "I'm still going strong—just like Johnny Walker."

—From "Footloose in Italy," by Horace Sutton. To be published this spring by Rinehart.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

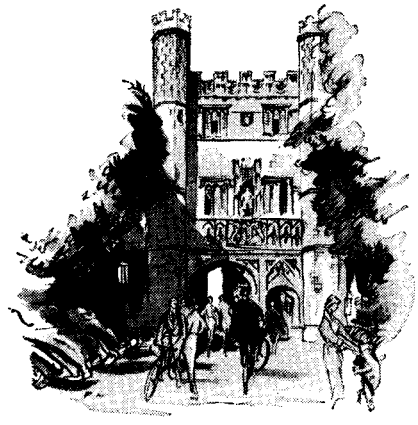
Signs of a Royal Welcome...



Royal Windsor Horse Show, in May

...everywhere you go!

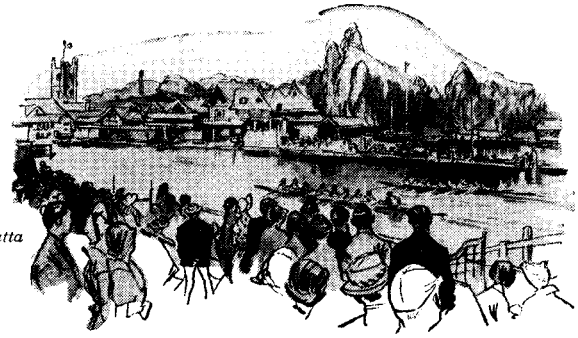
Wherever you move in 600-mile-long Britain, you're sure of being welcomed in the royal tradition of hospitality to travellers. For in Britain we've never lost our Island habit of thinking of our visitors as *guests*. We take a real pleasure in helping you share all the things we delight in ourselves . . . our lovely countryside, our ancient places, our colorful events, our background of 2000 years of history. So come where no journey is *far* . . . and your dollar goes *farther!* Start planning now to explore Britain's byways, as well as her highways; to stop in her famous village inns, as well as her modern hotels. Make your visit a *country-wide* vacation, taking all Britain in your stride!



King's Gateway, Trinity College, Cambridge

Of all the Inn Signs you'll see in Britain, perhaps the most frequent are "royal" ones like those on this page. But the same royal welcome awaits you at the sign of *The Hand in Hand*, for instance, or *The Woolpack, The Spread Eagle, The Hare and Hounds, The Peveril of the Peak.*

In their infinite variety, Britain's wayside Inn Signs symbolize almost every aspect of British life in the present and the past. They constantly remind all travellers how many-sided are Britain's interests . . . how much that's *different* they can do and see each easily-planned day!



Royal Henley Regatta

Come to Britain

Come early, in April or May . . . and avoid the midsummer rush!

IN BRITAIN YOUR DOLLAR GOES FARTHER!

Ask your travel agent to show you how devaluation has cut your costs in Britain by almost one third! Ask him, too, for "COMING EVENTS" and other illustrated literature, or write BRITISH TRAVEL CENTRE, 336 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The passionate life of Russia's greatest poet—and a vivid picture of his times

Pushkin

By HENRI TROYAT

AUTHORITATIVE, fully documented. The life story of the violent, profligate, prodigally gifted author of BORIS GODUNOV and EUGEN ONEGIN – the descendant of an African prince.

"Brilliant background. A thoroughly readable account of Pushkin's life with all its drama and tragedy. Absorbing and lifelike." *–Ernest J. Simmons.*

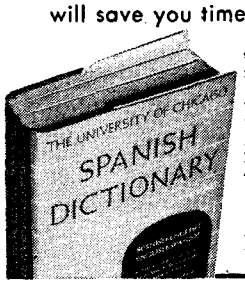
Verse translations by *Babette Deutsch.*

500 pages, 24 illustrations, $5.00

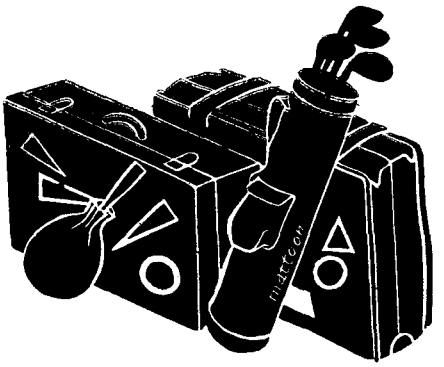
At all bookstores PANTHEON BOOKS

If you're going to Latin America —or if you do business there—

This Latin American Spanish Dictionary will save you time and trouble.



● Here's a concise dictionary of Spanish as it's used in Latin America today. Contains the modern words, phrases, idioms you will need to know, plus today's Latin American pronunciation and usage. Ask for *The University of Chicago* SPANISH DICTIONARY. $6.00 at all bookstores.



he owns. Reindeer comprise a Lapp's bank account, and the question is strictly avoided. The reindeer is also the workhorse of Lapland, provides venison, and its milk is used for reindeer cheese, not to mention a Lapp's morning coffee.

WHEN NAPOLEON was imprisoned on St. Helena the British installed a military force on a tiny island in the South Atlantic called Tristan da Cunha. When the garrison ultimately withdrew everyone sailed for home save a young artillery corporal and his wife, who elected to remain on their desert island. Two Navy veterans joined them, followed soon afterwards by a group of shipwrecked sailors. A few years later five of the settlers inveigled a passing sea captain to bring them wives from St. Helena. So was begun the tiny island colony, which today numbers several hundred citizens, including members of a weather station which was installed during the war and is operated by the Union of South Africa. Between them the islanders have 250 head of cattle, 750 sheep, and a stock of poultry. Potatoes are the staple diet, but in certain seasons they vary the fare with penguin and albatross eggs gathered on the islands of Nightingale and Inaccessible. There are no laws on Tristan da Cunha and no crime, few toothbrushes and little tooth decay, no amusements yet no one cares to leave. Three or four ships stop in during the course of a year, one of which, this year, was the Cunard White Star liner *Caronia* making its eighty-day Great African Cruise.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Don't Delay . . . Plan Now to

Visit ITALY This Year

Consult Your Travel Agent or for information write to

ITALIAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE (E.N.I.T.), 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

HISTORY

(*Continued from page 18*)

one of Italy's great poets. There was Alessandro, dissolute and Moorish-looking; Lorenzino, his fellow-debauchee, who murdered Alessandro, then cited the classics; Leo X ("Let us enjoy the Papacy, now that God has given it to us"); and able, yet indecisive Pope Chameleon (Clement VII), who had more opportunities than any other Medici but whose rule came to a pinnacle of disaster when Rome was brutally sacked by a Catholic Emperor (Charles V), who used German Lutheran mercenaries to do his work.

They are, then, well worth writing about, and not merely because of "the still sizable body of readers who turn to history for the double purpose of cultural enrichment and such light on the unfathomed nature of man as his story, wherever sampled, may yield." They are worth writing about for themselves. They are worth writing about for their impact on their own days—and on the days that followed.

Nor is there anyone better qualified to do this job than is Professor Schevill. I take exception to his cavalier dismissal of G. F. Young's "The Medici" "as the subjective divagation of a sentimentalist with a mind above history." Col. Young's massive two volumes have their limitations, but they are still a rich source. And I half wish he had included the younger, ducal Medici, if only so that he could tell us of Giovanni delle Bande Nere, the one Medici who was a warrior.

But in virtually all other respects the book is admirable. It is concise, clear, and convincing. It is instructive, yet good reading, too.

As is to be expected, of course, it is at its best in those portions which Professor Schevill devotes to analyzing those things which made the Medici possible.

"The striking success of the merchant companies," he says, "was greatly promoted by the fact that the government had the foresight to issue . . . the celebrated *fiorino d'oro*. . . . Wisely minted at an unfluctuating gold content, it gained universal confidence, and . . . became the common monetary unit throughout the Western world."

But, unfortunately, once the merchants were strong, they began to dominate. That is the danger of any rule, whether money or otherwise. Soon—mainly by political chicanery—they took over. Cosimo, who, for the purposes of this book, is the first Medici, merely stepped into a role which other families (notably the Albizzi) had created for him. But the time was ripe for him and he filled it with more consummate skill.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Phoenix Nest

THE UNCONCEIVED

MANY a woman reaching these
years may suddenly start,
Suddenly with the stirring of
guilt within her heart,
Haunted, haunted, and the ghosts run
through her and do not wait
To show their faces, and her fingers
reach too late,
But she feels the stir of them, she
sees their swift forms go,
And she knows the looks they have
given her, and her breasts know
That their eyes are yearning and their
mouths are cold as snow.

She sees them swift in the sunlight
and swiftly burned away.
She feels them in the wind. At night
they come, they stay
Close, so close that to know them
seems a breath away.
They tug at her from the dark, form
and stir in her sleep.
When she lies with love they come, so
close they creep
No caress can be hidden from them—
they watch and weep;
They lean close and watch and laugh
with so sad a sound
That her flesh turns cold and still and
the heavy pound
Of her heart is with sense of them.
Their wistful breath
Touches and is gone into hollows less
known than death.

—DOROTHY LEISNER.

* * *

The following letter from Malcolm M. Ferguson of the Brookfield Bookshop, of Sanbornville, N. H., seems to me most interesting:

> Your recent remarks about coming on stray volumes of magazines of interest to you are read with a sort of twinge here, as I am amassing a barnful of back-number magazines, along with such importing and book dealing as this list suggests.
>
> My interest in magazines is based on my need to add magazines to my own library to round out certain collections. Arthur Rackham, Winslow Homer in artists; articles and short-story items in fantasy; material on New England country life. And in this line I do a small business at digging out similar materials for customers' interests.
>
> The magazine field (used ones, that is) is divided, a moment's thought shows, into specialists in technical magazines and expensive runs; to those shops which are full of magazines in bins, unsortable because of the quick turnover and high rent; and the few dealers like myself who in low rental zones store items against the day of their demand. "They don't eat anything" (the magazines that is, and sometimes the dealers, too).
>
> Two of my competitors are Mrs. Lora Whitehead, 606 S. Washington, Bloomington, Ind., and "Back Number" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass. Mrs. Whitehead does a larger business than I though she had to cut her stock rather drastically a while back. "Back Number" Wilkins is run by two G.I.'s who have bought out the octogenarian of that name. I told them they might make an interesting *Life* feature with their forty-five tons or so in what I think was an old livery stable. One of the brothers replied, "We aren't ready yet." An honest answer but don't it beat tunket? Then there's Abrahams, who can afford ads in your august periodical, and a few book dealers who amass magazines without much thought. I have been unable to locate an English dealer who can furnish me with any of a score of magazines I want from there (I usually send a long enough list so that my dealer can spot several).
>
> A curious business indeed. It is made possible by the fact that when I buy a hundred pounds of used magazines I can sell ten pounds of them for the cost of the hundred. But thereafter the speed of return diminishes, and somehow I have never found the sources or the money to run my tonnage way up. And some fine blocks of material have remained untouched just as if Little Boy Blue had left them one, two, three years ago. Oh, well, most businesses are curious.

* * *

IT'S UNREASONABLE

It is an admirable thing to get wiser
but when I think that in order to do so
I will also be older and sadder
I pause on the ladder!
In this case I wonder if the anticipation
is not greater than the realization
for every gain you make something
must be lost
and in days like these it gets pretty
monotonous
just sitting around and counting the
cost.
It wouldn't be so bad if the gain was
just a little bigger
which is sometimes the effect good
food has on the figger
for that is a gain that you immediately
set to work to losing
but being wiser is an article that you
want to keep
for it is something practically everybody can enjoy using;

Philosophical Library Publications

ALBERT EINSTEIN
Out Of My Later Years
(*New Essays*) $4.75

GEORGE SANTAYANA
Atoms Of Thought
(*Aphorisms*) $5.00

ANDRE GIDE
Autumn Leaves
(*Meditations*) $3.75

P. W. BRIDGMAN
Reflections Of
A Physicist $5.00

FRANCOIS MAURIAC
Proust's Way
(*Biographical Notes*)
$3.00

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG
Style And Idea $4.75

PAUL CLAUDEL
The Eye Listens
(*Studies in Art*) $5.00

DAGOBERT D. RUNES
Dictionary Of
Philosophy (*5th Edition*)
$6.00

At Your Bookstore, or Direct
(Expedite shipment by prepaying)
PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY
Publishers
15 EAST 40th ST., N. Y. 16

A "regimented" Catholic proudly declares . . .

CERTAINLY, I'M A CATHOLIC!

by THOMAS McDERMOTT

In this provocative book a young, educated American tells why it is reasonable for a man of intelligence to follow the way of life which is dictated by the Catholic system of thought. Boldly he acknowledges his complete acceptance of the Catholic position on such subjects as mercy killing, sex, birth control, unionism, and divorce. And his reasons for doing so are both logical and convincing. $2.50

At your bookstore.

THE BRUCE PUBLISHING CO.
New York 18 MILWAUKEE 1 Chicago 6

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but when you arrive at last at being
older and sadder
no matter how wise
how many people are going to beat
a path to your door
just for the privilege of gazing
into your eyes?

—VIOLETTE SEALOCK.

* * *

I am glad to print the following from David F. Pierce, of Charlotte, N. C.:

I thought your readers might be interested to hear of the death on Feb. 15 of my grandmother, Mrs. Vincent Costello. Under her maiden name, Fanny Kemble Johnson, she had many short stories and poems published in many magazines, including *Harper's*, *The Century*, and *The Atlantic Monthly*. In 1916 her novel "The Beloved Son" was published by Small, Maynard & Co. Several of her short stories were selected by the late Edward J. O'Brien for his collections of the year's best short stories. Mrs. Costello, who was born May 22, 1868, died at her home of a stroke.

* * *

RAILROAD STATION — 3 A. M.

Now faintly glows the flickering lamp
of dawn,
And dripping rooftops, groping find
their way,
Into the after-haze of darkness spending
A few swift kisses on the lips of day.

And we are ghosts who linger after
parting,
Who dread the disenchantment of the
light,
When a train comes roaring out of
distance
To splinter morning in a shower of
white.

—FLORENCE LONSFORD.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Hood: "Ode to My Infant Son." 2. Tennyson: "Gareth and Lynette." 3. Lear: "The Owl and the Pussycat." 4. Rostand: "Cyrano de Bergerac." 5. Burns: "To a Louse." 6. Moore: "A Visit from St. Nicholas." 7. Carroll: "You Are Old, Father William." 8. Hunt: "Sneezing." 9. Stevenson: "Winter Time." 10. Shakespeare: "1 Henry IV." 11. Milne: "Missing." 12. Carleton: "The New Church Organ." 13. Albert Green: "Old Grimes." 14. Ogden Nash: "Custard, the Dragon." 15. Chaucer: "Canterbury Tales." 16. Thomas Holcroft: "Gaffer Grey." 17. Pope: "The Rape of the Lock." 18. Holmes: "The Last Leaf." 19. William Allen Butler: "Nothing to Wear." 20. Guiterman: "The Dog's Cold Nose."

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

BOOKS

RARE AND OLD BOOKS located. State your needs. Albert Murphy, 56 Ackland Road, Bournemouth, Hants, England.

JUST PUBLISHED: Alfred Neumann, Der Pakt. American novel. Stockholm 1949. Cloth, $3.95. MARY S. ROSENBERG, Publisher, Bookseller and Importer. 100 West 72 St., NYC 23. Dept. 22.

FREE CATALOGUE. Books in Spanish, novels, classics, histories. Box 265, Sausalito, Calif.

FIRST EDITIONS, Heritage and Limited editions, press books. Write for list or send your wants. ARLINGTON LIBRARY SERVICE, Box 2066, Arlington, Va.

BOOKS SUPPLIED QUICKLY, economically. BRUCE BOOK SERVICE, Box 272, Cooper Sta., NYC 3.

GOOD USED BOOKS, 50¢-$1, none higher. Remarkable values, postal brings lists. EDITIONS, Hempstead, N. Y.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE — History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. Inquiries invited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1902. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

3000 SCARCE BOOKS ON HAND. If the one you want is not on hand, I'll find it for you. DELLA MONTGOMERY, R. No. 6, Box 53 B, South Bend, Ind.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St. Oldest old book shop in NYC.

500,000 BOOKS FOR SALE, all subjects, every price range. ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLERS OF PHILADELPHIA, Box 2019, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 30¢. Books bought.

LIBRAIRIE LIPTON. The French Book House, 791 Lexington Ave., NYC 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

BACK NUMBERS

NIELSEN'S BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SERVICE. Send want list. 7308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. ABRAHAM'S MAGAZINE SERVICE, 56 East 13 St., NYC.

OUT-OF-PRINT

BOOKFINDERS! Scarce, unusual books quickly supplied, send wants. CLIFTONS, Box 1377, Beverly Hills, Calif.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free 30-page catalogue. We buy books. Send list. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

OUT-OF-PRINT books found quickly. Send wants, no obligation. COAST BOOKFINDERS, Box 8686, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

CLASSIFIED

LANGUAGES

FRENCH CONVERSATION "Salon Francais." $1. entree. Fridays, 8-10 P.M. Led by Pierre Drillieu. Dr. Eugene Morell, 28 Grove St., Village, NYC.

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne (Sorbonne University) NYC, REgent 7-4606.

FRENCH CAN BE FUN! Speak it in 12 lessons. Parisian, NYC, MUrray Hill 5-4160.

LITERARY SERVICES

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, all languages marketed, 19 West 44 St., NYC 18.

MANUSCRIPT EVALUATION, editing, rewriting, collaboration. Wide experience. MARIE H. DOYLE, 341 Madison Ave., NYC 17. MUrray Hill 6-7096.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 3-1364.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

LITERARY PROBLEMS? Sincere and friendly cooperation offered the professional or promising amateur. Literary services as well as conscientious sales attention. Write today for FREE booklet "Your Roads to Writing SUCCESS," DANIEL S. MEAD, LITERARY AGENCY, 419 Fourth Ave., Dept. SR, NYC 16.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

GHOSTWRITING—typing—LYNNE LOVELACE, 720 West 170 St., NYC 32. WAdsworth 8-4620.

WESTERN SCENE? Literary criticism, Sterner Remple, 410 Tyler, Pueblo, Colo.

ETHEL WAUGH, Agent, manuscript typing, ghostwriting, scripts marketed. 125 West 58 St., NYC 19. JUdson 6-1809.

S.O.S. All calls from DISCOURAGED WRITERS helpfully answered by established author. MARY MAIN, 76 Charles St., NYC 14.

REVOLT AGAINST FORMULA: Use technique? Yes. Hemingway, Faulkner, great writers, different techniques. You can not imitate them. Why? Novels, plays, stories appraised, edited, marketed. CHARLES CHUPET (Yale 47 Workshop '29) Authors' Representative, 5657 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

ARE LOOKING FOR A PUBLISHER? We consider book MSS of every type; ask for free booklet D. VANTAGE PRESS, Inc., 35 So. William St., NYC 4.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Linardos, 123 East 59 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 8-1944.

LITERARY RELATIONS AGENCY markets manuscripts, does personal publicity for authors. Now reading to select few new clients. No fees, standard percentage basis. EDITORIAL EYE, 86 Bedford St., NYC 14.

PROFITABLE BOOK PUBLICATION on even the limited sale of your book is possible. Details in our free copy "We Can Publish Your Book," Dept. 12, EXPOSITION PRESS, 251 Fourth Ave., NYC 10.

QUALITY MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Rapid, inexpensive. GLADYS & IRENE LEAHEY. Room 2214, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

PROFITABLE EDITORIAL GUIDANCE. World-wide book, short story sales. Movie, television contracts. Sympathetic attention to beginners. AUTHORS' & PUBLISHERS' SERVICE, 24-25 77 St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 2, Colo.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT, thesis typing, editing, rewriting service. Prompt, efficient. LINDA DUBESTER, NYC, MUrray Hill 9-8328.

BOOK PLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

ART

AFRICAN SCULPTURES, genuine and ancient; collectors' items for sale. INTERNATIONAL ALLIED COMPANIES, 114 East 32 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-3388. Illustrated catalogue on request.

PERSONALS

WRITE THAT BEST SELLER in our comfortable Vermont farmhouse. Board, $100 monthly. NYC, CIrcle 6-4643.

WOMAN! Are you honest, liberal? Mature, young man like to hear from you. Box 814-B.

YOUNG ILLUSTRATOR seeks correspondence from refined lady. Box 787-B.

MAN, middle-aged, European, loving travel, books, music, outdoor life, desires correspondence with kindred spirits. Box 808-B.

MILLINERY—your pet hat—reblocked—remodelled. Ready-made—chic originals. RUTH, 66 Fifth Ave., NYC. ORegon 5-2598.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

DON'T BUY ANOTHER BOOK until you consult our catalogues of unusual values. Save 25% to 80% on new books! Nothing to give away but the greatest dollar value and the very best service. Any book in print supplied. Standard sets, too. Write for details without delay. ALAN GARDNER, BOOK READERS' CIRCLE, 80 East 11 St., NYC 3.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from 5th Ave. We are offering week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (3 nights); Single room and bath, $14; double room and bath, $20.50; sitting room, bedroom and bath $26.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

DR. KILTON STEWART lectures on various phases of magico-religious ceremonies in primitive societies. Wednesdays, 8:30, Sundays, 4:00, 31 Park Ave., NYC, LExington 2-8042.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE. Helen Trimpe, 342 Madison Ave., NYC, MUrray Hill 2-5330.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. July 24-Aug. 11, 1950. Write for information.

HAVE YOU SHOWN HER your SERIGRAPHS? Serigraph Galleries, 38 West 57 St., NYC. CIrcle 5-8936.

NEARLY EVERYBODY IN SAN FRANCISCO reads books from H. H. Evans. If the mails penetrate to your distant lair, you too can have this economical pleasure. Free catalogues. H. H. EVANS, BOOKS, 1157 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif.

BOOKSTORE WANTED: any location. State price first letter. Box 680-B.

INDISPENSABLE for art directors, lay-out artists, copy writers. NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING ANNUAL, compiled by Jo. Sinal. $15. Saunders Press, Publisher, Claremont, Calif.

REFINED, MIDDLE-AGED NURSE, widow, seeks position. Diabetic specialist. Free to travel. Excellent credentials. Box 581-B.

EUROPE—Small group sailing June, has 2 vacancies. Unusually interesting itinerary. Price: $2,100. References exchanged. Box 725-B.

YOUNG SCHOOLMASTER, Princeton graduate, desires taking youngster abroad this summer. Extensive European, American travel experience. Excellent background, references. Box 534-B.

CAT-LOVERS! Send $2.75 for special National Geographic cat number. Colored photographs all breeds. Free catbook list on request. Box 133-D.

PERSONALS

IMAGINATIVE, reflective, technical man wants to correspond. Box 826-B.

CORNELL GRADUATE, businessman, desires inexpensive room, Manhattan. Preferably cultured, private family. Box 838-B.

AMIABLE FELLOW, 23, wants opportunity to work through college. Prefer simple, unaffected employer in college town. Box 840-B.

YOUNG LADY EDITOR craves solitude. One room, kitchenette, and bath, preferably unfurnished. To $45. Box 841-B.

RESPONSIBLE, successful, economical bibliomane returning Europe, April 22, will purchase any books for commission, especially 16th to 18th century French and Italian. Box 842-B.

COLLABORATOR NEEDED; philosophic novel. Knowledge England, nature, medieval life. Box 843-B.

BACHELOR, 30, college degree, Naval Intelligence Reserve officer, cultured, adventurous, amazingly versatile, extensive European and American travel, wishes interesting, profitable summer. Highest credentials. Box 845-B.

WRITE YOUR PLANS for surviving holocaust. Female infracaninophile, loves sports, travel, cooking, jazz, cats, Thurber. Box 846-B.

YOUNG MAN wishes correspondence with impulsive, stimulating, mature woman. Box 847-B.

COMMERCIAL TEACHER, experienced in office and resort hotel work, desires summer employment. Possible interest, governess or companion. Box 848-B.

LADY interested in music, poetry, photography, would like to correspond with mature gentleman. Box 849-B.

UNDERGRADUATE of major university wants summer job, partly out of doors. Write: Box 850-B.

3 POTENTIAL GENIUSES—College undergraduates, seek positions outside NYC, will consider anything. Box 851-B.

MEDICAL STUDENT, southern gentleman, wants interesting summer work or foreign travel. Will go anywhere, do anything that is honorable. Box 852-B.

CONTEMPLATIVE YOUTH seeks correspondence sensitive female, interested music, nature, philosophy. Box 853-B.

GUITAR—fingerstyle tuition, classic method. Write: Daniel Daniels, 109 Waverly Place, NYC 11.

PRINCETON SENIOR, highest record, desires summer tutoring position. Experienced, athletic. Will travel. Box 855-B.

ATTRACTIVE, disillusioned-with-routines, young wife seeks work, 5-6 hours daily. Interests vary, desire to be creative and useful. Box 858-B.

BOY wants girl to write. Box 859-B.

CULTURED WOMAN, teacher, expectant mother in July, in immediate need of part-time, live-in employment. Husband ill. Baby-sitter, companion, tutoring in exchange living and salary. Can teach all subjects through junior high, piano, and dramatic lessons. Columbia graduate. Considerate, adaptable person. Box 860-B.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY for young educated man with car, to travel for growing wholesalers. Call on schools and libraries. Box 862-B.

PROFESSIONAL LIBRARIAN, art museum experience only, seeks position with future in new field; advertising, business, publishing, store. 30's, good looking, even disposition, enjoys people, adaptable. Best social, professional references. Box 863-B.

ARE YOU in a vacation rut? Let ELAN help you out! Write Box 505, La Crescenta, Calif.

PERSONABLE NEGRO VETERAN wants attractive job in NYC. Refined, cultured, fluent French. Any offers? Box 865-B.

AVAILABLE: to small professional family, July-August, New England hills, cook, housekeeper, experienced, reliable. Box 866-B.

SOCIAL WORKER available, secretary-companion, European trip. Box 867-B.

EXPERIENCED LADY TRAVELER offers secretarial companionship services to person Europe or South America bound. Mature and adaptable. Box 868-B.

YOUNG MOTHER desires position in small children's school. Any work benefiting children acceptable. Box 869-B.

PERSONALS

S R L EMPLOYEE needs 1½-2 room apartment, Manhattan, to $50. NYC, MOnument 2-5159. Evenings, week-ends.

WANT TO RENT furnished, small house for next 3 months, neighborhood Garrison, Cold Springs, Yorktown Heights. Box 870-B.

APPEAL CORRESPONDENCE Smith, Vassar, Sarah Lawrence, etc. graduates. Baffled Princeton lawyer. Box 871-B.

GOOD-TIME CHARLIE—Ivy league graduate student, worldly, zestful, ex-actor seeks spontaneous, pleasurable, intelligent, gal correspondent. Box 872-B.

TRAINED NURSE FOR INFANT. Country. Very highly recommended. Box 873-B.

YOUNG MAN with horn seeks suitable employment, City. Box 875-B.

MENTALLY MATURE GENTLEMAN desires correspondence with ladies of quality for mutual benefit. Box 876-B.

CAN ACCOMMODATE refined, congenial couple or single. Convenient transportation. Suburban home, garden, sun-porch. Box 877-B.

SECRETARY, social worker, experienced both fields; seeks diversified job, 5 mornings or several days weekly. TRafalgar 3-5118. Box 706-B.

IF INTERESTED in Mayan, Aztec, and Inca civilizations, send for free book list. Box 132-D.

PUBLISHING - PUBLICITY MISS, operating on all cylinders, would woo ulcerative employment. Box 880-B.

WILL PUBLISH 75,000 word atheistic novel "Messiah and Prostitute" for only 50¢ to introduce author, if enough replies are received. SEND NO MONEY. Box 881-B.

COMPANION OR GOVERNESS? Teacher, 23, desires summer position to Europe. Box 882-B.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE for summer months, our charming riverside house in Vermont village for NYC apartment near Metropolitan Museum. Box 884-B.

SUNNY SOLITUDE, giant cactus. Half my 40 acre, studio site, adjacent art project, 4 miles from Tucson, to right creative person. Tell me about yourself with offer. Box 885-B.

AVAILABLE: April 15, mature, attractive woman, fortyish, secretary companion to adult, mother/tutor to young. Will close city home, open country home. Take children west, Europe. Can drive, type, travel. Box 886-B.

WANTED: EXPERT, honest critic, revisor, novels, short stories. Box 891-B.

MAGAZINE WRITER and editor with experience on major magazines, executive ability, wants challenging job (magazine, house organ, publicity). Also well versed in advertising and production. Box 892-B.

GENTLEWOMAN desires position, lady's companion or supervisory housekeeper. Manage small staff, household affairs. Drives. Box 893-B.

PERSONABLE, extensively traveled, woman teacher, available as summer traveling companion or chaperon. Box 895-B.

WOMAN wants part-time work on farm near NYC for board and room. Finishing book. Box 896-B.

FOR SALE: 80 high acres, and tumbling house near Forest City, Pennsylvania. $2,200. $200 down, $25 monthly. Write Box 366, General Post Office, NYC.

SUGARING-OFF PARTY and open Sap-House at Forest Farms, Jamaica, Vt. Saturday-Sunday, April 8-9. Help gather sap. See it turned into syrup. Cold sap, hot syrup and sugar on snow for all comers. Accommodations nearby if desired. Write for details to Forest Farms, Jamaica, Vt.

VACATIONS

COMPLETELY FURNISHED summer homes, seasonal only. Brochure. Cliffwood Colony, Ligonier, Pa.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

UNWIND in the COUNTRY. Comfort, rest, recreation at SUDBURY INN, Sudbury, Vt.

BERKSHIRES, cuisine francaise, informal, restful atmosphere. SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Mass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 835

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

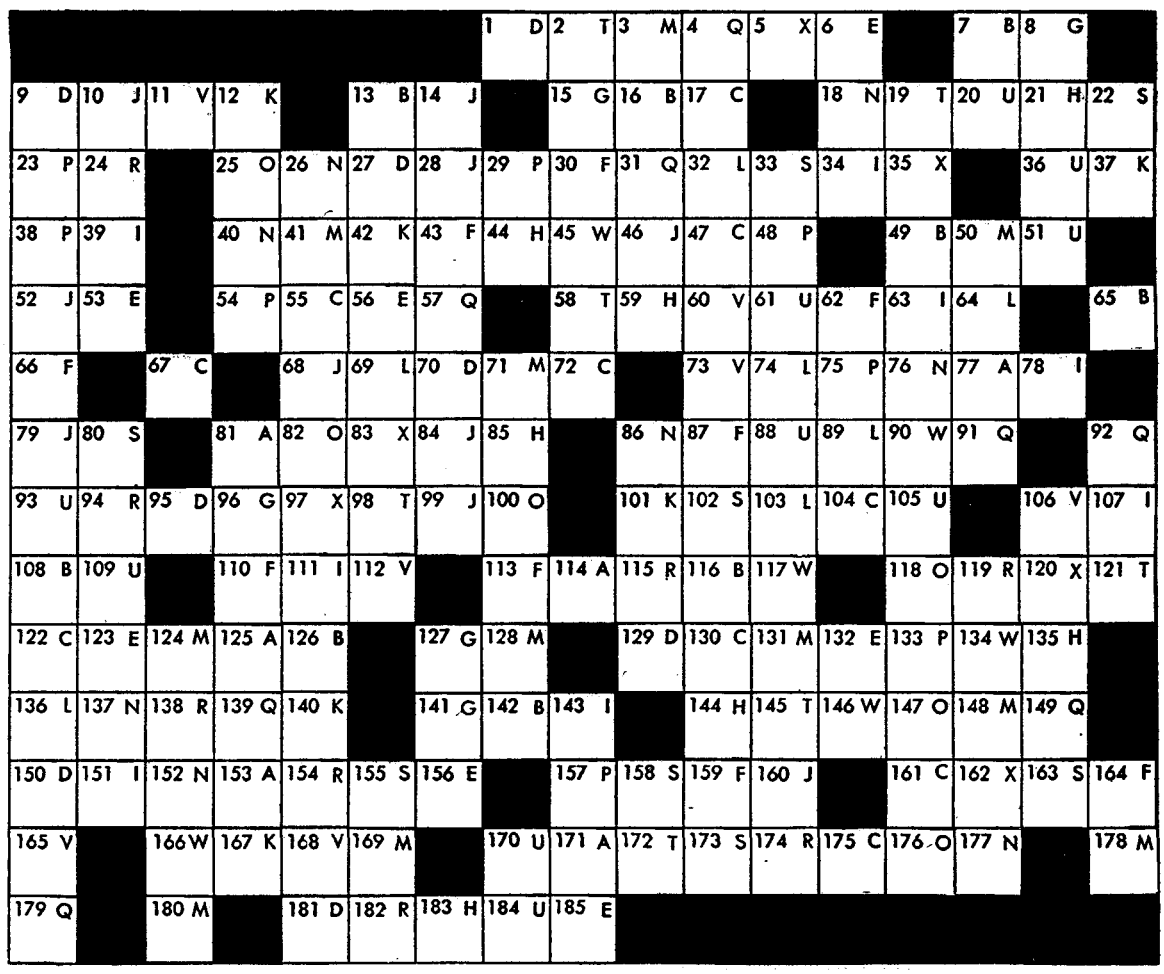
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Formerly, a member of the lowest order of the nobility in Germany and Austria.	171 153 125 81 77 114
B. A house steward or butler (India).	108 16 65 142 126 13 49 116 7
C. Common or potash feldspar (mineral.).	161 122 175 55 130 104 47 67 72 17
D. Prose romance by the "Great Cham of Literature."	1 70 181 9 95 27 150 129
E. Excess; redundancy.	53 56 185 132 123 156 6
F. A play of fantastic character, developed in Italian drama by Pirandello.	113 30 87 110 62 164 66 159 43
G. Volcano in the Andes in Peru, active, esp. between 1582-1783.	127 96 141 15 8
H. Known as the "Martyr Abolitionist" (1802-37).	44 183 21 85 144 59 135
I. Port of past historical significance, on the Boyne in NE Eire.	143 63 34 151 111 39 78 107
J. Inflammation of the windpipe (med.).	14 46 10 68 160 28 52 99 79 84
K. Any of various African weaverbirds of subfamily Viduinae.	101 140 167 12 37 42

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Industrial center, NW Pennsylvania, on the Allegheny River.	74 103 69 136 89 32 64
M. Phase of architectural style in England (end of 19th century; baroque elements; 2 wds.).	128 3 169 50 131 148 180 124 71 178 41
N. Quality of being precipitate in action, etc.	137 152 86 18 76 26 177 40
O. Has a teasing uneasiness.	118 147 25 82 176 100
P. Quite (2 wds.; colloq.).	133 38 157 23 48 29 75 54
Q. Indescribable; inexpressible.	179 31 92 4 91 149 139 57
R. English poet laureate, 1638-68.	24 138 94 115 119 174 154 182
S. An Asiatic breed of domestic fowl.	155 102 158 80 173 163 22 33
T. Collective name, islands of the South Pacific.	145 58 121 19 98 172 2
U. Orchestral brass wind instrument (2 wds.).	170 20 109 51 88 105 36 93 184 61
V. Calcutta-born U. S. writer (1890-1936; "Cast and Outcast," etc.).	106 60 168 112 165 73 11
W. Finally (2 wds.).	45 134 166 90 146 117
X. To irritate; vex.	35 97 120 162 5 83

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

IMPRESSIONS

A GATHERING range of examples lends support to the view that in propagating the LP system Columbia and concurring companies have given assent to something of a Frankenstein monster. That is to say, by putting the 33 rpm player in the home, together with a durable disc of extended playing time, our "majors" have provided a field for exploitation by innumerable "minors." Rather than being a development to be viewed with alarm it is a consequence for which some pointing with pride is in order.

It attests, above all else, to the faith of a considerable, varied, and non-combining number of persons in the validity of that system, its possibilities for exploitation on an encouraging it the critical attitude must Certainly there is in such typical examples as the Haydn Society, the Esoteric releases of Schönberg and Muzio, the EMS Beethoven, or the multiple Allegro offerings, a remarkable level of musical material, though something more variable on the executive and reproductive level. In welcoming such activity and encouraging it the critical attitude must nevertheless remain constant if the price factor does (as it has to now). In other words, merely desirable repertory does not justify sub-standard reproduction and processing if prices are pegged to the usual commercial figures. If we hold the commercial producers in this country and Europe to the standard of excellence established by London, it is hardly appropriate to award a "little maker" an A for Effort when a good idea of repertory has not been implemented by suitable talent and technical skills.

Assuming that this is understood, I should think that the "majors" would welcome the enterprise of the "minors," if for no other reason than the simplest: it takes the obligation from them of servicing with material not generally acceptable a whole host of works whose appeal is patent, but limited, whose perpetuation requires a certain amount of faith as well as moderate financial risk, and whose values may be more apparent to the untrammeled enthusiast than they are to the trammeled business executive. If the "majors" want to concentrate on the mass market let them. Two Haydn quartets from the Galimirs are satisfying on LP whether sponsored by RCS, EMV, or Period.

IRVING KOLODIN,
MUSIC EDITOR.

APRIL 1950

ARTICLES

The Meaning of Toscanini ..... IRVING KOLODIN 47
Playing with The Maestro ..... SAMUEL ANTEK 50
A Toscanini Discography ..... ROLAND GELATT 52
"Designed for Dancing" ..... WILDER HOBSON 64
A Stylus for LP ..... C. G. BURKE 66

REVIEWS

Haydn: "The Creation" (Krauss), Symphonies 92 (Szell) and 101 (Ormandy), Quartets, Op. 76 (Galimir)
Khachaturian: Piano Concerto (Levant)
Martucci: Symphony No. 2 (Guarnieri)
Beethoven: Octet (Scherman)
} IRVING KOLODIN 54
Stravinsky: Mass ..... ARTHUR BERGER 55

DEPARTMENTS

RECORDINGS Reports: LP's and Albums 56
The Other Side ..... THOMAS HEINITZ 58
Some Highs and Lows ..... EDWARD TATNALL CANBY ... 60
Music to My Ears ..... THE EDITOR 62
RECORDINGS Reports on Pop Releases 65
Letters to the RECORDINGS Editor 67

(Complete contents copyright 1950, Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Out of the past—a miracle of today!

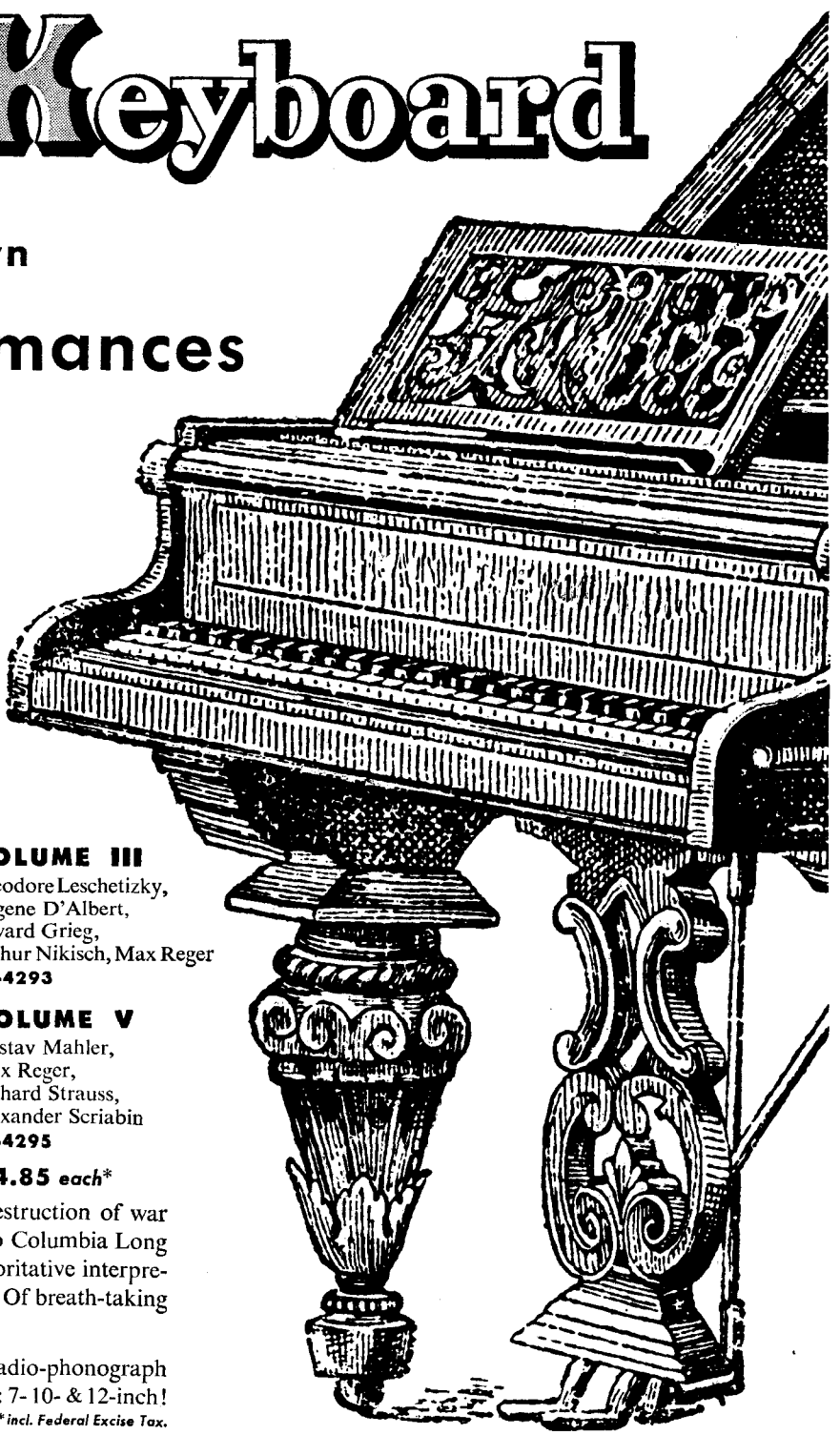
Great Masters of the Keyboard

presented in their own

actual performances

at the piano on

columbia LP records



VOLUME I
Claude Debussy, Gabriel Fauré, Maurice Ravel
ML-4291

VOLUME II
Ferruccio Busoni, Charles Camille Saint-Saëns
ML-4292

VOLUME III
Theodore Leschetizky, Eugene D'Albert, Edvard Grieg, Arthur Nikisch, Max Reger
ML-4293

VOLUME IV
Ignace Jan Paderewski, Vladimir de Pachmann, Xaver Scharwenka, Enrique Granados, Manuel De Falla, Frank Marshall
ML-4294

VOLUME V
Gustav Mahler, Max Reger, Richard Strauss, Alexander Scriabin
ML-4295

All of the above 12" Columbia LP Records $4.85 each*

An historic musical treasury, saved from the destruction of war in Europe, now transferred with reverent skill to Columbia Long Playing Microgroove Records. Authentic, authoritative interpretations by famous composer-pianists of the past. Of breath-taking interest to artists, students, music lovers!

At Your Dealer's Now! Be sure your new radio-phonograph plays *all* sizes of 33⅓ RPM records automatically: 7- 10- & 12-inch!

**incl. Federal Excise Tax.*

columbia LP records

One speed—
One system—
for all your favorite recorded music

"Columbia," "Masterworks," ℗ and ® Trade Marks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Marcas Registradas

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Recordings

The Meaning of Toscanini

IRVING KOLODIN

IT IS A comforting fallacy of criticism, no matter what kind, that time presents a pattern of progress, by the mere fact of example. Should it not be so? Our relation to a mechanized civilization argues powerfully that even as today's Ford is better than the model T, which preceded it, so our tenors should be better than Jean de Reszke, who preceded them. The formula is simple: Example times Time equals Improvement. Q.E.D.

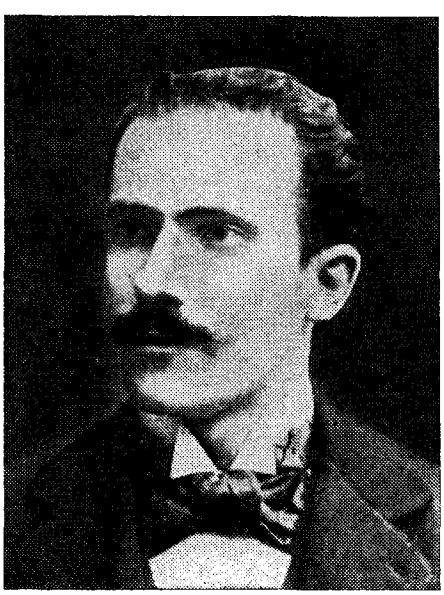
The fallacy is especially comforting to those of us who (in the language of the horsemen) are dedicated to the Improvement of the Breed. But even as De Reszke is an example, of one sort, still being cited—fifty years after he sang his last performance of opera here—as peerless, so Arturo Toscanini is an example who may well be cited fifty years hence as peerless of another sort.

There are no records of De Reszke: all we have is a diminishing word of mouth, a considerable dossier of contemporary writing, a formidable specification of accomplishment. For most of the reasons why I make my statement about Toscanini, on this eve of his first American tour, there is some kind of documentation. Not all we should wish, or the most comprehensive, but more than enough, certainly, to broach a case, bolster a point, or clinch an argument.

This judgment is not one to which I have come easily or blindly. But as time passes and the evidence accumulates, it comes close to being incontrovertible. I speak first of personal experience. After twenty-five years of ear-witness attention since his reappearance with the Philharmonic Orchestra on January 14, 1926, I am convinced that Toscanini is a greater musical force at eighty-three (March 25, which marks that milestone, is the date for publication of this issue; and it finds him about to begin his nationwide tour) than he was at fifty-nine. The other reason is impersonal observation. In a dozen years of contact with other conductors—a proud tribe at best, and a jealous one otherwise—I have never encountered one who was not flattered, or at least interested, by allusion to himself relative to Toscanini. The better actors among them dissemble the compliment implied; the others revel in it.

Conducting being the specific kind of trade it is, most practitioners must, of necessity, believe their own ideas to be unassailable. If one should admit doubt of his Mozart, his Beethoven, his Strauss, what can he expect of the public except multiplied doubt? At extremes I may cite one sophisticated professional who took as highest compliment of his work the word (third hand) that Toscanini had heard his broadcast of a certain opera and offered the Italian equivalent of "He knows it." Another, sometimes described as a gifted amateur, granted to Toscanini: "He has what you fellows call rhythmic drive."

Agreement on this level being virtually unknown, it must be regarded as historic. Granted that each of these (as well as innumerable others who might be cited) would say that *his* Mozart or *his* Wagner or *his* Mendelssohn should be rated at least the equivalent of Toscanini's — allowing him unquestioned superiority in some field not mutually cultivated—, what is there in the man that compels the universal recognition that his work is a touchstone of quality?



Toscanini in 1889, aged twenty-two—"He remains supreme in 'the music that stirs him.'"

AS A listener I would say it is the innate compulsion of his musical feeling, the sense of utter conviction it asserts, his absorption in and devotion to everything he does. Among contemporaries known to me only Beecham conveys anything like such absorption, and, with all affection for his art, I must say that the titanic force of the greatest musical experiences have never been liberated by him as they have by Toscanini.

On the titanic level—G. E. Woodberry described the Titans as "the earliest children of earth . . . a massive dim-featured race . . . with an earthly rather than celestial grandeur, embodiments of mighty force"—I think of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the Fifth and "Eroica," the culmination of Wagner's "Ring" in the Immolation Scene of "Götterdämmerung," certain aspects of Verdi's "Requiem," some phases of Debussy and Strauss, a little of Tchaikovsky, and a lot of Brahms. Here music ceases to have an ordinary context of note-values and bars; it becomes a living realization of immemorial emotions and essential philosophies.

In this framework Toscanini seems to relate himself to such basic concepts as: is life good or is it bad? By the strength of his faith in Beethoven, in Wagner, in Verdi, he gives his testimonial to their faith in life itself, putting back into opulent sound the emotions that moved them, the vigor they knew, the wisdom they gathered. I abhor the school which says that he

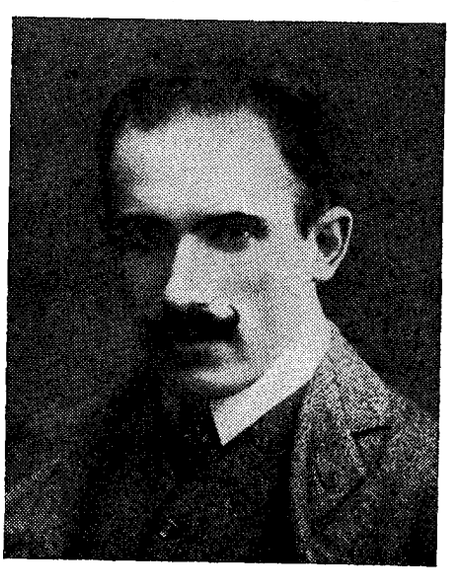
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"reveals" them, or "one hears them as for the first time." I hear them merely as I hope they should sound and so rarely do.

Other conductors, I suppose, may feel the moment as keenly or expend their abilities as fully. It has been his fortune (and our gain) for him to possess stronger sensitivities, a greater concentration of power with which to reveal them. I can, and will, instance more than a few occasions when those sensitivities, that power, were misdirected, but never a single one in which they were applied at less than maximum effort.

HE HAS lived, it seems to me, by a credo in which the explicit yields the implicit. This may be satisfactory in Wagner, a very explicit composer, or Strauss, an even more explicit one; it leaves considerable areas of doubt in Mozart and Haydn. Bach has been pretty much outside the area of his operation, save for a movement of a Suite, or a try at a "Brandenburg Concerto," literally, explicitly performed. To my knowledge, he has never performed any music of Handel. Some tax him with lack of sympathy for modern music, to which the only reasonable answer is "So what?" I remind them of the occasion, however, when he did a condensed version of Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" with dazzling effect and note also Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony ("Leningrad") as a contemporary work he mastered when circumstances required.

Beecham may match him in Rossini but who can approach his Verdi or Puccini? Walter can argue Schubert's C major Symphony with him but his "Unfinished" is also unparalleled. Furtwängler offers one kind of Beethoven Fifth and Mengelberg another kind of "Eroica," but it is hardly questionable which will be listened to with the most interest by the next generation. Stokowski's Beethoven No. 7 had a good deal to be said for it, as did Weingartner's No. 6, but would one seriously contend that, in actuality, a Toscanini performance would be faced down by either?



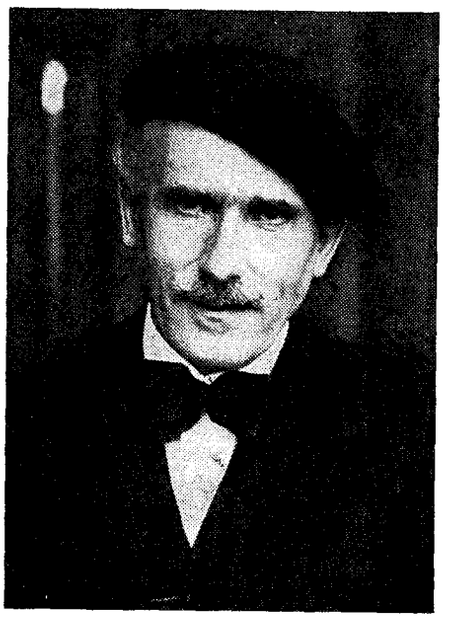
Toscanini in 1910, aged forty-three—"six impressive years at the Metropolitan."

IT IS well to remember that we are discussing a man whose first forty years of life—1867 to 1907 and later—were spent principally as a conductor of opera, who spent six impressive years (1908 to 1914) conducting at the Metropolitan. His repertory of "Aida" and "Tristan," "Manon" and "Falstaff," "L'Amore de Tre Re," "Orfeo," "Armide," "Carmen," "Meistersinger," all of Puccini, "Götterdämmerung," and "Boris" (a full dozen others included "Otello" and "Euryanthe") ranged through virtually every school and every style except Mozart. It was at that remote time—thirty-five years ago—that H. T. Parker, in the *Boston Transcript*, wrote of him:

> He was thrilling to hear in his mastery of rhythm, magnificent in the advance and the breaking of musico-dramatic climax, wondrous in the adjustment of the whole tonal mass of the orchestra and the instant it enforced or illuminated on the stage. Doing these things, his ear and the ear that listened to him rejoiced in the beauty, the vitality, the euphony, and the expressive quality of tone that he drew from his band. . . . The nervous force within him he infused into the music and play, singers, band, and audience until when he was at his highest and fullest, and in the music that stirred him, it made the atmosphere of the opera house electric.

This was long years before the Philharmonic and the NBC Orchestra; nevertheless the description stands. He remains supreme in "the music that stirs him." For reasons of radio—and, perhaps, the pleasures of the chase—he discovered during the war Johann Strauss, Waldteufel, Gershwin, Ferde Grofé, and the Hooper System of Radio Rating. To these, and to John Philip Sousa, he applied the best of his science, the most of his questing eye, the labor of his mind. But the identity of spirit he knows in "the music that stirred him" was absent here. His "Blue Danube Waltz," his "Grand Canyon Suite," his "Stars and Stripes Forever" are miracles of precision, but little else. Again: does it matter?

At best, this seems to me a reassurance that Toscanini, superior as he is to the common mold, is yet within it. For a stiff "Magic Flute" Overture there is a superbly flexible "Freischütz," for an overwrought "Leonore No. 3," a wonderfully proclamative "Meistersinger." Our argument is



Toscanini in 1933, aged sixty-six—"you will not see his like soon again."

merely that the man is incomparable, not that he is infallible.

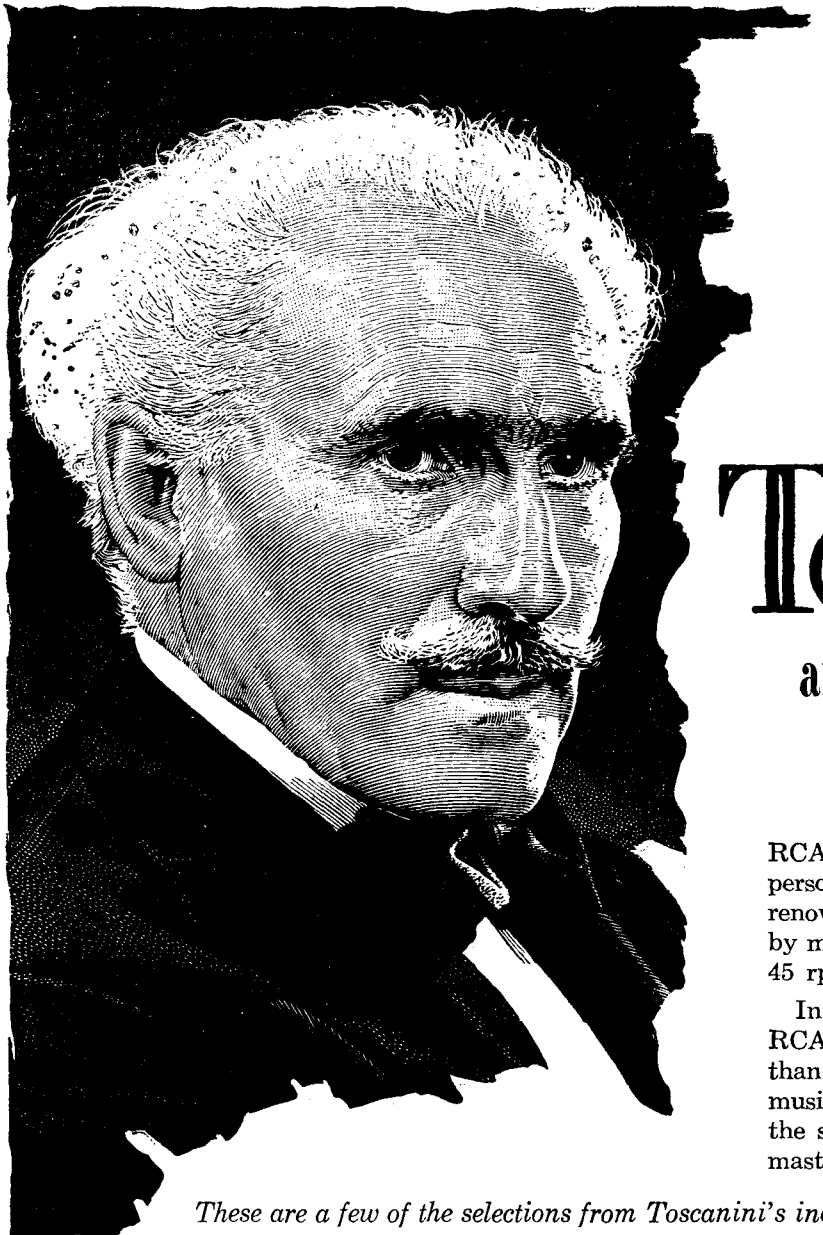
The meaning of Toscanini, it seems to me, is this expression to the uttermost, the unflagging consistency with which he has given the best of himself to all tasks in any circumstances. If anybody has ever heard an off-hand or routine performance by Toscanini, he has something to write a book about. It is conceivable that he distorted Dukas' "L'Apprenti Sorcier" or Ravel's "Bolero" with his fast tempi, but it is inconceivable that they were played that way for any reason but the simplest one. He believed they should sound so.

RATHER than "going off" in these late years, Toscanini's response to "the music that stirred him" has intensified, deepened, strengthened. His "Eroica" today is certainly more compact, forward-moving, and expressive than it was in the Thirties; and it is no more than weeks ago that he gave us a version of Elgar's "Enigma Variations" which for fervor, absorption, and intensity said the last words yet spoken on this music.

In a profession where showmanship and glamour are often admired in the place of absent ability, Toscanini is exalted not only for ability but also for his lack of extraneous gesture or display. To my knowledge, the only persons he has ever considered it necessary to impress were his co-workers—orchestral players and affiliated personnel of his operatic days. His rages, his passions, his insistence on doing something "his way" are familiar enough to constitute the equivalent, in personal lore, of Stokowski's hands. It is significant that this lore is confined to the privacy of the rehearsal

(*Continued on page 63*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New RCA VICTOR 45's

to commemorate the historic coast-to-coast tour of

Arturo Toscanini and the NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

RCA Victor commemorates the coast-to-coast personal appearance tour of Toscanini and the renowned musicians of the NBC Symphony, by making available several magnificent new 45 rpm recordings by the famed conductor.

In his exclusive thirty-year association with RCA Victor, Toscanini has recorded more than seventy of the greatest compositions in musical literature. These records rank among the supreme artistic treasures of all time... masterpieces that belong in *every* home library!

These are a few of the selections from Toscanini's incomparable Red Seal recordings:

(NEW) Daphnis and Chloé Suite No. 2—Ravel. Album of two records.*

Symphony No. 41, in C, K. 551 ("Jupiter")—Mozart. Four records.*

(NEW) Divertimento No. 15, in B-Flat, K. 287, for Strings and Two Horns—Mozart. Album of four records.*

Grand Canyon Suite—Grofé. Album of four records.*

Concerto No. 1, in B-Flat, K. 191—Mozart. Leonard Sharrow, Bassoon. Album of two records.*

(NEW) Symphony No. 101, in D ("Clock")—Haydn, and **Scherzo, Op. 61, No. 1** from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—Mendelssohn. Four records.

(NEW) Symphony No. 6, in B Minor, Op. 74 ("Pathétique")—Tchaikovsky. Album of five records.*

Romeo and Juliet (Overture-Fantasia)—Tchaikovsky. Also, **Colas Breugnon: Overture, Op. 24**—Kabalevsky. Album of three records.*

(NEW) Symphony No. 3 in E-Flat, Op. 55 ("Eroica")—Beethoven. Six records.*

A Midsummer Night's Dream (Incidental Music)—Mendelssohn. With Edna Phillips, Soprano, and Women's Chorus. Album of four records.

(NEW) Leonore Overture No. 3, Op. 72a and **Prometheus: Overture, Op. 43**—Beethoven. Album of two records.*

Manfred: Overture, Op. 115—Schumann, and **Overture to Consecration of the House, in C, Op. 124**—Beethoven. Album of three records.*

William Tell: Overture—Rossini. Album of two records.*

The Skaters Waltz—Waldteufel. Single record.

(NEW) Parsifal Prelude and Good Friday Spell—Wagner. Three records.*

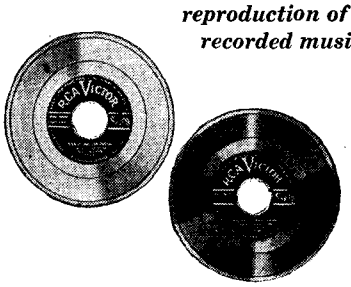
(NEW) Manfred, Op. 58 (Symphonic Poem)—Tchaikovsky. Five records.

Prelude from "Die Meistersinger"—Wagner. Single record.

Roméo et Juliette, Op. 17—Berlioz. Album of three records.*

Toscanini says of 45 rpm:

"I consider it a remarkably faithful reproduction of recorded music!"



**These selections are also available on RCA Victor long (33⅓) play records.*

RCA Victor 45's

THE WORLD'S FINEST RECORDS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Playing with The Maestro

SAMUEL ANTEK

—*Premo.*

Samuel Antek

LOOKING back on my thirteen years with Toscanini as a member of the NBC Symphony Orchestra since its founding, one thought dominates all others, musical or personal. That is the deep feeling of priceless privilege it has been to make music with him. From the reviewing stand of the orchestra, before which have passed the world's musical elect, he stands forth as a musician, conductor, and personality above all others.

After thirteen years of association, after hundreds of concerts, rehearsals, and recording sessions, the orchestra never takes him for granted any more than he takes the orchestra or the music we play for granted. No dusting off the "last" performance for him! Rather, year in and year out, there is an exhilarating stimulus in the sense of newness and freshness he brings to every performance, as if he had but now restudied his score and discovered new secrets of its meaning.

Once, during the break in a rehearsal, I asked Toscanini what he "did" in a certain symphony. He answered: "Is very simple. Play as written. Is difficult to do, but the only way. Let other *ignoranti*—conductors who think they are greater than God—do as they please. Have courage. Do as written." I remember in this connection the remark he made as he stepped off the stand after the final rehearsal of the Shostakovitch Seventh Symphony ("Leningrad") when he conducted it for the first time in 1942. "This," he said wearily, "is as it is written. Now let others start with their 'interpretations.'"

Playing "as written," playing "correctly," might be called his musical credo. This, however, is not the simple mechanical literalness that it seems to imply. The burrowing intensity and genius of Toscanini when brought to bear on "what's written" reveals a thousand facets and details usually glossed over and hidden to less gifted and discerning men. It will probably surprise many readers when I say that Toscanini is the "freest" of all conductors; but that "freedom" is taken so subtly, with such discretion and good taste that one is hardly aware of its occurrence. This expressive ebb and flow *within* the phrase without disturbing its "line" is one of the unique aspects of his music-making.

Many people in writing of Toscanini or discussing him use the word "perfection." That always rather jars me, for to use this word about him seems particularly inappropriate. His music-making is too lusty, too human, too seething with inner warmth to be summed up in something so chaste, pure, and technically cool as "perfection." I was struck with this earthy, healthy robustness at the first contact in 1937, and it has remained a dominant characteristic ever since.

Music with him always seems intuitive, never intellectual or musicological, a natural outpouring of emotion, as if music was the simplest but the most meaningful and heartfelt language in the world. The tempo, articulation, or phrasing that he had insisted upon with such passion five years before is now dismissed with a self-deprecatory gesture as he says: "You know, I was so stupid then—but *now* I understand." As if only now, in his eighties, he were approaching maturity! I often think of his remark: "Trouble is most musicians have such big heads and little hearts—they know so much and feel so little."

At a rehearsal Toscanini is wholly unsparing of himself, both physically and emotionally. I have never seen him, no matter how tired, "take things easy" or encourage the men in the orchestra to do so. I have no recollection of him ever sitting down at a rehearsal. Every suggestion to the orchestra is expressed with excitement —every moment is as intense as a performance. The longest actual "speech" to the orchestra before a rehearsal is "Good morning — take Brahms," or whatever the work happens to be. This was true at the first rehearsal and is the same today, even when he returns after months of absence. Between sessions he can be very friendly, though never familiar. On the stand he knows or recognizes no friendships or intimates. "Democracy in life, aristocracy in music," he once said. No zealot was ever more intransigent than Toscanini in converting his players to his musical concept.

If Toscanini were a general in the army he would be the officer who inspires his men by sharing the hardships of the front line with them. The one thing above all that seems to arouse his outbursts of rage is the suspicion that somehow the men were "coasting," not giving of their utmost. I remember a rehearsal of the Beethoven Ninth, where dramatic outbursts pile upon each other. The rehearsal had been going smoothly enough when he suddenly stopped and asked the woodwinds if a certain passage marked *ff* couldn't be played stronger, as it was being "covered."

The men played it again and the passage came through much stronger, clearer than before. Toscanini stopped them abruptly. "So," he said," you can play stronger. Why didn't you do it in the first place? You——! Are you asleep? Have you no respect, no feeling for music? Look at me," he cried, "look at this old man," meanwhile giving himself a resounding thump on the chest which could be heard through the hall. "I give everything—all of myself." Bathed in perspiration, he continued to pound his chest and tell off the "stupid players." The shirt came apart at the neck, and with a rip of his hand it was split to the waist. Then with a gesture of disdain he flung the baton away and stamped out, still denouncing the "stupid players" who could have played stronger the first time and didn't. When he returned it was as if nothing had happened. He seemed to have forgotten it utterly.

I MENTION this only to show how needful, how important a part of his music-making it is for him to feel that all the musicians playing with him are exerting every ounce of effort, of skill, and imagination along with him. And that is why to play with Toscanini is to feel a rare sense of ennoblement and artistic fulfilment. You are cajoled, inspired, frightened, if need be, into supreme musical effort and musical performance on the highest plane. Everyone feels himself tinged with his warmth, elevated by his high purpose.

That is why, for all the tongue lashings and the angers, the manner in which Toscanini rehearses and makes music is peculiarly complimentary to an orchestra. He expects his men to make music on the level of his own understanding. He takes for granted that you have the skill and ability to do so. He never "talks down" to the orchestra. Playing with him makes you particularly proud of being a musician; it brings a special dignity and nobility to your work. You are not only a skilful violinist, flutist, or trumpeter. You feel yourself an artist, an integral part of the performance. It is this uncanny ability, the talent he has for making musicians unlock the secret door of their personal emo-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, the hidden reservoirs of their resourcefulness and ability that is, in my experience, one of his exceptional characteristics. There is no question but that every musician who plays with Toscanini gives up some special part of himself *only* to the "Old Man."

Withal, Toscanini is the least "talking" of any conductor with whom I have ever played. Off stage he is most friendly and even garrulous. On the stand he tends to be severely formal, intent only on the work at hand. During a rehearsal there is little of the pedantic "explaining" or "teaching" type of procedure, usually the bane of an orchestra's existence. The orchestra does more playing than listening to "how" it should play. So much is expressed by eye, by stick, gesticulation, called-out suggestions, that little is left for words.

"Look me!" he yells above the sound of the orchestra as he indicates with gestures the modeling or expression of a phrase. His is not a notable baton "technique," although his stick is a beautifully expressive and classically clear one. He is essentially interested in conducting the music, not in making things easy for the orchestra. So instinctive are his gestures, I doubt whether he himself knows what particular motions or patterns he is making. This makes it difficult for the players, but sometimes he will remark: "Is difficult for me too" —although he usually makes light of the problem of being a conductor.

SOFT ensemble entrances are rarely given the little sharp attack that would insure unity. Wind players who have played the pianissimo beginning, for example, of Berlioz's "Queen Mab" Scherzo or the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture know the problem involved. But for Toscanini to give an "accent" with the stick would be contrary to the musical thought. The burden is put upon the players.

Sometimes, even with Toscanini, such passages do not come off. When they do the effect is magical.

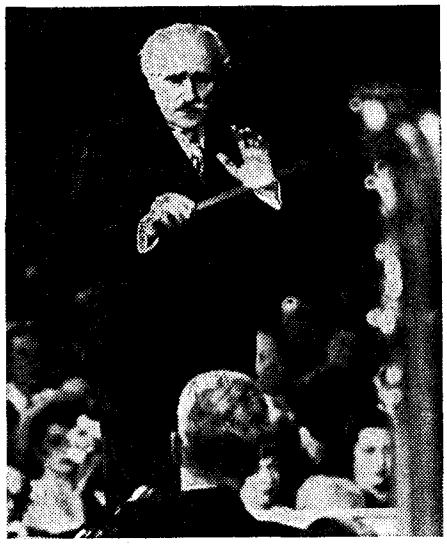
He rarely takes the easy or obvious way out of a difficulty to simplify the player's problem. In the opening of the Prelude to "Parsifal" he insists on conducting a very slow "four," thereby achieving tremendous serenity and spaciousness. It requires the greatest control on the part of the orchestra to make the necessary subdivision into "eighths" by itself. The responsibility on the players is tremendous. When, on occasion, he is forced to make a subdivision of his beat he will wax sarcastic, call the players "babies," and make a gesture mimicking a mother cradling an infant at her breast!

As nature abhors a vacuum, so Toscanini abhors what he calls a *"pasticcio"* — confusion or a hodgepodge. It is an obsession with him that all harmonies, all counterpoints and musical fragments no matter how slight or subordinate be heard and placed in their proper relationship and perspective. No other conductor I have played with has this minute awareness of all the varied strands of sound. This seeking for clarity is one of his great passions at rehearsal, and no conductor equals him in achieving proper balance, not only between various choirs of the orchestra, but within a section itself, such as four horns, a trombone choir, etc.

No one else can put his finger so unerringly on just *that* note which must be louder or softer to equalize the group, so that a chord sounds out as four "evenly matched pearls." The muddied pool becomes transparent and an amazing clarity is achieved. In works of Debussy, Strauss, and Wagner—and scores of this character are always a revelation to hear as they are "cleaned up"—Toscanini begins where most others leave off.

Just as a violinist or a pianist has his personal "tone," so too has Toscanini his with the orchestra. His palette is unusually rich, masculine, and virile, his whole range of dynamics bigger and more sonorous than other conductors — everything always "sounds." But "sound" is never an end in itself. The exhortation to "sing" is one of his most characteristic expressions. His plea "Put something! Put some blood on each note" is ever present.

Very often in the course of a rehearsal, orchestra going full blast and everyone seemingly giving of his utmost, you look up suddenly to find the flushed, handsome face of the Old Man turned in fury on your whole section. *"Arci!"* ("Use bow!"). "Don't sleep!" he screams, gesticulating a vibrato with the whole passionate left arm working toward his heart. The cry of "Geronimo" to a paratrooper could not have greater effect. As if a giant hand had reached down and suddenly shaken every member of the group, everyone is at once galvanized into a bobbing cork of activity and added effort, as if all had been given a shot of adrenalin. The vibrancy, richness, and intensity of sound that suddenly pours forth is unbelievable. Only Toscanini can whip an orchestra into this froth of sound.



Toscanini in Studio 8H—"never a superfluous or self-exploiting gesture."

ONLY most important entrances and cues are given at rehearsals, fewer at concerts. His attention tends to be essentially on the musical line, the expressiveness of the playing, the clarity and balance of the sound. The players themselves, therefore, must be particularly alert. From a technical standpoint Toscanini often conducts differently at a concert than he does in rehearsal, which can lead to perilous moments. But I have never seen him make an unnecessary, superfluous, or self-exploiting gesture. Every movement is related to a purely musical or expressive purpose.

I have never seen Toscanini smile before going on the stage or when the concert begins. When it is over, if things have gone particularly well, he may smile shyly—at which the whole orchestra almost visibly relaxes and suddenly feels better. To have pleased the Old Man is the greatest satisfaction any hundred men can get from a concert. Almost bashfully, he signals the orchestra that they may rise and share in the applause. After coming on and off for one or two bows he pulls at the sleeve of somebody in passing and whispers: "Enough, enough, let's go home!"

I have very rarely heard Toscanini praise the performance of any individual, no matter how beautiful. He seems to take the exceptional with the attitude: "What other way *is* there to play?" His highest praise is *"Bene"* ("Good") or *"Non c'è male"* ("Not so bad"). But the players would rather have *"Non c'è male"* from Toscanini than "Bravo" from any other conductor!

In his eighties today, Toscanini is the youngest, the most vital, the most dynamic person I know. No leader was ever more revered or loved by his men. All feel that the proudest distinction and privilege of their careers is "to play with Toscanini."

Besides playing in the first violin section of the NBC Symphony, Samuel Antek is conductor of the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Toscanini Discography

TOSCANINI'S recording career began in 1921 when he made some acoustical waxings with the orchestra of La Scala. Released on Victor Red Seal discs (both single and double face), they turn up fairly regularly in second-hand record shops. Needless to say, their woefully inadequate reproduction of orchestral sound gives them only curiosity value. At the dawn of electrical recording Toscanini conducted the New York Philharmonic in two "Midsummer Night's Dream" selections for the Brunswick label. Though a great improvement over the acousticals, the sound seems pretty slim by 1950 standards.

Between 1929 and 1932 the conductor recorded two symphonies and a few singles for RCA Victor. Here the recorded sound is still tolerable and the performances in some instances unsurpassed. Though some of these early electrical Red Seals have been deleted from domestic lists, they can be imported from HMV factories in Europe.

Since 1936 Toscanini's recording career has been more regular. In that year, his last season with the Philharmonic, he made a series of recordings (Beethoven, Brahms, Rossini, Wagner) which remain among his most impressive documents. The quality of reproduction is good, the virtuosity of the orchestra almost unbelievable. During the summer of 1938 Toscanini gave a series of concerts in London with the BBC Symphony Orchestra. HMV engineers commemorated this event with several treasurable waxings (Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Rossini, Weber). Here the sound is somewhat superior to the Philharmonic records, though the orchestra cannot compare.

Beginning in 1938 Toscanini began recording with the NBC Symphony Orchestra. With few exceptions his NBC waxings have been made in the egregious Studio 8H. Until its remodeling in the mid-Forties this studio produced recordings of most disappointing quality. Records from this period sound harsh, blaring, taut, unresonant. Despite these faults, the discs are bought by collectors the world over, for musical incandescence far transcends tonal dampening. Mechanical changes in the studio's construction plus more adroit recording techniques have considerably raised the standard of Toscanini releases during the last three or four years. If the recent Toscanini discs still fall somewhat short of RCA Victor's best (say, Stokowski's "Sleeping Beauty"), put it down to the conductor's impatient attitude toward electronics. His hand does not fit the recording engineer's glove.

In the list that follows, the writer has attempted to make some capsule evaluations. Toscanini's records are not all in one class of magnificence. Be advised, however, that this conductor's worst is very often worth more than an another's best.

Bach

AIR FROM SUITE NO. 3. NBC. (Last side of Mozart: Symphony No. 41, album 1080.) Notable mainly for being Toscanini's sole recorded Bach.

Barber, Samuel

ADAGIO FOR STRINGS. NBC. (Record 11-8287.) The Maestro's first venture into American repertory. Luminous playing of a fairly staid work.

Beethoven

PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1. NBC; with Ania Dorfmann. (Album 1036). Orchestral brio is catching (last movement, especially) but Miss Dorfmann's facile interpretation hardly says the last word.

PIANO CONCERTO NO. 3. NBC; with Artur Rubinstein. (Album 1016.) A bravura reading, inadequately recorded at an actual performance. Studio 8H acoustics at their harshest, with a carload of coughs to boot. Valuable document, with reduced pleasure quotient.

VIOLIN CONCERTO. NBC; with Jascha Heifetz. (Album 705.) An early 8H waxing: meaning dead sound, no reverberation. Add some unfortunate breaks, and you end up with a technical lemon. The recording bats in the major leagues, however, by virtue of Toscanini's impetus and Heifetz's technique.

CORIOLAN OVERTURE. NBC. (Record 11-9023.) Not one of his better Beethoven efforts; its keynote is volatility where sobriety is more in order.

EGMONT OVERTURE. NBC. (HMV disc DB 5705.) So poor a recording that RCA never released it domestically.

DIE WEIHE DES HAUSES, OVERTURE. NBC. (In album 1287.) Packaged by RCA with the Schumann "Manfred" Overture, compared to which this 8H effort is much less impressive.

ABSCHEULICHER, WO EILST DU HIN? ("Fidelio"). NBC; with Rose Bampton. (Record 11-9110.) A hint of vocal insecurity is the only reservation in an otherwise admirable disc.

DIE GESCHÖPFE DES PROMETHUS, OVERTURE. NBC. (Last side of Beethoven: "Leonore" Overture No. 3, album 1098.)

LEONORE OVERTURE NO. 1. BBC. (Record 15945.) This happy memento of the Maestro's prewar London appearances is still without peer.

LEONORE OVERTURE NO. 3. NBC. (Album 1098.) Those who revel in the frenzied clarion call will find no fault. Others might prefer a little less energy. Harsh sound from 8H.

STRING QUARTET IN F, OPUS 135 (second and third movements). NBC. (Album 590.) Purists will take a dim view of twenty strings doing the work of one. This listener is too impressed with the Scherzo's sparkle, the Lento's poignance to cavil.

SYMPHONY NO. 1. BBC. (Album 507.) Beautiful, sonorous recording from England of the late Thirties. No one else sets the Rondo to capering like this.

SYMPHONY NO. 3. NBC. (Album 1375.) A re-recording to be reviewed next month. It replaces album 765, which was an interpretation beyond compare, lessened for the phonophile's enjoyment by a wretched "actual performance" waxing.

SYMPHONY NO. 4. BBC. (Album 676.) Another of the fine BBC recordings. Toscanini handles this difficult score with greater conviction than any phonographic competitor.

SYMPHONY NO. 5. NBC. (Album 640). A landmark of recorded literature: muscular, dramatic, probing. 8H, unfortunately, is only too evident in the quality of sound.

SYMPHONY NO. 6. BBC. (Album 417.) The storm (fourth movement) is a touchstone of orchestral sonority and clarity. One senses a relaxation here not always evident in the later Beethoven waxings. Again, a plaudit for British recording technique.

SYMPHONY NO. 7. N.Y. Philharmonic. (Album 317.) Our only record of Toscanini's Beethoven with the Philharmonic. A great orchestra, Carnegie Hall acoustics. The breaks are many and disturbing.

SYMPHONY NO. 8. NBC. (Album 908.) One of the better 8H products. It takes the Maestro to do full justice to this ebullient music.

Berlioz

ROMÉO ET JULIETTE (excerpts). NBC. (Album 1160; LP 1019.) It is a pleasure to throw a bouquet to an NBC orchestra recording. This one has estimable presence and sonority. The engineers' success is as nothing, however, compared to Toscanini's. These searchingly beautiful excerpts are played with unbelievable finesse and intensity. When can we expect the long-awaited "Queen Mab" Scherzo?

Brahms

PIANO CONCERTO NO. 2. NBC; with Vladimir Horowitz. (Album 740.) The locale for this waxing was Carnegie Hall, not 8H, and the sound bears testimony. Your real Brahmsian may take exception to this sparkling, Mediterranean conception. Others will find it a compelling and exciting experience. Son-in-law Horowitz is in no small way responsible.

SYMPHONY NO. 1. NBC. (Album 875.) Another technical success for RCA's engineers. The Maestro's way with Brahms is never to let the tempo sag, never to muddy the orchestral fabric. That it yields estimable dividends is well attested by this recording.

TRAGIC OVERTURE. BBC. (Last three sides of album 507, with Beethoven: Symphony No. 1.) An A for Toscanini and the HMV engineers; a C for Brahms.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME OF HAYDN. N.Y. Philharmonic. (Album 355.) Is this the conductor's greatest recording? If not, it comes close. The precision of Variation V, the lilt of Variation VII, the sweep of the Finale—all are as memorable today as when in 1938 this masterpiece was first issued.

Dukas

L'APPRENTI SORCIER. N.Y. Philharmonic. (Record 7021.) An eight-minute presentation of a score which unfolds to better effect in something like eleven.

Gluck

DANCE OF THE BLESSED SPIRITS ("Orfeo"). NBC and N.Y. Philharmonic. (Last side of Mozart: Symphony No. 35, albums 1172 and 65, respectively.)

Grofé

GRAND CANYON SUITE. NBC. (Album 1038.) The same care is lavished on this as on a Beethoven symphony—which is wonderful if you're fond of Grofé.

Haydn

SYMPHONY NO. 88. NBC. (Album 454.) An early product from Studio 8H, and we all know what *that* means by now. Musically it

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a model of clarity and precision, perhaps a bit too razor sharp at times.

SYMPHONY NO. 98. NBC. (Album 1025.) Compare this with No. 88 and the recent improvement in 8H recording is immediately evident. Put this down in every respect as one of Toscanini's finest waxings.

SYMPHONY NO. 101 ("Clock"). NBC and N.Y. Philharmonic. (Albums 1368 and 57, respectively.) To be reviewed next month.

Kabalevsky

COLAS BREUGNON, OVERTURE. (Last side of Tchaikovsky: "Romeo and Juliet," album 1178.)

Mendelssohn

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, INCIDENTAL MUSIC. NBC. (Album 1280.) This is one reason for the hesitation in according the term "greatest" to Toscanini's "Haydn Variations." Competition of the strongest is offered here, whether in the spaciousness of the "Nocturne," the dazzle of the "Scherzo," or the nobility of the "Wedding March." Top-notch recording makes this amazing interpretation even more desirable for the phonophile.

OCTET, OPUS 20 (Scherzo movement). NBC. (Last side of Haydn: Symphony No. 98, album 1025.)

Mozart

CONCERTO FOR BASSOON AND ORCHESTRA, K.191. NBC; with Leonard Sharrow. (Album 1304.) Good recording, though Mozart has sounded more lithe and supple than this.

DIVERTIMENTO FOR STRINGS AND TWO HORNS, K.287. NBC. (Album 1355.) To be reviewed next month.

DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE, OVERTURE. BBC. (Record 15190.) The majestic opening is all one might desire, but after this the British players seem hard put to keep to the pace set by their spirited conductor.

SYMPHONY NO. 35 ("Haffner"). NBC and N.Y Philharmonic. (Albums 1172 and 65, respectively.) For all its antediluvian reproduction, I prefer the older waxing. It is driven less brutally, more inclined to wit.

SYMPHONY NO. 40. NBC. (Album 631.) A bad example of Studio 8H; a good example of Toscanini's precisely articulated Mozart style. It's not to everybody's taste.

SYMPHONY NO. 41 ("Jupiter"). NBC. (Album 1080.) The engineers have done a better job here than in the two preceding items, and the "Jupiter" is more suited to Toscanini's heroic drive.

Paganini

MOTO PERPETUO. NBC. (Odd side in Beethoven: Quartet, Opus 135, album 590.)

Ravel

DAPHNIS ET CHLOE SUITE NO. 2. NBC. (Album 1374.) To be reviewed next month.

Rossini

IL BARBIERE, LA GAZZA LADRA, LA CENERENTOLA, IL SIGNOR BRUSCHINO, OVERTURES. NBC. (Album 1037.) Toscanini's penchant for Rossini needs no comment. Good reproduction. An earlier recording of the "Barbiere" with the Philharmonic (record 7255) is not to be sneezed at either.

SEMIRAMIDE, L'ITALIANA IN ALGERI, LA SCALA DI SIETA, OVERTURES. The first two with N.Y. Philharmonic, the latter with BBC. (Album 825.) The Philharmonic offerings are notable for beauty of tone, precision of attack. I like this the best of Toscanini's three Rossini albums.

WILLIAM TELL, OVERTURE. NBC. (Album 605.) The Maestro does nobly by this warhorse; the engineers decidedly less so.

Schubert

SYMPHONY NO. 9. NBC. (Album 1167.) A reading of great power and imposing architecture, though the easy-going Franz might be rather dismayed at all this attention to detail.

Schumann

MANFRED OVERTURE. NBC. (Album 1287.) A recent recording in Carnegie Hall habitat, which speaks well for the quality of sound. It's Toscanini's only recorded Schumann, and makes one wish for more.

Sousa

STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER. NBC. (Record 11-9188.) C'est la guerre.

Strauss, Johann

ON THE BLUE DANUBE. NBC. (Record 11-8580.) The waltz king has had interpreters of far greater persuasion, as this and the following entry clearly indicate.

TRITSCH-TRATSCH POLKA. NBC. (Record 11-9188.)

Tchaikovsky

PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1. NBC; with Vladimir Horowitz. (Album 800.) Though uncertain as to which of his recordings rates as greatest, I'll take a chance and nominate this as Toscanini's worst. One attentive listening does the work of six cups of strong black coffee. Tchaikovsky is lost in the stampede.

ROMEO AND JULIET. NBC. (Album 1178, LP 1919.) On its own merits this is a praiseworthy rendering. Coupled with the Berlioz "Roméo" on LP it becomes irresistible.

MANFRED SYMPHONY. NBC. (Album 1372.) To be reviewed next month.

SYMPHONY NO. 6 ("Pathétique"). NBC. (Album 1281.) Toscanini does not put his best foot forward with the doleful Slav. Even so, his "next best" is still masterful. Excellent postwar recording technique.

Thomas

MIGNON, OVERTURE. NBC. (Record 11-8545.) Dullish music; magnificent playing.

Verdi

LA FORZA DEL DESTINO, OVERTURE. NBC. (Record 11-9010.) Verdi figures less prominently on this list than he should. The Overture to "La Forza" does no more than whet our appetites for a complete "Manzoni Requiem" or "Otello."

LA TRAVIATA, PRELUDES ACTS I AND III. NBC and N.Y. Philharmonic. (Records 18080 and HMV DB 6002, respectively.) If there is more magic in the older recording, the difference is no greater than between a Montrachet and a Chablis. Both are so good that comparisons matter little.

Wagner

EINE FAUST OUVERTÜRE. NBC. (In album 1135.) Another instance wherein precision has driven away some flavor. Otherwise a fine effort on the part of all concerned.

LOHENGRIN, PRELUDE. NBC and N.Y. Philharmonic. (Records 11-8807 and 14006, respectively, the latter in album 308.) The mixture of sobriety and exaltation in this music is splendidly realized by the conductor. The sound of both recordings is good, with a slight advantage going to the NBC.

LOHENGRIN, ACT III PRELUDE. N.Y. Philharmonic. (In album 308.) Bravura playing by the great Philharmonic of the mid-Thirties.

DIE MEISTERSINGER, PRELUDE. NBC. (Record 11-9385.) The music is famous for its contrapuntal complexity. Who better than Toscanini, then, to disclose the score in all its plenitude? A single of distinction.

PRELUDE AND GOOD FRIDAY SPELL ("Parsifal"). NBC. (Album 1376.) To be reviewed next month.

RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES. NBC. (In album 1135.) Exciting stuff for "them who likes it."

SIEGFRIED'S RHINE JOURNEY ("Götterdämmerung"). NBC and N.Y. Philharmonic. (In albums 853 and 308, respectively.) Toscanini's nobility of utterance, his marshaling of orchestral rhetoric are nowhere heard to more glowing effect. The Philharmonic is the better of two excellences; the NBC, however, boasts the added attraction of "Siegfried's Funeral Music."

BRÜNNHILDE'S IMMOLATION ("Götterdämmerung"). NBC; with Helen Traubel. (Album 978.) Magnificence from every quarter. Traubel is in superb voice, the Maestro at his most incandescent. The engineers did right by them, too.

ISOLDE'S LIEBSTOD ("Tristan"). NBC. (Last side of "Brünnhilde's Immolation," album 978.)

SIEGFRIED IDYLL. NBC and N. Y. Philharmonic. (In albums 1135 and 308, respectively.) A gracious, heart-warming interpretation. The differences, again, are niggling. The NBC is a later recording, of course, and sounds it.

Waldteufel

THE SKATERS WALTZ. NBC. (Record 11-8949.) Put this on the same shelf with Toscanini's Sousa and Strauss (Johann).

Weber

INVITATION TO THE DANCE (arr. Berlioz). BBC. (Record 15192.) The geniality and grace evident so often elsewhere are strangely missing here. Perhaps the unfamiliarity of orchestra and conductor was to blame.

DER FREISCHUTZ, OVERTURE. NBC. (Record 11-9172.) It is meet and proper to end with perfection of this order. Future generations will (or at least should) marvel at the incomparable orchestral molding displayed in this disc Triple A recording.

—ROLAND GELATT.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But, Mr. Schubert, this composition isn't even finished."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings in Review

Haydn, the Incomparable

HAYDN: *"The Creation." Clemens Krauss conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, with Trude Eipperle, soprano, Georg Hann, bass, Julius Patzak, tenor, and Isolde Ahlgrimm, cembalo.* (Haydn Society LP set 2005, $17.85.)

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 92 in G ("Oxford"). George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Symphony No. 101 in D ("Clock"). Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* (Columbia LP 4268, $4.85.)

HAYDN: *"Quinten" and "Emperor" Quartets. (Opus 76, Nos. 2 and 3.) Galimir Quartet. (Period LP 504,* $4.85.)

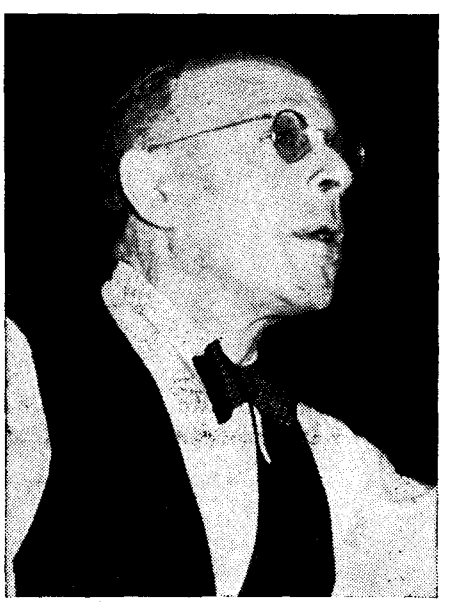
What started out confidently, by the calendar, as a Bach year seems to be turning rapidly into the greatest year for Franz Joseph Haydn that the phonograph has yet known. Should the pace to date be continued (and both Toscanini and Stokowski will be contributing to it ere long) it will be a cherishable experience.

As a melodist, we engage him here in a spurt of pulsing flow which marks "The Creation" as a kind of bloodletting of a musical artery. It pours forth in regal grandeur and homely devotion from one end of the three-hour experience to the other. In view of the premium that cost puts upon qualified choral performance with symphony orchestras in this country, it is reasonably safe to say that no such integrated, artistic performance has been heard in an American metropolis for a generation.

That claim does not imply perfection, for there are serious blemishes in the technical work, and Patzak is no longer the fresh-voiced singer he was nearly twenty years ago when heard as David in a Munich "Meistersinger." However, he remains a brilliantly intelligent one, capable of conveying the meaning of anything he sings, if not all of its sensuous beauty. Among the others, Hann is consistently excellent, Eipperle a sound stylist if not vocally assured in this kind of difficult writing. For Krauss this is a powerful, completely understood performance on the order of his splendid "Alto Rhapsody" of Brahms with Ferrier. I find the total sound blurred in outline and a little hazy in detail—not quite the equal of what might be expected from our commercial companies. However, the spirit of Haydn is all over it. Karl Geiringer's excellent brochure supplies a clue to the centering of Haydn enterprise in Boston; he is, of course, the great Viennese authority on that composer, now living in Boston.

As for the more modest but no less consequential disc from Columbia, it contains one of the best performances of a Haydn symphony I have ever heard: Szell's "Oxford." It may lack a little cushion of resonance or caress in its sharp attacks, but it is in almost every other respect an extraordinary piece of execution, precise, sensitive, and wholly stylistic. The Cleveland Orchestra responds to him with amazing crispness and precision, yet with sufficient freedom to make the experience exhilarating as well as instructive. Ormandy's "Clock" is not quite as impressively spirited, but it is a superb example of this orchestra at its best. At that, the slow movement from which the work derives its name is cleanly, conscientiously, and considerately played. The reproduction of both works is of a clarity and justice now considered routine for Columbia; a year ago it would have been sensational.

As much may be said for the sensitive, well-adjusted playing by the Galimir ensemble of two choice Haydn quartets. I don't know how many man hours of effort have gone into this venture, but that is a matter of concern only to the Galimir Quartet relative to J. C. Petrillo. To my ear, they have sacrificed nothing in time or thought to make these performances a paragon of excellence in their chosen field, and they have attained a remarkable level of efficiency. Galimir is a sensitive leader, his partners well qualified to match his standard of performance. The recording is clean and well balanced.



George Szell — "precise, sensitive, and wholly stylistic."

Droshky Built for Two

KHACHATURIAN: *Concerto for Piano. Oscar Levant, piano, with Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.* (Columbia LP 4288, $4.85.)

In theatre jargon, the Khachaturian Piano Concerto (no number, please; let us be grateful there is only one) is what is called a vehicle—something in which a favored actor can make an appearance and, presumably, ride off in all directions at once. Musically, considering its background and character, it might be termed a droshky for two—the soloist and his conductor, who can, between them, have quite a tour of glory.

In this instance, Levant and Mitropoulos seem to me much more sure-handed, with a keener sense of direction than either previous occupants of this vehicle — Moura Lympany and Anatole Fistoulari for an overseas express, William Kapell and Serge Koussevitzky for a Boston coach. If there is any music in this piece (the fact that I still leave room for doubt suggests the extent to which I am an open-minded man) Levant has plumbed it and Mitropoulos has passed the secret on to the orchestra. It is all, to my taste, glittering and fragile, illuminated by these talents to give the surface sheen of music if nothing more.

As a performance it is certainly the best of an extended work that Levant has yet achieved, swift (when necessary) and full of subtleties in treatment which—again—don't seem to me to count for very much. The conductor's incisive manner is altogether complementary both to the music and the soloist's treatment of it, resulting in a dashed brilliant LP if not a very sound experience in sound. I do not allude here to the reproduction, which is powerful, broad, and full of impact, especially in the excellent reproduction of the piano.

"Italian" Symphony

MARTUCCI: *Symphony No. 2 in F. Antonio Guarnieri conducting the orchestra of La Scala.* (Capitol-Telefunken LP 8064, $4.85.)

If ever one expected to hear a Martucci symphony from discs it would seem that Arturo Toscanini would have been the intermediary, for only his interest in the works of that late nineteenth-century Italian composer

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gave him an occasional hearing during the Thirties. As well as favoring briefer pieces, he has actually included this symphony in his broadcasts.

Its qualities are not easy to describe, for it has no flowing cantilena line, as one might expect from a composer born in Capua in 1856, nor is it methodical in its working out in the Brahmsian fashion. Two or three hearings have given me only a limited familiarity with its scheme, but I find myself every so often thinking of Bruckner. This may be in part occasioned by some heavily scored brass passages in the first movement, or in other part by a slight wandering-of-the-attention induced by the unfamiliar scheme itself. However, there are more than a few patches of blue in the clouded sky, and I don't doubt that the sun will break through eventually.

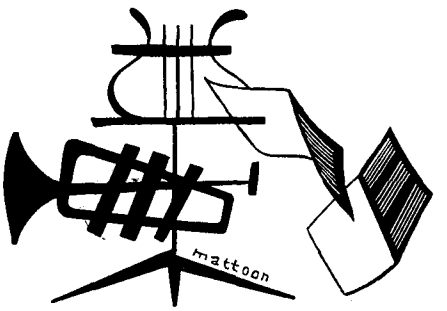
In musical as well as meteorological terms, Guarnieri's performance is an illuminating one, if perhaps not the sunburst that Toscanini's would be. This conductor, now in his late sixties, is a keen, forceful interpreter, obviously enamoured of this work. As a technical feat, the recording is decidedly uneven, suggesting either muffled conditions at the time of registration or some oddity in dubbing to the LP. There are surprisingly full brass passages at some points, bright strings at others; and, more often, a dulness in the middle and low registers that doesn't add to listening pleasures. In addition, my copy was distinctly noisy. Withal, it is an experience of interest with a work deserving of more prominence than it enjoys.

A Beethoven Premiere

BEETHOVEN: *Octet in E flat, Opus 103. Ensemble conducted by Thomas Scherman.* (EMS LP 1A, $5.95.)

EMS may eventually attain a significance in recording lore currently associated with HMV, EMI, EDA, RCA, and CRC by the production of, say, a few hundred discs of this quality but, for the moment, this New York record shop may be admired for the enterprise which has impelled it to produce this uncommon and, so far as I know, previously unrecorded element of the Beethoven catalogue. Those *au courant* with Beethoven recognize the high opus number as a cloak for a work of Beethoven's youth, accepted for publication when his reputation was more than securely established.

The special interest it has today—aside from the beautiful sonority inherent in the bassoon, oboes, horns, and clarinets in pairs—is the evidence of the influence exerted by Mozart in this phase of Beethoven's development. I recognize that I am embracing a conventional (and generally mistaken view) in allying Beethoven with Mozart, for the sophisticated attitude is that he was more directly influenced by Haydn. In this particu-



lar instance it is plain that Beethoven had in some circumstance or other heard such a work as Mozart's "Gran Partita" (K.361) and was understandably stirred by its sound. Scherman and his players have done a highly successful job of re-creation, and the recording is one of the best we have heard from a company operating with limited facilities. However, magnetic tape makes all men equal—as they used to say of Smith and Wesson—suggesting that the "majors" will have to develop some new facilities to make them superior to the "independents." —IRVING KOLODIN.

Labyrinthine Mass

STRAVINSKY: *"Mass" for double wind quintet and chorus of men and boys. The composer conducting a wind ensemble and the Church of the Blessed Sacrament Choir.* (RCA Victor album 1349, $4.75.)

The grand style established for musical settings of the mass since Bach's monumental work may lead one to expect from Stravinsky's contribution to this genre something he did not attempt. His modest, deeply religious work, essentially a profession of faith, is content merely to serve the church as the early Flemish masters did. Composers of the fifteenth century merely expanded the chaste configurations of Gregorian liturgy through contrapuntal means.

Since this tradition still exists in the Catholic church, Stravinsky is not returning to the past in evoking it. He is merely giving it contemporary expression. An accompaniment confined to wind instruments preserves, in one sense, the character of early music, which, if it had any instruments at all, assembled them from this category. Stravinsky uses them at times, moreover, as a second chorus (as in the Agnus Dei) or merely as so many other voices intertwining with the real singers (the Gloria). In another sense, the choice of the combination is typical of our time, when composers prefer an imaginatively selected group of instruments to the standard chamber or orchestral ensembles. The instruments too (as in the Kyrie and Sanctus) provide the chief contemporary allusions, as meaningful asides giving broader reference to the whole. Occasionally, the voices are infected by the more contemporary accents of the instruments for such appropriate words as "Hosanna." But, except for the typically Stravinskyan dissonances, they veer mostly to a course of plainly step-wise motion, either chantlike or slightly melismatic in the Gregorian manner.

Stravinsky's mass is in the intimate class of chamber music, and in no sense intended to assume the scope of his great choral works, "Persephone," "Oedipus Rex," and the "Symphony of Psalms." It has the simple directness of truth. Its religious sentiment is a bridge to those who share his beliefs. Others may be discouraged, especially after the amiability of "Orpheus," by its austere scoring and the mordancy of dissonances when deployed by voices and winds. For those who meet halfway a work that maintains more than the usual reserve, a fascination lies in following the labyrinth of dissonances through to their resolutions in extraordinarily clear, cool harmonious chords (as in the instrumental opening of the Agnus Dei). It is more than an intellectual joy—the feeling, rather, of being liberated after wandering in an underground passage that seems to offer no exit.

The task of finding boy sopranos and altos to cope with the problems of this score was very difficult indeed. Critics and scholars may idly belittle Stravinsky's share in this mass by pointing to the patterns of Dufay in it. But in practice the proportion of originality brought to it seems so great that the average church singer finds it much beyond his domain. Warren Foley accepted the challenge after other groups had shied away. All in all, he did well under the circumstances. What we would gain by having expert women singers performing the upper parts with greater confidence is balanced by the angelic sound of boys' voices. The solo parts, where boys are used in pairs to overcome their timidity, are especially affecting. It would be good, however, to be able to compare a performance by a first-class chorus of men and women with concert experience, a group with a firmer pulse and intonation.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See Page 65 for Pop Report

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor. Pierre Monteux conducting the San Francisco Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1340, $3.50.	A clear, straightforward, comprehending performance, reproduced with clarity if no notable degree of resonance. However, the clangor and exhibitionism of Respighi's "orchestral interpretation" (made, lest it be forgotten, for Toscanini in the shadow of Stokowski's famous shocker) are hardly duplicated by this kind of carefully formulated statement. It either comes to a boil or, literally, there is no pressure. Monteux seems to me between Bach and Respighi, which is the equivalent, musically, of Scylla and Charybdis.
Beethoven: Sonata No. 7 in C minor (Op. 30, No. 2). Joseph Szigeti, violin; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. Columbia LP 2097, $3.85.	Though Columbia has a comparatively recent (and more than comparatively satisfactory) version by Isaac Stern and Alexander Zakin, it has chosen to give Szigeti his head in this matter, though there are many other works as worthy which are not presently in its catalogue. It is a superb piece of reproduction, though this is no favor to Szigeti's acidulous tone, more than usually wiry here. Since the company invites these comparisons, I will endorse Szigeti for sense and subtlety, still prefer Stern (these S's!) for suavity, style, and sheer sensual satisfaction.
Borodin: Quartet No. 2 in D. Galimir Quartet. Period LP 505, $4.85.	Some phonophiles of long memory may remember the charming "Notturno" of this work as a separate issue of the London Quartet, among others. Here it is in its proper place, along with the lesser known movements—which are, in strict fact, of lesser interest also. They are a little too much in the style and shape of that delightfully lyric expression to make a wholly integrated work—allowing that variety should be a part of integration. I can't say much for the idea of putting the finale on the second side of the disc, meaning that one has to get up *before* it to change, *after* it to stop. Otherwise, it will inevitably be followed by the three "Jour de Fête" pieces written by Glazounov, Liadov, and Rimsky-Korsakov in honor of M. P. Belaiff, their publisher. The Galimir's playing is excellently stylistic and polished, the recording on a proper plane of quality.
Brahms: "Variations on a Theme of Haydn." Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, pianos. RCA Victor album 1347, $3.50.	Since I have resisted the blandishments, in this music, of more deft and varied players than the Messrs. Whittemore and Lowe, I am compelled to observe that the work does not seem any more suitable to the pianos in their hands than in those of B&R, V&B, or, for that matter, A&P. The evidence on behalf of Brahms's intentions may be answered by the further evidence that the orchestral version came afterwards, and may be accepted as his last word on the subject. The recording is good, the playing clean, but hardly persuasive.
Chopin: Ballade in A flat, etc. Leopold Godowsky, piano. Allegro LP 31, $3.85.	Lest the reader's eye seem to be deceiving him, the facts are as stated: An LP of Chopin (the C sharp minor Scherzo, three Waltzes, and a Nocturne are also included) by Leopold Godowsky, who has been dead almost a decade. They are transcriptions of sound from a piano roll, however—something other than live performance. There should be a reasonable amount of sonority, at least, but apparently the instrument which would respond to these rolls was itself old and tired. There is little ring or clarity in the sound, assuming that the reproduction itself is contemporary. As for the playing, I have listened to each side three times to banish thought of the odd means employed, but it still sounds to me as my Ampico did, c.1925. The sharp attacks, releases, heavily detached runs, and dry vibrationless tone is the work of so many blasts of air, not of human fingers. A curio, if that is what Allegro was aiming for, but I should hardly like to hear Godowsky's opinion of the way this roll "phrases" for him. As noted, the piano tone is dead, and there is an aggravating swish in the disc itself.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 1 in D. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia LP 4269, $4.85.	The alert, bright performance by Leinsdorf (as heard in C-687) of Dvorak's characteristically lively early work transferred to LP with high success. A fine fillip to the ordinary symphonic diet.
Purcell: Trio Sonatas. Henri Merckel and George Alès, violins; André Navarra, cello, and Isabelle Nef, harpsichord. OLP 1, $17.85.	To the innumerable abbreviations of LP creation (something, certainly, to rival Washington in wartime) L'Oiseau Lyre has not merely added OLP—suggesting Office of Lute Playing—but also TTT. This, for our non-Francophiles, means *Disques à Trente Trois Tours,* or, approximately, 33 1/3 RPM. In any case, the playing of Merckel and his associates of these endlessly engrossing ensemble works, is still enviably artistic, the treatment as distinguished as the material—which is praise on a high level. The processing is of Columbia's customary excellence, and the advantage of price thereby conferred must result in a considerable widening of the audience for this music and its performance.
Tchaikovsky: Serenade in C. Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor 1346, $6.	To speak no ill of the departed is an admirable sentiment, but it can hardly be denied that the frazzled reproduction of Mengelberg's interpretation offered last month by Capitol has infinitely more lift, drive, and vitality than this clean, effortful, and almost spectacularly uninteresting performance by Koussevitzky. How much better it would be had his ear for effects deteriorated, rather than his heart for music! Koussevitzky may still believe he has it, but the evidence is too clear to the contrary. Glossy, rather shallow sound, due in part, probably, to the low caloric output of the tone itself.
Wagner: "Weiche Wotan," etc. Elizabeth Wysor, contralto, with Zoltan Fekete conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. Continental Records album, $5.85.	When first heard at Town Hall in New York a dozen years ago, Miss Wysor was an impressive singer for the range and quality of her voice, her effort to encompass the classical repertory for her voice. In this album are continuing evidence of that effort, ranging from Gluck's "Divinités du Styx" to "Weiche Wotan," Waltraute's beseechment of Brünnhilde from "Götterdämmerung," as well as excerpts from works of Verdi, Meyerbeer, and Mozart. All are indicative of Miss Wysor's vocal endowment and her responsible attitude toward it, but the recording is so poorly equalized (Vienna is apparently the point of origin), the balance of orchestra and voice so loaded in the latter's favor that any recommendation has to be a qualified one. Fekete obliges with the required entrances and the orchestra is efficient, but the whole enterprise is sub-standard, technically. It improves with reduced volume, for the recording apparently was made with considerable input. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Favorites and "Firsts" Brilliantly Recorded by Europe's Leading Artists

Capitol Classics
INCLUDING
CAPITOL-TELEFUNKEN

PETER ANDERS, *Tenor*

ANDERS SINGS MOZART ARIAS

"Abduction from the Seraglio"

"Don Giovanni"

"The Magic Flute"

33⅓ rpm—$3.85

Critics of great music agree that Peter Anders, dramatic tenor, possesses one of the truly great voices of our time. His inspired performances of six favorite Mozart arias for Capitol Classics offer an unusually rich musical experience. Included are three arias from "Abduction from the Seraglio," two from "Don Giovanni" and one from "The Magic Flute."

A CAPITOL "FIRST"

Never before presented on records in this country, the glorious Bach motet, "Singet Dem Herrn," is now yours exclusively on Capitol Classics—superbly recorded by the Choir of the State Academy, Berlin. Excerpts from two great Bach cantatas are also included.

BACH—*Motet*—"Singet Dem Herrn"

Excerpts from Cantata No. 50—"Nun ist das Heil und die Kraft," sung by the Choir of *the State Academy, Berlin.*

Excerpts from Cantata No. 104—"Du Hirte Israel, höre," Carl Schuricht conducting Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus.

33⅓ rpm—$3.85; 78 rpm—$5.00; 45 rpm—$3.35

EXCLUSIVE for EASTER!

In time for Easter enjoyment, Capitol Classics brings you the first domestic release of the world-famed Vienna Choir Boys singing favorite songs by Franz Schubert. Renowned wherever great choral singing is appreciated, the Choir Boys interpret religious music with fervor and sincerity. Also included in the 33⅓ rpm edition of this album are nine superbly sung German folk songs.

SCHUBERT—Favorite Songs

Featuring the Vienna Choir Boys

33⅓ rpm (includes 9 German Folk Songs)—$4.85; 78 rpm—$5.00; 45 rpm—$3.35

Superb Easter "Single"

HANDEL—"I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," Parts I & II (from "The Messiah")

Featuring the Boy Soprano of the Vienna Choir Boys

78 rpm—$1.00; 45 rpm—$.95

Capitol REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. RECORDS HOLLYWOOD

WORLD FAMED CLASSICS AT ALL THREE SPEEDS: 33⅓...45...78...RPM

As to 33⅓ rpm records, prices shown are suggested for record, package and excise tax, complete, excluding State and local taxes—for all other records, add excise tax; All prices are subject to change without notice.

CAPITOL'S MARK OF MUSICAL MERIT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Liberty's Library of Recorded Music presents

NIELSEN—Humoreske and Romance from Fantasistykker with Waldemar Wolsing, oboe and Herman Koppel, piano.
Columbia LD-1 One 10" Record **$2.10**

DELIUS—Intermezzo and Serenade from "Hassan" and **TCHAIKOVSKY**—Waltz from "Sleeping Beauty" with Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, H. Rignold, cond.
Columbia DX-1621 One 12" Record **$2.10**

ARTHUR GRUMIAUX, violinist, plays DANZA ESPANOLA (Granados-Kreisler) and DANZA ESPANOLA from La Vida Breve (De Falla-Kreisler).
Columbia DX-1634 One 12" Record **$2.10**

CHOPIN—Scherzo No. 4 in E. Minor with Louis Kentner, pianist.
Columbia DX-1626 One 12" Record **$2.10**

W. B. YEATS—Selected Poems, as read by C. Day Lewis and Mary O'Farrell, including Easter 1916, Death, Down By The Salley Gardens, The Scholars, The Wild Swans at Coole, The Second Coming, Lapis Lazuli, Ribh Considers Christian Love Insussient, Sailing to Byzantium and Byzantium.
Columbia DX-1637/38 Two 12" Records **$4.20**

SAUGUET—Les Forains—Ballet with Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux as conducted by Henri Sauguet.
Polydor Three 12" Records **$6.50**

For parcel post and insurance, add 3% of total east of Mississippi (min. 50¢), 5% of total west of Mississippi (min. 75¢).

LIBERTY *Music Shops*

IMPORTED RECORDS DEPARTMENT
450 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

FOR THE BEST ON LONG PLAYING ITS } **DIAL EMS REB**

dial CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

#1 BARTOK Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion Instruments
#2 SCHOENBERG Kammersymphonie
#4 SCHOENBERG 3rd Quartet
#5 ALBAN BERG Lyric Suite
#6 HOVHANESS Piano Concerto
#7 WEBERN Symphony—Opus 21
#8 MESSIAEN Vision de l'Amen
#9 ALBAN BERG Chamber Concerto

$5.95 each — 12" LPs

DIAL RECORDS • 520 W 50 • N Y 19

R • E • B *Editions*—Rowayton, Conn.

HEINRICH SCHUETZ
Christmas History
A FIRST RECORDING
33 1/3 RPM-microgroove only
REB No. 3, $5.95
THE CANTATA SINGERS
and an orchestra including treble viols, recorders, and continuo, conducted by ARTHUR MENDEL

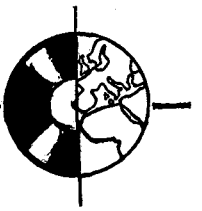
EMS Recordings Series 1950

BEETHOVEN
OCTET in E flat major, Op. 103
RONDINO in E flat major, Grove 146
Little Orchestra Society
Thomas SCHERMAN conducting
EMS-1, $5.95

Order from your dealer or through
EMS Recordings—9 East 44th St., NYC 17

THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)



LONDON.

AN OUTSTANDING musical event took place here a few days ago —the London debut of the Spanish soprano Victoria de Los Angeles. Few singers can ever have aroused such expectations as this young artist; with her broadcast appearance in Falla's "La Vida Breve" two years ago and the half dozen records that have appeared since then, she had already built up a reputation that many an artist twice her age might well envy. She appeared in "La Bohême." Though I would hardly call Mimi her ideal part, since neither her voice nor her appearance suggests the frailty of Puccini's heroine, she made an indelible impression on a packed Covent Garden audience. Los Angeles's voice possesses ample volume and her middle and lower registers are of outstanding warmth and richness. During the first act the top notes sounded a little hard, but this was evidently due to nerves rather than to any characteristic Spanish timbre; by the time the third act had arrived there was no trace of this harshness left.

It is possible, nay likely, since Victoria de Los Angeles is only in her middle twenties, that her voice has not yet completely matured, but there can be no question as to her artistic maturity. She is one of those rare artists who do not merely delight us by flawless intonation and beautiful phrasing, but who can with subtle inflections of the voice illuminate her part. I shall never forget her reply of "Curioso" with which Mimi answers Rodolfo's superfluous question at the end of Act I. It was a devastating revelation of the "eternal feminine."

Los Angeles's latest record is of considerable importance since she has tackled "Porgi amor" from Act II of Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro." This is indeed a severe test and, while I am certain that she will sing it even better five years from now, she shows that Mozart at his most exacting holds no terrors for her. Perhaps she should not yet sing the Countess, but her rich low register would make her an ideal Fiordiligi, with Donna Anna to follow a little later. With "Porgi amor" she gives us "Je ne suis que faiblesse" from "Manon." I cannot recall ever having heard a more beautiful and touching performance of the sad little farewell. I believe that New Yorkers will soon be fortunate enough to hear this remarkable singer in their own opera house; we only hope that she will be able to return here next season.

Both HMV and Columbia have this month released a major work by Brahms, the former giving us yet another version of the Violin Concerto, while Columbia fills a notable gap with the B flat Quartet. Menuhin and Furtwängler are the concerto's protagonists, assisted by the Lucerne Festival Orchestra and a somewhat too reverberant hall. Two years ago we had the Beethoven Concerto from the identical artists, a recording which suffered largely from Menuhin's pale performance and his frequent lapses of intonation. Both the pallor and the lapses are still with us here, though not quite to the same extent as previously. In spite of the enormous popularity he enjoys in this country, Menuhin is no longer the fiddler he once was. There is a curiously detached quality about his playing which prevents him from getting under the skin of the music. Furtwängler's contribution is typical. He secures some fine sound from the orchestra but is inclined to be ponderous, particularly in the Finale. The very opening of the performance is a perfect example of his inability to give a clear beat and thereby to insure a unanimous start.

The Busch performance of the B flat Quartet, Op. 67, makes one regret that they did not record it in the Thirties, when Andreasson and Doktor were second fiddle and viola respectively and when Adolf Busch himself did not play with quite such a disregard for beauty of tone and accuracy of intonation as he does today. I should gladly dispense with the undoubted benefits of modern recording if Busch's great musical insight were still enhanced by the high technical standard which his quartet displayed fifteen years ago. Yet there are many moments of great beauty in this performance, and these make one inclined to put up with the rough sound that abounds elsewhere. Columbia's recording is admirable.

APART from the Brahms quartet the instrumental records this month are largely devoted to the piano. There is the customary liberal helping of Chopin; some very attractive Preludes by Lennox Berkeley, an English pupil of Nadia Boulanger, played by

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Colin Horsley; a welcome return to records by Myra Hess, who plays Bach's Adagio from the C major Toccata and the fourth of the "Six Little Preludes." Pride of place, however, belongs to Gerald Moore, who has been our number-one accompanist for so long that it is difficult to believe when his name appears on a label *tout seul*. He gives a delightful account of Bartók's "Children's Pieces," recorded on two ten-inch HMV discs.

The vocal field is unusually crowded. In addition to the long list of Parlophone-Cetras, there are a good many interesting contributions from the other companies. Schumann's song cycle "Dichterliebe" is usually the province of male singers, and when a soprano ventures on this territory one is apt to examine such gate-crashing rather carefully. In the case of Mlle. Suzanne Danco such scrutiny fails to reveal anything but a finely thought out performance, intelligently and beautifully sung. She is splendidly supported by Guido Agosti at the piano, and Decca's recording is very fine indeed. With the possible exception of the old Panzéra-Cortot set, this is the finest "Dichterliebe" we have yet had. Decca is also responsible for introducing to us the young Italian baritone Giuseppe Valdengo, whom we have yet to hear in person. His good, robust voice is excellently displayed in the "Pagliacci" Prologue. Though I have heard performances of far greater subtlety than his, from a technical point of view this disc could scarcely be bettered.

Joan Hammond is this month "promoted" to the HMV Red Label class, and she suitably celebrates this achievement with perhaps her best record to date, a moving performance of "Madre, Madre, pietosa Vergine" from Verdi's "Forza del Destino." The dozen records forming the first Parlophone release of Cetra titles since the war have been, on the whole, a severe disappointment. The pleasure of seeing so many unfamiliar excerpts listed has been offset by the mediocrity of most of the singing, the poverty of the orchestral playing, and the roughness of the recordings. Here is the clearest indication of the decline of the art of singing in Italy we have yet had.

SOME few years ago Columbia deleted a unique disc containing the opening chorale and the "Wach Auf!" chorus from "Die Meistersinger," recorded at an actual 1936 Covent Garden performance directed by Beecham. This record had recently become quite a collector's piece, a fact which presumably even came to the notice of the Columbia Company. Instead, however, of doing the sensible thing and reissuing it, a new record was made by Karajan with the Vienna Opera Chorus and Philharmonic. Yet, in spite of the excellent forces involved and the greater opportunity of achieving good results in the studio, the new disc does not come within a mile of its predecessor. Was it the atmosphere of the "live" performance? Or Lemnitz's soprano soaring over the voices of the congregation? Or was it merely Beecham in an inspired mood? Whatever the answer, those who possess the old record will not want to exchange it.

The delicious orchestral byplay in the "Meistersinger" chorale (depicting Eva's irreverent flirtation with Walter) may have little in common with the instrumental decorations in some of Bach's more elaborate chorales, but I would not be in the least surprised if Wagner had been keenly aware of Bach's habit of breaking up a chorale into lines punctuated by instrumental passages. Two of the finest examples of this practice have been most beautifully recorded by Decca, and it is a welcome change to hear "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" and "Sleepers, Wake!" as Bach wrote them and not arranged for orchestra or piano. Dr. Jacques conducts the Cantata Singers and his own chamber orchestra on this lovely record.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

LLPA-2 — $17.85 — 3 12" Long Playing Red Label Records
THE ART OF THE FUGUE—(Kunst Der Fuge)
(ORCHESTRATED BY ROGER VUATAZ)
Studio Orchestra, Beromunster under HERMANN SCHERCHEN

LPS-86 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
SYMPHONY No. 41, In C MAJOR "Jupiter" (Mozart) (K. 551)
London Symphony Orchestra under JOSEF KRIPS

LPS-90 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
VIOLIN CONCERTO In E MINOR (Mendelssohn) (Opus 64)
ALFREDO CAMPOLI with London Philharmonic Orchestra under EDUARD VAN BEINUM

LPS-124 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
SYMPHONY No. 103, In E FLAT MAJOR "Drum Roll" (Haydn)
London Philharmonic Orchestra under GEORG SOLTI

LPS-126 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
SCHELOMO "Hebraic Rhapsody for Cello and Orchestra" (Ernest Bloch)
ZARA NELSOVA with London Philharmonic Orchestra under the composer ERNEST BLOCH

LPS-157 — $4.95 — 10" Red Label Record
VOCAL AIRS FROM ROBERT STOLZ OPERETTAS
FANG DIR EINEN KLEINEN SONNENSTRAHL • WENN DU UND ICH UNS KÜSSEN WERDEN • AUF DER HEIDE BLUH'N DIE LETZTEN ROSEN • FRAG NICHT WARUM ICH GEHE
JOHN HENDRIK and MARCEL WITTRISCH (Tenors) with the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra under the composer

ORCHESTRAL AIRS FROM ROBERT STOLZ OPERETTAS
DIE KINOKÖNIGIN-WALZER • DIE KEUSCHE SUSANNE-WALZER • SALOME-FOX TROT • AUCH DU WIRST MICH EINMAL BETRUGEN
ROBERT STOLZ conducting the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra

LLP-158 — $5.95 — 12" Red Label Record
MUSIC OF RALPH BENATZKY—Vocal and Orchestral Airs
MUTTERLEIN BLEIB IMMER BEI MIR • DREI MUSKETIERE • IM WEISSEN RÖSSL AM WOLGANGSEE • ZUSCHAU'N KANN ICH NICHT • DAS WEISSE RÖSSL — Medley • ADIEU MIMI — Medley • HERZEN IM SCHNEE — Medley • DREI MUSKETIERE — Medley • MEINE SCHWESTER UND ICH — Medley
MARCEL WITTRISCH (Tenor) with the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra under VICTOR REINSHAGEN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Concert Hall Society
LONG PLAYING RECORDS
33-1/3 RPM • Micro-groove
Extended Fidelity Range

CHC-36—16TH CENTURY FRENCH AND ITALIAN MADRIGALS — The Randolph Singers; David Randolph, conductor
CHC-37—VIVALDI—Concerti in B-Flat and E Minor for 'Cello and Strings—Leo Rostal, 'cellist; Concert Hall String Ensemble
CHC-39—BARTOK—Violin Sonata No. 2; Roumanian Dances — Tossy Spivakovsky, violinist; Artur Balsam, pianist.
CHC-42—BEETHOVEN — String Quartet in E-Flat, Op. 74, No. 10 ("Harp")—Winterthur String Quartet
CHC-43—BOCCHERINI—String Quartets Op. 10, No. 2, in D Minor; Op. 33, No. 5, in G Minor—The Guilet String Quartet
CHC-44—BAROQUE CHORAL MUSIC—Choral works by Bach, Schein, Palestrina, Gallus and Purcell — Dessoff Choirs
CHC-45—DVORAK—Piano Quintet in A, Op. 81—Winterthur String Quartet; Clara Haskil, pianist
CHC-46—BRAHMS—Piano Quintet in F F Minor, Op. 34—Winterthur String Quartet; Clara Haskil, pianist
*CHC-48—CHINESE SONGS—Yi-Kwei Sze, bass; Nancy Lee Sze, pianist

12" . . . price $4.85 ea.
(*) 10" . . . price $3.85 ea.

These works available at your local dealer. For complete listings write to below address.

The Concert Hall Society
250 West 57th Street
New York 19, N. Y.

READ CANBY
at his best in Audio Engineering, where he writes for engineers, high-fidelity-audio hobbyists, and MUSIC LOVERS. His comments on records are augmented by ideas and opinions on recording, radio, and related subjects presented in his inimitable manner by this critic-with-an-engineering-viewpoint.

HIGH FIDELITY
addicts find other interests in Audio Engineering, which is THE authority on audio. Here you learn how to get the utmost from records, with reliable information on pickups, amplifiers, speakers, and all the best equipment for home radio and music systems. If you want maximum quality, more realism, true concert presence, you must read Audio Engineering magazine.

Trial 9-Month Subscription—$2.00

AUDIO ENGINEERING, Dept. L
342 Madison Avenue New York 17, N. Y.

ARTURO TOSCANINI
A PHOTOBIOGRAPHY
by Susanne Winternitz Hoeller
The only book about the Maestro now in print $3.00

MUSIC AND ITS ENVIRONMENT
by Robert Kemper Rosenburg
Music as a Part of History $2.00

FIDDLER'S LUCK
by Robert Haven Schauffler
Gay Adventures of an Amateur $1.00

ISLAND PRESS, 470 W. 24th St., N.Y.C. 11

LISTEN TO HIGHEST QUALITY PERFORMANCE ONLY!
An individualized service from planning to completed installation of
Custom Built Equipment
Amplifiers, FM Radio-Phono, etc.
Designed and Constructed by
ULRIC J. CHILDS, Audio Engineer
1601 FIRST AVE., (cor. 83rd St.) TRafalgar 9-8290

Some Highs and Lows

SOUND REFLECTION

ONE of the more controversial aspects of the chain of good reproduction is that last fleeting link, from speaker onwards, when, the electronics men having finished their job, the remade sound is launched like a tennis ball from its racquet to follow its own free path. Not free, though, in the case of sound, for every tone that leaves a loudspeaker must fill up an all-important enclosed space on its way to your ear—your own living room. What happens to liberated sound there can affect your listening pleasure as vitally as all other factors combined.

Take, for example, the principle of sound reflection, an idea that I have been purposefully toying with for these many months. Physically speaking, there is no doubt that the most accurate reception of a loudspeaker's sound is to be had directly in front of it. If the speaker's "beam" is headed away from the listener a loss in higher tones is inevitable. From a strictly logical viewpoint this is distortion of the reproduced sound and, logically, you will find few engineers listening elsewhere than squarely in the center of their speakers' beams.

But, say I (the listener and musician), what a far grosser distortion of music itself is the so-called "point-source" of tone that most of us experience as we listen square-on to our phonographs! Music heard naturally via two ears comes to us by indirection, by multiple reflection: this is the sense of liveness, fulness, that makes music natural. Without such reflection, music heard from one direction only sounds, as we so graphically describe it, "dead." Could there be a more obvious terminology?

We cannot at this stage hear recorded music in the two-eared way that is natural to music itself, the two ears fusing unlike sounds as the two eyes blend unlike pictures. But we can enormously enhance realism in the listening if we spread the apparent source of our own recorded music as far afield as possible from that deadly dead-center point, the loudspeaker. It can be done by reflection, and with luck, most effectively. Yes, we may lose some higher tones. That is a price. Not serious, I say, and if you make sure that the surfaces encountered on the way are hard and shiny, that loss will be minimized. Sound reflection is a tricky business and it may not work for you. But if it does the gain in musical naturalness may astound—even with the cheapest of machines.

Reflected and spread out properly, a small orchestra sound suddenly zooms up large as life. A string quartet, from pea-sized reproduction, takes full shape and space before your very ears. The specific illusion of increased size is uncanny.

Moreover — and this is worth an article in itself—you will discover a profound psychological phenomenon that I have yet to hear described. Whereas "point-source" reproduction tends to emphasize, painfully, every electrical distortion that comes the speaker's way, the more reflection you can achieve (that is, the more nearly you imitate a natural, wide sound-source) the more tolerant will be your ear towards all degrees and sorts of tonal infidelity. Poor records sound better, surface noise seems less intrusive (though its volume may be the same), ear-fatiguing squawks, blurs, ringings, and what-not recede into the mental background. You will find, I think, that this is closely related to the well-known difference between monaural and natural (binaural) hearing in respect to the ability to sort out background and foreground sounds—every hearing-aid user will know what I mean by that.

PRELIMINARY suggestions for experiment with reflection: First, remember that reflecting surfaces must be hard and non-absorbent. Walls, ceiling and floor, windows, venetian blinds, steam radiators (these last excellent breakers-up of a beam), pianos, hard chairs and tables, glass-covered pictures, all give usable reflection. Rugs, draperies, upholstery are utterly taboo, near to the speaker. Second, aim away from you—at right angles or even straight away. But don't point at a single flat surface, which will merely reflect a mirror image right back. Intercept part of the beam nearby and allow part to travel further on; point at odd complex angles, to catch the greatest variety of reflecting surfaces.

If you find a spot where, with little loss in brilliance, you are unable to tell by ear exactly where the speaker is or, better, if the sound seems to come from a general region well removed from the actual source, you will have made a nice beginning. It may take much hi'sting of furniture and perhaps a small charge of dynamite to get even this far—but, believe me, it's worth it!

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC

(*Continued from page 19*)

"apparent irrelevancies," such as biographical sketches of various Russian musicians which have no bearing on the subject of the book. For the reader's sake it would have been wise to leave out such superfluities as the repeated postscripts in Rachmaninoff's letters containing regards to his former classmate's wife and necessitating cumbersome footnotes. On the other hand, footnotes are certainly required for such obscure references as Rachmaninoff's query in one of his letters: "Well, did you see Kitesh?" (probably, Rimsky-Korsakov's opera "Tale of the City of Kitezh"). Mentioning Rachmaninoff's intention of writing an opera to Chekhov's play "Uncle Vanya," Mr. Seroff remarks: "It is probable that his song 'Let Us Rest' was written in connection with this plan." It should have been made clear that the words for this song are from "Uncle Vanya."

Some interesting episodes in Rachmaninoff's life are overlooked in Mr. Seroff's biography, as, for instance, Rachmaninoff's musical letter to Stanislavsky, written in 1908 on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Moscow Art Theatre. Incidentally, Rachmaninoff's musical signature in this letter settles once and for all the correct pronunciation of his name, with the rhythmic accent falling on the second syllable. One also misses in Mr. Seroff's book some of the excellent anecdotes told by Mikhail Chekhov (the writer's nephew) in the Rachmaninoff memorial volume, published in New York in 1946, in Russian. Here is one. "Why do you conduct without a podium?" Chekhov asked Rachmaninoff. "I am so tall that on a podium I would look like an observation tower!" replied Rachmaninoff. "How wonderful it is to be *tall!*" sighed Chekhov. "It is hideous!" exclaimed Rachmaninoff.

From Strings to Opera

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ITALIAN MUSIC, by Grace O'Brien. Jarrolds, New York. $4. Within its compass this is a rewarding critical study. The author discusses only vital steps in the musical development in Italy from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, but her discussion has authority and accent. Her method resembles moving-picture photography made with narrow-angle lens. Against a blurred background of Renaissance or Baroque life the objects in focus stand forth doubly sharp. These range from the secular art music fostered by ducal courts and the schools of church composers that attained worldwide eminence, to the creation of the opera and of the two instruments which we owe to Italy: the violin and the piano.

One aspect of Italian musical genius emerges with mounting clarity as its growth is traced. An exuberant vitality is shown to have preserved its national characteristics even when Northerners of more mature technical powers usurped musical leadership. Though the hardy plant was not immune to the blight of excessive prosperity that weakened seventeenth-century Italy, after the decadence it could still leave an indelible imprint on the music of other countries.

The author's system of suggesting the frame of historical events while advancing her central theme is ill-adapted to rounded portraiture. It also involves *obiter dicta* that are too compressed to be accurate. The assertion that "Henry the Fourth of France went to Florence to marry Maria de' Medici" is a case in point. In other respects the distaff contribution to musicology is enriched by this adept and swift-flowing survey.

—KATHLEEN O'DONNELL HOOVER.

New 1950 Releases

MERCURY CLASSICS LONG PLAYING RECORDS

REEVES-FAIRCHILD MARGIN CONTROL · YOUR GUARANTEE OF BETTER QUALITY

BACH *Sonatas and Partitas for Solo Violin (Complete Series)* *ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER*
MGL-1 (MG10017/20 INCLUSIVE)—FOUR 12" RECORDS IN DELUXE CONTAINER $19.40

BRAHMS *2 Sonatas for Clarinet and Piano, Op. 120*
REGINALD KELL ★ *MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI* MG10016—12" RECORD, $4.85

STRAVINSKY *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto* ★ *Card Party (Ballet)*
IGOR STRAVINSKY conducting MG10014—12" RECORD, $4.85

BRAHMS *Quartet No. 1 in G Minor, Op. 25* ★ *Quartet No. 3 in C Minor, Op. 60*
Mieczyslaw Horszowski (piano), Alexander Schneider (violin), Milton Katims (viola), Frank Miller ('cello) MG10011—12" RECORD, $4.85 ★ MG 10010—12" RECORD, $4.85

MANUEL DE FALLA *Harpsichord Concerto* *RALPH KIRKPATRICK & Chamber Ensemble*
VITTORIO RIETI *Partita for Harpsichord, Flute, Oboe, and String Quartet*
SYLVIA MARLOWE with Julius Baker, Mitchell Miller, and Kroll Quartet
MG10012—12" RECORD, $4.85

MERCURY RECORD CORPORATION • CHICAGO, ILL.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

MENOTTI MOVES AHEAD

IT WOULD be a helpful thing if Gian-Carlo Menotti and those esthetically associated with him could decide just what such a creation as "The Consul"* should be called. Menotti says "musical drama" for this one. So be it. We shall not mention opera, save as the names of Puccini, Strauss, Wagner, Debussy, or Britten enter, perversely, into the matter.

In any case, and without qualification, "The Consul" marks for me the high point to date of Menotti's writing for the theatre. It is worth noting, too, that it is his first full-length work, succeeding such one-acters as "Amelia Goes to the Ball" and "The Old Maid and the Thief," the somewhat more extended "Island God" and "The Medium." If "full length" seems too elaborate a term for a work which begins at 8:40 and is over at 11, call it then his first three-act work. In "The Consul," whatever its attenuations, Menotti has solved with success the famous query posed by Arthur Hopkins in his book on stagecraft: to wit, "How's Your Second Act?" He has gone beyond it to an end, a culmination and a climax, which is as much as any third act, musical or dramatic, need be.

The theatre comes into this inevitably and pre-eminently because Menotti composes his own book and lyrics as well as the music for them. If he fails himself in these fundamentals, redemption through sound would be hard indeed. In "The Consul," however, he has exercised his well-known instinct for the theatrical in a manner freer, more original, and—in the end—more meaningful than ever before. If the mood is melodrama, it is probably closer to the original definition of that term than anything we have been offered since, for an instance, O'Neill's "Emperor Jones."

Oppression and frustration are the twin themes; the place: "Somewhere in Europe," the time: "Now." The Consul, who is never seen, is no more than a symbol—a symbol of hope through flight, the avenue of an escape from the tight restrictions of a border, across some frontier (mostly of the mind) to a haven where oppression and fear do not exist. Almost as relentlessly as the theme itself, the action shuttles between a barren flat, in which a hunted man lives with his wife and mother and baby, and the office of the Consul, with its promise for freedom. When the hunters close in he flees, hopeful that his family may follow. Between them is the Consul and his rubber stamp, an endless bridge of papers, documents, affidavits, forms.

Through his theatrical resource Menotti elaborates this theme with a sure hand. Magda Sorel, the wife of the hunted, is no more than one who comes to the Consul first in hope, then in anguish, finally in desperation. There are also a stranded magician, an elegant lady, an aging gentleman, a peasant woman who only speaks Italian, etc. The types are plain, but allegory has been a respected technique from "Pilgrim's Progress" to the present. One "gets through"; but which one I do not propose to tell.

Over this skeletal frame Menotti has woven a framework of music which builds, like a bird's nest, out of any available matter. A sentimental song succeeded by melodramatic "chase" music, a Rosenkavalierish trio in which the fugitive takes leave of his wife and mother, a charming bit of fantasy involving the magician, the strokes of Grand Guignol horror expectable from the creator of "The Medium," and as climax to the second act a superb dramatic aria for the wife which is authentic musical theatre of a quality rarely heard since Puccini left "Turandot" incomplete on his writing desk. It is easy to assert that this episode might have bit even deeper had Menotti been working with a full-sized orchestra. One may doubt, though, that the effect would have been as intimate and personal in the development of the stated theme: "To this we've come, that men withhold the world from men," as Magda Sorel beats vainly against the iron wall of paper in which she is imprisoned.

Each of the acts has at least one scene of fantasy to relieve the grim reality: though this would seem a little too calculated for artistic truth, the episodes grow naturally, convincingly out of the action. Like much else in "The Consul," movie technique is suggested by these dissolves. "Destination Hollywood" seems certainly in order for the whole work, more or less as it stands. With the kind of dialogue, now sung, now spoken, and the characterization of individuals by the music they sing, it is quite conceivable that "The Consul" could be the first true merger of movie resources with music.

Among the best episodes for this purpose are the scenes in the Consul's office. Such, for example, as the duet in the Italian style, in which the peasant woman makes an impassioned plea in her own tongue for a visa, and the character played by George Jongeyans translates in a counter

—*Talbot.*

Marie Powers, Leon Lischner, Patricia Neway—"Oppression and frustration are the twin themes; the place: 'Somewhere in Europe,' the time: 'Now'."

**THE CONSUL, by Gian-Carlo Menotti. Directed by the author. Settings by Horace Armistead. Costumes by Grace Houston. Presented by Chandler Cowles and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. With a cast including Patricia Neway, Marie Powers, Andrew McKinley, Gloria Lane, George Jongeyans, Cornell MacNeill, and Lydia Summers, etc. Musical direction, Lehmann Engel. At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, New York City. Opened March 15, 1950.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

melody; or the succeeding quintet, in which the magician evokes a ballroom in order to show his skill as a hypnotist; or the quartet, in the manner of "Rigoletto" or "Bohême," in which the secretary and the one favored visa-seeker exchange congratulations while the wife and one of her husband's friends express their apprehensions contrapuntally. The method is old but unassailable, especially as Menotti has worn this rueful scene with a difference.

A special feature of "The Consul" is the composer's shrewd choice of personnel, his excellent integration of it in his own staging. Everybody knows the work of which Marie Powers is capable. She does it here beautifully, believably as the Mother, in what is a strong, but essentially subordinate role. Patricia Neway will never be an unknown again, and the best one can wish for her is that she will always be as good a singer and as sound an actress as she is in the leading role of Magda Sorel. The task of finding a magician who could sing was solved by Menotti's choice of Andrew McKinley, who was a first-rate tenor before he learned magic from Fred Keating, and a good violinist before he decided to become a singer.

Menotti's attention to detail has also produced such excellent performers as Gloria Lane, the "Papers Papers" secretary; George Jongeyans and Maria Malo as those who share the Italian-English duet; Cornell MacNeill as the fugitive husband, and Leon Lischner as his principal pursuer. Add Lydia Summers as the elegant lady, and the always authoritative conducting of Lehmann Engel, and you have an ensemble beyond reproach.

For casual entertainment "The Consul" will certainly be rewarding. Those with a more exacting standard will mark it as an expanding instance of Menotti's capacity to dominate a musical-dramatic problem which appeals to him, and a further indication of his sure sense of direction in the development of his uncommon talents.

—Irving Kolodin.

THE MEANING OF TOSCANINI

(*Continued from page 48*)

room. It is no part, in any degree, of his public behavior.

So far as research can determine, his musical life has been a wholly consistent one. He has done, with a negligible number of exceptions, exactly as the spirit has moved him and he has done it wholly from the riches of his gift and the strength of his conviction. Beecham comes to mind as the only other conductor in our time of whom as much could be said, and Toscanini never had any such formidable silent partner as the Englishman's inheritance of a family fortune.

If this idol should have feet of clay, they have nevertheless carried him consistently on a path of artistic integrity. Once, as a young man, they carried him straight out of a theatre where he had just concluded a frustrating performance onto a boat for South America. All he had at the other end was the prospect of a job. On another occasion they took him out of the Metropolitan, out of the association with his friend Gatti, back to an Italy at war. Personal reasons were involved, but artistic ones were paramount. I should have liked to hear the military band he conducted those days in the front-line areas!

In the days of Mussolini's editorship of a Socialist paper he was one of his followers in a program to rejuvenate Italy. In fact, in the immediate aftermath of World War I they were both candidates for the Senate—and ingloriously defeated. After the march on Rome, however, he saw no more of Mussolini, except on a single occasion when he was begged to intercede on behalf of his fellow musicians and their problems. In its nastier aspects he rejected Fascism altogether, following the occasion in 1931 when he was stoned in Bologna for refusing to play "Giovenezza" before a concert. Likewise, Nazism.

When he turned down Hitler's personal invitation (extended through Furtwängler) to participate in the Bayreuth festival of 1936, and stated explicitly why, he took a position of spiritual leadership in the musical community which he had long held artistically. It spoke eloquently that as well as conducting Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with passion he understood and shared Schiller's conviction: *"Alle menschen werden brüder."*

This, then, is a Man—three-dimensional, full grown, fallible, yet so right so many times—who has lived a life of devotion to his art and profound belief in its fundamental utility. It seems, from our reading of history, that there used to be more of them, but that may be only a delusion. We cherish him, in any case, as an example and applaud the opportunity now provided for others throughout the country to experience what has been New York's exclusive privilege for so long. Look, listen well; you will not see his like soon again.

WESTMINSTER

announces its

First Group of 12" Long Playing Exclusive Releases

We have produced a new Long Playing (33-1/3 RPM) Record—made possible by our exclusive recording method, which brings to you the finest in recorded sound, the highest quality and true tonal fidelity.

Recorded for the first time

WL 50-1
KODALY:
TE DEUM
Vienna Symphony Orchestra; Wiener Chor. Soloists: Jurinac, Wagner, Christ, Poell Conducted by Henry Swoboda
THEATRE OVERTURE
Vienna Symphony Orchestra Conducted by Henry Swoboda

WL 50-2
BOCCHERINI:
SYMPHONY, A Major
Vienna Symphony Orchestra Conducted by Henry Swoboda
HAYDN, Josef:
OCTET, F Major
Vienna Philharmonic Wind Group. 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets, 2 Bassoons, 2 Horns

WL 50-3
BEETHOVEN:
OCTET, E Flat Major, Op. 103
Vienna Philharmonic Wind Group 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets, 2 Bassoons, 2 Horns
SEXTET, E Flat Major, Op. 71
Vienna Philharmonic Wind Group 2 Clarinets, 2 Bassoons, 2 Horns

WL 50-4
STRAUSS, Richard:
MACBETH, Op. 23 Symphonic Poem
MARTINU:
CONCERTO GROSSO
Vienna Symphony Orchestra Conducted by Henry Swoboda

WL 50-5
MOZART:
SERENADE #5, K.204
SYMPHONY #22, K.162
Vienna Symphony Orchestra Conducted by Henry Swoboda

WL 50-6
VIVALDI
VIOLIN CONCERTO, E Flat Major
VIOLIN CONCERTO, G Min., Op. 12
Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Peter Rybar Violin. Conducted by Rudolf Moralt

The Westminster Policy is to invite Music Lovers to send in their requests for new recordings. Every effort will be made to fill the gaps in recorded music in accordance with the volume of demand.

EACH RECORD IS $5.95

Order today from your dealer. If he cannot supply you, send us his name. Sales made through retail dealers only.

WESTMINSTER RECORDING CO., Inc.
233 West 42 St., N. Y. 18, N. Y.

YOUR FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAM RECORDED "OFF THE AIR" ON MICROGROOVE RECORDS
$1.50 Complete 30 minute program on vinylite
High musical fidelity. Order by mail or telephone.
WAGNER-NICHOLS HOME RECORDING SERVICE
130 West 46th St., N. Y. JU 6-2842

RECORDS MAKE THE PERFECT GIFT FOR YOUR WEEKEND HOSTESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Designed for Dancing"

RCA VICTOR has trotted out its top dance bands in an ambitious new venture, "Designed for Dancing"—fifteen albums of music by that number of popular composers, each played by a different maestro (WP 263/277, 45 rpm, $2.30 each). The albums range in tone from Tommy Dorsey's handsome drapery of Cole Porter to Spike Jones's ludicrous revival of Charleston rhythms. We have heard a few of the albums complete, and samples from them all.

Most of the music is in the middle *tempi*, where dance music is apt to be most rewarding. The extremely turgid rhythms so popular in recent years are more suited to the davenport than the dance floor, while the faster *tempi*, whether "society bounce" or hot stomp, can be achieved only at the sacrifice of considerable perspiration and a good deal of erotic nuance. In short, it is our feeling that social dancing should be neither a public version of a private swoon nor an indoor translation of an outdoor marathon. We think it should be at once voluptuous and mobile. There is no reason at all why the fox trot cannot share these qualities with the slow waltz or the Indiana scronch. And for this the middle *tempi* are the thing.

The over-all impression of the bands in "Designed for Dancing" is of lush arrangements played with great precision—in other words, of the glossiest musical packaging. This, of course, is the temper of the times. It seems to be the prevailing notion in "sweet" music circles that the value of music varies directly with the thickness of the chords; for a bandmaster to appear with less than five parts reed and six parts brass is to risk public and professional damnation. We have long been too addicted to the four sparse voices of the Beethoven and Mozart quartets to share this feeling, and, moreover, we get very tired of the endless syrupy blending of large saxophone sections and the walloping brass *tuttis* which suggest that Jericho is still standing. In "sweet" music as in "hot" we could do with a lot more informality, with less arrangement and more improvising, with less varnish and more spirit. One of the basic charms of the best popular music is its air of warm spontaneity, and it should be played with that in mind.

At their best, of course, the brilliant modern dance bands are very striking indeed. Johnny Thompson's arrangements of Cole Porter for Tommy Dorsey are in high style: there is a truly Porterian elegance in their graceful writing for the individual sections; they make delightful use of the fact that a big orchestra like Dorsey's includes many small ones, and they are built around subtle and fetching dance beats. At the other end of the "Designed for Dancing" spectrum, with Spike Jones, are quite other pleasures. Jones's musical parodies have often seemed pretty standardized, in their hectic way. But here, treating several of the old Charleston tunes such as "Varsity Drag," he has a wonderful loony consistency and appropriateness. There can be few things funnier in music than the vehemence of his xylophonist, who gives the absolute *coup de grace* to the whole idea of pure virtuosity. The other bandsmen and composers in "Designed for Dancing" are Tex Beneke (Hoagy Carmichael), Spade Cooley (Billy Hill), Ralph Flanagan (Rodgers & Hammerstein), Larry Green (Vincent Youmans), Erskine Hawkins (W. C. Handy), Sammy Kaye (Irving Berlin), Wayne King (Johann Strauss), Freddy Martin (Jerome Kern), Ray McKinley (Rodgers & Hart), Vaughan Monroe (Victor Herbert), Claude Thornhill (George Gershwin), Charlie Ventura (Duke Ellington), and Miguelito Valdes (Ernesto Lecuona).

We have been in rich correspondence with Kay C. Thompson of Forest Hills, Long Island, a woman who knows, and apparently plays, her ragtime. She calls our attention to four sides of piano rag composed and played by the veteran Charles Thompson of St. Louis, who once defeated the historic Tom Turpin for the Missouri State Championship. "The Lily Rag," "Derby Stomp," "Delmar Rag," and "Lingering Blues" are all fine music and sound to us exceedingly traditional (American Music 527, 528, $1.05). Our correspondent, we gather, will engage all comers on the proposition that Thompson is a *non pareil*, outshining even "Jelly Roll" Morton in authoritative ragtime technique. With nothing like her learning, we should say she has a strong case, but we also take this opportunity to tell her that, deviationist as he may be, we still regard young Ralph Sutton as a galvanic ragtime player.

Those more interested in jazz's destiny than its sources may wish to take notice of Hank D'Amico's "Museum of Modern Jazz" album (M-G-M 49, $3.93), in which the clarinetist is joined by various-sized combinations featuring such experts as Bobby Hackett, trumpet; George Wettling, drums; Arthur Rollini, tenor saxophone; Vernon Brown, trombone, and the Buddy Weed Trio. Working on a number of well-known themes, such as "Poor Butterfly" and "If Dreams Come True," their solo playing is often of quality, especially Hackett's, while their arrangements are deft, harmonically varied (including a flavor of be-bop), and rather on the genteel side. Too much so for our taste—but gifted.

The hot-jazz classic "That's a Plenty" is almost never vocalized for reasons inherent in its structure; it calls for a mastery of speed which few singers possess. Nellie Lutcher, the shouting pianist, has solved this difficulty by taking the number even faster than necessary and making a highly infectious business out of it (Capitol 878, 75¢).

—WILDER HOBSON.

—*Robert Perkins.*

Spike Jones and band—"a wonderful loony consistency and appropriateness."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Bailey, Mildred: "Thanks for the Memory," etc. Columbia LP 6094, $2.85.	A Columbia pop LP to be starred and double starred: eight substantial songs from the Bailey catalogue, sung with the ease, naturalness, and infinite charm of that great singer at her best. They are, of course, not new—but who cares? Included are such favorites as "I Let a Song Go out of My Heart," "I'll Be Around," "All the Things You Are," and "Lover Come Back to Me," with the various fine musicians who were always on her dates: Norvo, Chu Berry, Hank D'Amico, among others.
Dame, Donald: "When We're Dancing." M-G-M 30227, 75¢.	"I'm in a Dancing Mood" is the equivalent of the sentiment in this tune and, for my taste, I'm sorry it's not the Arthur Schwartz tune also—a much better occupation for Dame than this inferior effort. Macklin Morrow conducts the orchestra in a Kostelanetz-like manner. Overside the orchestra plays "La Vie en Rose." Wonder what that means?
Godfrey, Arthur and Mary Martin. "Go to Sleep, Go to Sleep, Go to Sleep." Columbia 38744, 60¢.	The not disinterested source who described this as a kind of grown-up "Baby, It's Cold Outside" said more about it than I can. Godfrey and Martin go together like waffles and mustard—if that's what you like. To me, its just too much of an idea, and not enough of an entertainment. Expert performance, of course, but a little more contrived than spontaneous, I'd say.
Martin, Tony and Fran Warren: "Darn It, Baby, That's Love." RCA Victor 20-3710, 75¢.	More duetting of a less than inevitable sort. However, the overside is a vast improvement—a calypsoish item whose title seems to be "We Is Me and You." I say "seems to be," because both sides are labeled "Darn It, Baby." Darn it, baby, that's life!
McKinley Ray: "The Third Man Theme." RCA Victor 20-3709, 75¢.	A neat trick in the old style: McKinley takes the super-Continental "Third Man Theme" of Karas and bounces it around merrily in the "Beat Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar" manner. This kind of a disc will bring back big-band music quicker than fifteen albums played by fifteen bands. Nice piano work by an unidentified hand, with easily identifiable hands. The arrangement, incidentally, speaks for itself, for it is by Dean ("Look Ma, No Zither") Kincaide (joke by courtesy of RCA Victor label copywriter), who was one of the big boys in the score paper department when swing was a-borning. Overside, Dale Nunnally sings "I Don't Wanna Be Kissed," and leaves no doubt either of her sex or her intentions ("by Anyone but You" is the rest of the title). This is one very fine record by McKinley and shows that his band is really on the move.
Nichols, Red: "Battle Hymn of the Republic," Capitol 829, 75¢.	Nichols hasn't been this close to McKinley in so many years that recollection fails, but worse things could happen—to both. The old pumping style of the Nichols cornet manner is still valid in this blues-and-Dixieland treatment of a subject not far from the revival hymns with which it all started.
Rodgers, Dick: "South Pacific" Portrait. Efrem Kurtz conducting the Houston Symphony Orchestra. Columbia LP 2104, $3.85.	If it is out of order to list an item here under the name of the composer rather than the performer, it is hardly more so than the appearance of Kurtz and his symphony men in "Happy Talk" or "Honey Bunch" on this side, or "True to You Darlin' in My Fashion" from "Kiss Me, Kate" on the reverse. The connecting link, as he has often been in the past, is Russell Bennett, who has topped his previous services to Kern and Gershwin in arranging this music for symphony orchestra and bringing forth a really listenable elaboration, rather than a mere medley. The settings are all remarkably rich in sound, without being syrupy, the transitions and counter melodies contrived with real art. As for the performances, they make their point by being wholly authentic in spirit and phrasing, with the kind of appropriateness to the material that the Viennese style brings to Strauss. Uncommonly good recording, too, in an uncommonly enjoyable disc.
Shore, Dinah and Buddy Clark: "Lucky Us." Columbia 447, 60¢.	The appropriate phrase might be a paraphrase of Gershwin: "Duet Again." This, however, is pleasanter than either of the preceding, and fresher for all the fact that it must have been made months ago, prior to the late Clark's fatal plane crash. This is an engaging tune from "The Great Lover" by Evans and Livingston, who have something here not too far from their well-remembered "Buttons and Bows."

FESTIVAL RECORDINGS, INC.

Proudly announces the

ORIGINAL SALZBURG FESTIVAL

recordings now being offered to the American public

MOZART'S CORONATION MASS K. 317

performed by the

CHORUS and ORCHESTRA

of the

1949 SALZBURG FESTIVAL

conducted by

Prof. Joseph Messner

Hilde Zadek (S)
Julius Patzak (T)
Eleanore Gifford (C)
Hans Braun (Bs)

1 Long Playing 12"
Record FLP100 $5.95

Festival Recordings, Inc.
125 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

"He claims he's become a Record Player Virtuoso since he started using

WEBSTER-CHICAGO Nylon Knee-Action Needles"

And why not? Webster-Chicago Nylon Phonograph needles mean unexcelled reproduction. They filter undesirable scratch and vibration. Miracle Nylon "gives" and springs to its original form with distortionless ease . . . reproducing records as they were recorded. Yes, indeed—there *are* all types of Webster-Chicago Needles for all types and all speed records.

Priced $1.75 to $5.00

WEBSTER-CHICAGO
5610 West Bloomingdale Avenue
Chicago 39, Illinois

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Stylus for LP

A DECLARATION by this writer [Jan. RECORDINGS] that the use of diamond styli is preferable on 78's and imperative on microgrooves has evoked correspondence in such volume as to necessitate a reply here rather than by individual letters. Fortunately, inquiries tended to duplicate each other, and those most frequently posed and most pertinent do not so far exceed the number answerable in the space allotted. Almost all the inquiries concerned the diamond stylus in its application to LP, where the use of inferior points produces a much greater dollar damage.

How were the January conclusions obtained? By playing records under the optimum conditions of home use, recording their duration on a stopwatch, listening for indications of wear, examining the styli through a microscope, and tabulating the symptoms. "Home use" means basically the selection of records according to a personal predilection of the moment and is very important in considering the validity of these tests. It means that in the case of LP's about a hundred hours could intervene before the duplication (and consequent tiny increment of wear on a record) of a disc. Most professional tests are made on a changer loaded with ten records, or on a repeating and registering turntable not connected with an amplifier. As a test of the records themselves no great fault can be found with this professional procedure; but it is plain that since the progressing wear on the disc produces a corresponding wear on the stylus, and record-collectors are rare who limit their enjoyment to a single disc or single batch of ten, the method is unfair as a test of the durability of styli under normal conditions. It must be admitted that the average home does not enjoy the optimum circumstances of completely level turntables, adjustable stylus-pressure, proportioned tone-arms, and records cleaned before each playing—circumstances prevailing in the tests.

Does the ear truly apprehend the moment when a constantly deteriorating stylus first provokes a defective response? Almost certainly not; but a trained ear is suspicious and alert to imperfections, sometimes illusory. When the writer's ear detects or imagines a defect, he compares the passage against a perfect stylus, and if the defect is still apparent on the first but not on the second, a notation is made against the first and it is examined under the microscope.

What is the real cause of stylus wear? Abrasion is the easy reply, which answers nothing, for abrasion can be intensified or mollified by a multiplicity of factors, too many to list here. Some good theses have been written on the subject. It may be said briefly that pressure, tracking, speed, horizontality, centricity, and texture are all important and the last the most. A smooth, clean, and elastic surface discourages wear. Granting for discussion what is not true, that records emerge from the presses immaculately even in non-abrasive luster, a great problem arises with their defloration by a stylus. Both stylus and disc begin to abrade at once. Infinitesimal particles of both lie where they are deposited in the grooves. A second playing grinds the stylus against these irregular particles, causing an acceleration of wear on the stylus and the grooves. With every subsequent playing the accumulation of sharp edges in the grooves and worn facets on the stylus grows. The harder the stylus, the smaller the accumulation. A new record, played twenty times by a new sapphire point without cleaning, shows under the microscope grooves that resemble a gravel driveway.

But should not the very hardness which characterizes a diamond effect a greater wear? Only if the diamond has a cutting edge. Styli are rounded and polished cones, smoothed to a freedom from irregularities visible by a microscope at 100 diameters. This rounded and polished point, when virgin, has no teeth with which to bite into the softer walls of a record. In proportion to its use, it loses its shape. Sooner or later it develops cutting shoulders. Retention of proper shape is the most vital feature of a proper stylus.

Are diamond styli readily available? They are generally available in the better radio supply houses in the larger cities. All brands of magnetic pickup cartridges are available in either sapphire or diamond, for either microgroove or 78 recordings. Crystal cartridges are not regularly equipped with diamonds, but at least one house (Andrews Radio Co., 44 Warburton Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.) undertakes to equip various types of cartridges with diamond styli.

Can the Columbia LP record player be bought equipped with a diamond point? Not yet. The company has the matter under consideration. Several RCA Victor models are equipped with diamond styli for the 45 rpm records.

Are diamond styli expensive? Their initial cost is considerably greater than points of other material. The average retail cost of a magnetic cartridge equipped with a diamond point is between twenty-five and thirty dollars. The long-term cost, based on useful duration, would be considerably less than that of osmium or sapphire points because of the short lives of these latter. The ratio of comparative duration cannot be given because no diamond point used in these tests has yet deteriorated enough to allow a declaration of how long its life may be. The following figures give an idea of the inadequacy of sapphire points for LP's: number tested, eight; average duration before *audible* wear, 523 minutes; longest duration, 910 minutes; shortest duration, 240 minutes. Under the microscope there was considerable visible wear in every case before 200 minutes: thus records receive severe damage before the ear can detect it. Osmium points under the microscope showed grave distortion in so short a time that it is felt they should not be used by those who wish good reproduction over an extensive period. Four diamonds have been used for 3,139, 4,788, 2,402, and 3,160 minutes respectively, without audible wear and no more than a few highlights to suggest visible wear.

Is not pickup obsolescence, where a cartridge is superseded by an improved model long before its diamond stylus shows wear, an uneconomic influence militating against the use of diamonds? To a degree, but not a great one, if the stylus can be salvaged for insertion in the new cartridge.

Does a worn stylus affect records badly? If the wear is considerable, a stylus can make records unusable. The first signs of wear on records are grey or whitish spiral streaks which accompany some obscurity or difficulty of sound. Next come the disappearance of the highest frequencies and fuzziness of the bass. Surface noise increases appallingly. The walls between grooves are worn through and the misshapen stylus cannot complete a spiral but cuts prematurely into the adjacent groove or one nearer the center. The engraved vibrations which give musical direction to the stylus are scraped away. Rhythmic extraneous swishes develop. Eventually the noises added by the stylus overpower the music it has not yet been able to rub away.

—C. G. BURKE.

PRINTED BY
BLANCHARD PRESS
NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Diamonds: LP's Best Friend

SIR: In RECORDINGS for March I noticed a letter inquiring about a diamond point for an LP attachment. It might be of interest to your other readers to know that inexpensive diamond replacements are available here in the Boston area. If anyone desires further information I would be glad to give them what help I can.

WILLIAM F. SANTELMANN, JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The key word here, of course, is "inexpensive." Just what Mr. Santelmann deems "inexpensive" in this connection, we cannot say. Letters of inquiry sent to* RECORDINGS *will be forwarded.*

How Long Long-Playing?

SIR: Reviewers seem to pay little attention to the question of how much musical material should be put on each side of an LP record. So far there has been a good deal of inconsistency in this respect among various manufacturers. Since one of the prime advantages of LP is to have recorded music continuous and compressed into as small a space as is feasible, reviewers might bring a little more pressure to bear in order that the record buyer may receive his money's worth.

HENRY C. SCHWARTZ.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In his interesting letter reader Schwartz further notes that there is a variation on Columbia's ten-inch LP discs from matter originally issued on five twelve-inch 78 sides (Chopin: Sonata, Opus 35) to ten twelve-inch 78 sides (Strauss: "Bourgeois Gentilhomme"). In this, we think, he has given the answer to his own query. Our view is that there can be no arbitrary amount of music stipulated as just for the price charged. On balance, most people will agree that LP values have been very good indeed. Occasionally a short side suggests that space has been wasted, but is the company then going to charge per minute of recorded music? It has been a program long promoted as desirable and was, to an extent, inherent in the sale of short, multiple discs. Now, however, that there are strongly competitive makers in the LP field, it is probable that mere prudence will impel individual companies to put as much music as possible on either size of disc in order to forestall underselling of the same work on another label. In any case, how is a company to charge other than uniform prices, by size, when in the one case only a single artist is involved, in another an orchestra of eighty?*

Parse the Pie

SIR: Because an embarrassingly and encouragingly large number of people have defied me to parse one sentence in my article "Bach After Two Centuries" [RECORDINGS, March], I am writing to ask you to publish the explanation.

What I wrote was: "In this instance the astonishing resources of ffrr and LP have been placed at the service of just liveliness and sweet reason."

What your printer (and, I regret to say, your proofreader) made of it was: "In this instance the astonishing resources of ffrr and LP have been placed at the surface just liveliness and sweet reason."

Which would seem to prove that obscurity is not a fault, exclusively, of writers.

HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The printer and the proofreader have been given another chance to do justice to Weinstock.*

Weingartner Reissue

SIR: I should like to second the motion made by "Parsifal" . . . for the LP reissue of Weingartner recordings.

W. PIERCE SHEPPARD.

Nashua, N. H.

SIR: I have just read your note appended to the letter signed "Parsifal" . . . and wish to express my interest in the possibility of converting Weingartner recordings to LP. . . . Since this is a sentiment shared by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, I believe this letter expresses the interests of more than a particular individual.

EDWARD KAUFMANN.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: I am very glad to see the interest shown in the converting to LP of the old Weingartner recordings. Please consider this a vote for such a plan. I would buy just about anything by him that Columbia would transfer to LP.

GEORGE S. KENFIELD.

Selma, Ala.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What do the forty-five other states say?*

Viva Art-Floral!

SIR: An effete ex-Easterner hastens to assure you that the implications of the name "Art-Floral-Record Shop," of Northfield, Minn., does not reveal all [HITS AND MISSES, RECORDINGS, March]. The line probably had to be drawn somewhere. This institution also houses a photo finishing service, a large greeting-card section (or does this come under the Art?), and a subterranean shrine (presumably H-bomb proof) from which emanates the only jazz program audible to my radio dial. Mr. Norm Olsen, the voice crying in the wilderness, possibly owes his diversity of function to ministering the Higher Things of Life to a town of 5,000-odd, the motto of which is "Cows, Colleges, and Contentment."

MARJORIE A. CRON.

Northfield, Minn.

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notice of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out of print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address: RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

RARE DISCS, lists. Bought, sold. E. Hirschmann, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

FREE—Complete LP catalogue sent on request—lowest prices on all classical records. We pay postage anywhere in U. S. RECORDS BY MAIL, Box 900-H.

LONG PLAYING RECORDS—large discount, foreign and domestic, all makes, brand new. For complete catalogue, and information write: MODERN RECORDS, 326 Park Row Bldg., NYC 7.

LP RECORDS at reasonable prices—write for free catalogue. Herald Non-Breakable Record Co., 6722 Sprague St., Philadelphia 19, Pa.

BONINSEGNA: "Lescaut"; BATTISTINI: "Giovanni" (Warsaw 1903); PLANCON: "Faust" (London 1902). Brand new, $2.85 each. OTHERS. For list, write: ADDISON FOSTER, 1226 Montgomery Ave., Narbeth, Pa.

DIAMOND PLAYBACK STYLI, recommended by leading record critics and sound engineers, outlast sapphires 90-1, gives highest-fidelity reproduction and longest record life. Essential for LP. $15. most cartridges. FREE LITERATURE. Televex, 474 West 238 St., NYC 63.

CUSTOM BUILT RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS for the critical listener, designed to meet your requirements and budget. Existing consoles modernized. Demonstrations by appointment. George W. Sioles, 36 East Montauk Highway, Lindenhurst, L. I., N. Y.

IMPORTED RECORDS: Haydn Society Set, Volume 1, 2. OPERAS: Götterdämmerung, Walküre, (Schorr), Siegfried (complete), Otello, Trovatore, Mefistofele. 50 other operas—foreign, domestic, symphonies, concerti, instrumental, vocals, many varieties. Box 849-B.

GET ON THE RECORD HUNTER MAILING LIST! Please specify which lists you want: Bargain Albums, Connoisseur Material or unusual LP records. Classical only. Send your "out-of-print" and "hard-to-find" want list (vocal and instrumental, 1896-1950.) Write or visit store. Open daily till 9 P.M. THE RECORD HUNTER, 1200 Lexington Ave., (near 81 St.) NYC 28.

SAVE 25% on all LP records plus bonus LP's. We carry all labels. THE DISCOUNT RECORD CLUB. Catalogue, 15¢. Box 99-B.

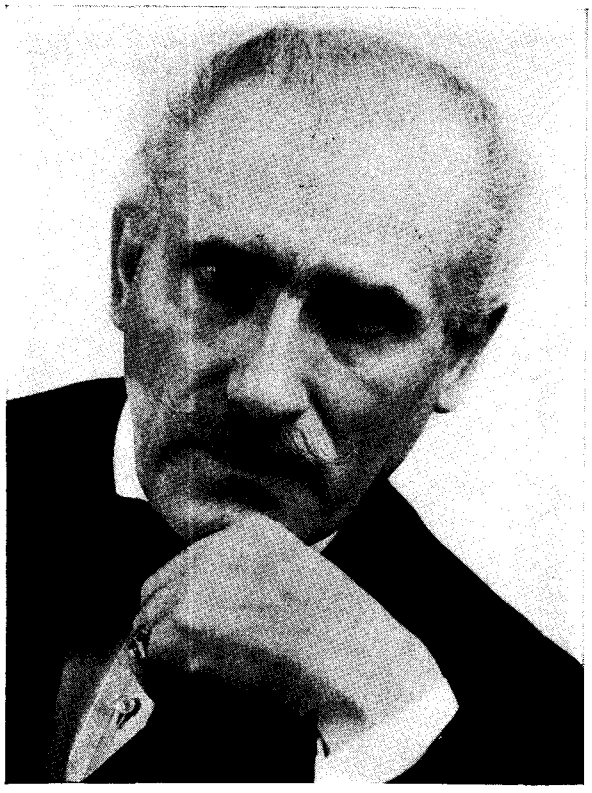
GREAT SINGERS' records available. Write or visit RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE, 502 East 88 St., NYC 28. REgent 7-7611.

RECORD COLLECTORS and those having personal recordings. We duplicate your favorite records . . . any type or size on unbreakable acetate coated discs. Very reasonable. SPEAK-O-PHONE, 23 West 60 St., NYC. COlumbus 5-1350.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN record collectors. For the most complete classical library in this area visit or call CAMPUS RECORD SHOP. Also a large selection of HMV, Parlophone, and English Decca records. We mail anywhere. CAMPUS RECORD SHOP, 6314 W. McNichols at Livernois. UNiversity 3-0900. Detroit 21, Michigan. Open evenings.

WHY PAY INFLATED PRICES for out-of-print discs? Send for our comprehensive lists of slightly used English and Continental records. All musical tastes catered to, operatic (rarities and deletions), symphonic, light orchestral, organ, stage and screen celebrities. Want lists accepted. ROSS, COURT & CO., 92 Trafalgar St., Brighton, Sussex, Eng.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Liberty Music Shops
in
New York and White Plains
present
TOSCANINI
on
RCA VICTOR

45—78—33⅓ r.p.m.
RECORDS

Here are only a few of the many great RCA Victor recordings conducted by the famous Maestro

45 RPM RECORDS

MOZART—Concerto for Bassoon and Orchestra No. 1 in B-flat.
WDM-1304 Two 7″ Records $2.31

BEETHOVEN—Consecration of the House Overture.
WDM-1287 Three 7″ Records $3.51

GROFE—Grand Canyon Suite.
WDM-1038 Four 7″ Records $4.51

WAGNER—Prelude to Die Meistersinger.
49-0287 One 7″ Record $1.00

WALDTEUFEL—The Skater's Waltz.
49-0132 One 7″ Record $1.00

TCHAIKOVSKY—Romeo and Juliet Overture.
WDM-1178 Three 7″ Records $3.51

MOZART—Symphony No. 41 (Jupiter).
WDM-1080 Four 7″ Records $4.51

TCHAIKOVSKY—Symphony No. 6 (Pathetique).
WDM-1281 Five 7″ Records $5.51

ROSSINI—Overture to William Tell.
WDM-605 Two 7″ Records $2.31

78 RPM RECORDS

BEETHOVEN—Concerto No. 1 for Piano and Orchestra with Ania Dorfman and the NBC Symphony Orchestra.
DM-1036 Four 12″ Records $6.00

BEETHOVEN—Concerto No. 3 for Piano and Orchestra with Artur Rubinstein and the NBC Symphony Orchestra.
DM-1016 Four 12″ Records $6.00

BEETHOVEN—Concerto for Violin and Orchestra with Jascha Heifetz and NBC Symphony Orchestra.
DM-705 Five 12″ Records $7.25

BRAHMS—Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 2 with Vladimir Horowitz and NBC Symphony Orchestra.
DM-740 Six 12″ Records $8.50

MOZART—Symphony No. 40 with the NBC Symph. Orchestra.
DM-631 Three 12″ Records $4.75

A WAGNER PROGRAM: the Siegfried Idyll, A Faust Overture, Ride of the Valkyries with NBC Symphony Orchestra.
DM-1135 Four 12″ Records $6.00

MOZART—Symphony No. 41 (Jupiter) with the NBC Symphony Orchestra.
DM-1080 Four 12″ Records $6.00

ROSSINI OVERTURES—Barber of Seville, La Gazza Ladra, La Cenerentola and Il Signor Bruschino, with NBC Symph. Orch.
DM-1037 Four 12″ Records $6.50

BRAHMS—Symphony No. 1 with the NBC Symphony Orchestra.
DM-875 Five 12″ Records $7.25

BEETHOVEN—Symphony No. 5 with the NBC Symphony Orchestra.
DM-640 Four 12″ Records $6.00

TCHAIKOVSKY—Concerto No. 1 for Piano and Orchestra with Vladimir Horowitz and NBC Symphony Orchestra.
DM-800 Four 12″ Records $6.00

BEETHOVEN—Symphony No. 3 (Eroica) with NBC Symph. Orchestra.
DM-765 Seven 12″ Records $9.75

HAYDN—Symphony No. 98 with cond. NBC Symphony Orchestra.
DM-1025 Four 12″ Records $6.00

33-1/3 RPM RECORDS

GROFE—Grand Canyon Suite with the NBC Symphony Orchestra.
LM-1004 One Record $5.45

TCHAIKOVSKY—Romeo and Juliet and BERLIOZ—Romeo and Juliet.
LM-1019 One Record $5.45

Write to Liberty Music Shops for records mentioned in The Saturday Review of Recordings.

For parcel post and insurance, add 30¢ east—75¢ west—of the Mississippi. Add 2% Sales Tax in New York City.

LIBERTY
Music Shops

450 Madison Avenue at 50th St.

795 Madison Avenue at 67th St.

New York, N. Y.

228 East Post Road White Plains, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED